Volume Forty-Six, Number One, July 1968

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The New Left and Its Limits
by Nathan Glazer

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On Being a Woman in Shul *Lucy S. Dawidowicz*

Books in Review

Frank Kermode *Robert Lekachman* *Ernest Stock*
Daniel Lang *Marcus Cunliffe*

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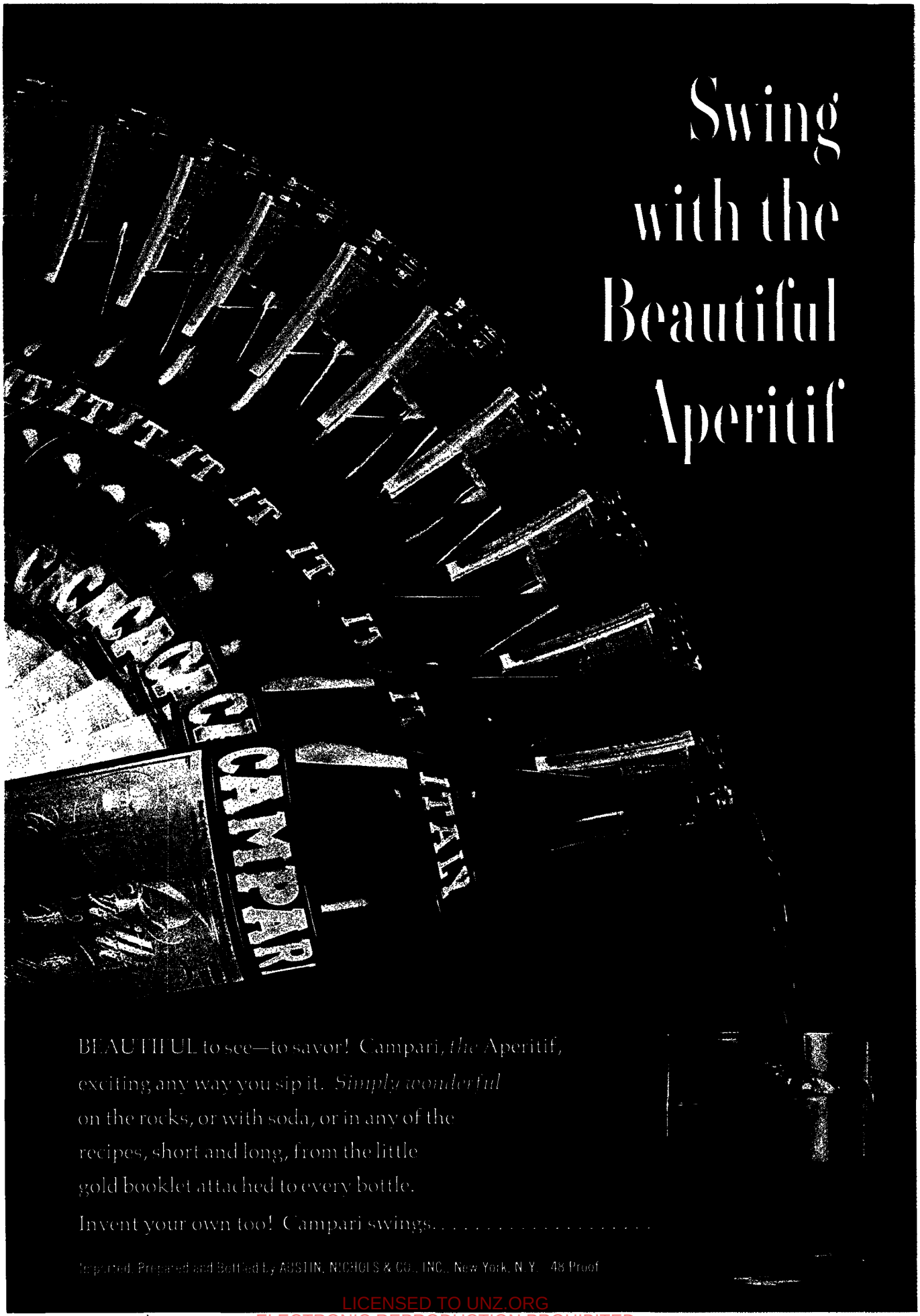
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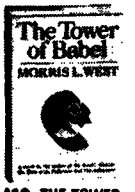

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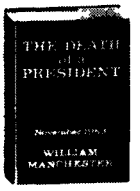

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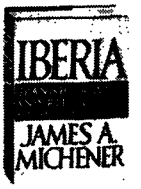

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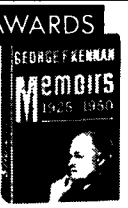

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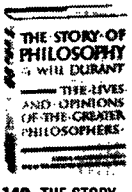

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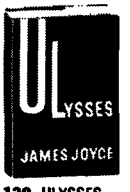

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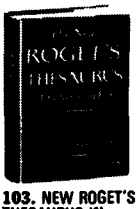

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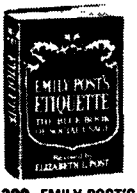

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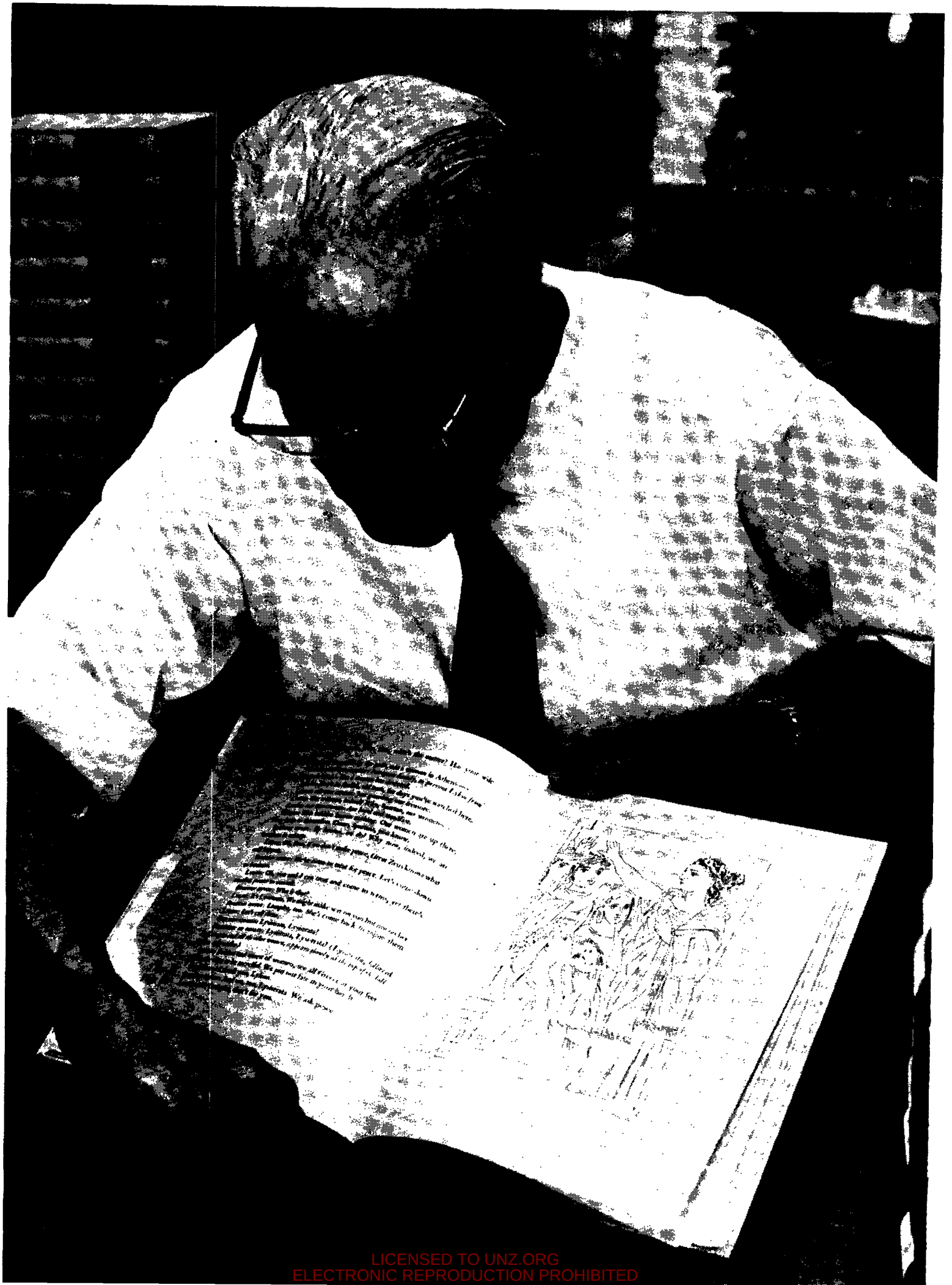

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Commentary

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Letters from Readers

Election '68

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . To Michael Harrington our involvement in Vietnam is a tragedy so obvious he will not argue it ["Voting the Lesser Evil," April]. . . .With eloquence and in repetitive detail he attributes everything that is wrong in the country to the war, without offering proof or supporting documentation. . . .

I believe my credentials as a liberal are no less worthy than Mr. Harrington's, yet I disagree with him on every point. I see no sign, for example, that our relations with Russia have worsened because of our intervention in Vietnam. If anything, I believe that intervention will help prevent World War III. To me, the parallel with Munich is exact. Nor can I accept Mr. Harrington's thesis that but for the Vietnam war, huge sums of money would be readily made available to combat poverty. . . . I should say that the resistance to spending more money than we are already spending is not due to the war but rather to the fact that apart from urging the expenditure of huge sums, no one has as yet come up with a program that appears possible of accomplishment. . . .

I am not disturbed by the fact that Mr. Harrington holds views that I regard as false, even dangerous. What disturbs me is his tone of righteousness, which he shares with so many intellectuals, writers, and academicians who write in the same vein . . . . This is not the proper tone for a liberal, any more than the conduct of the war protesters is liberal conduct. Throwing rocks, bottles, bags of blood on opponents, breaking up their meetings, is disturbingly reminiscent of the days of the Brownshirts. So, too, is the piling of thunderous assertion upon thunderous assertion, dire charge upon dire charge, relying not on reason to persuade, but on the voice of authority—insistent, repetitive, emotional.

HERMAN A. GRAY
Shekomeko, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Speaking as a classical liberal rather than as a modern socio-liberal (who equates salvation with the increasing penetration of government into every facet of life) and also as a humanitarian, who recognizes that indulgent paternalism does more harm than good to mankind . . . . I should like to say that the first coalition this, or any other country, needs is one that is willing to admit that government can give nothing, material or spiritual, that it has not first taken from the body politic.

I agree with Michael Harrington that the Vietnam war is a horrendous mistake, and I am for getting out of there immediately, but I do hope the energies and monies and materials that can be diverted from destruction to construction can be more intelligently directed than toward such recent boondoggles as the "War on Poverty". . . .

We need to apply our every resource to making this an even better country, but not to creating additional bureaucratic layers to smother the poor and insult the taxpayers even further.

JACK RIDER
Kinston, North Carolina

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Michael Harrington charges the New Left with lacking "serious political substance" and cites as illustration Carl Oglesby's comment that American liberalism "bridges all the old contradictions and closes the wounds of America." Harrington's point is that by generalizing from the behavior of a few "corporate liberals" to those, including himself, he calls "reformers," the New Left cuts itself off from organized labor, most Negroes, and the middle class.

Harrington's article might have served as Oglesby's Exhibit A. He argues (a) that "the American involvement in Vietnam constitutes the strongest right-wing force in our domestic political life"; (b) that there is no "political hope to push forward with social programs as long as the commitment to Vietnam continues"; (c) that "any strategy which seeks to mute the issue of Vietnam in order to forward the struggle against injustice within the United States is self-defeating"; and (d) that Johnson, having gotten us into the mess, is overcommitted to present policy and for this and various other reasons, cannot get us out. So far so good. Had Harrington stopped

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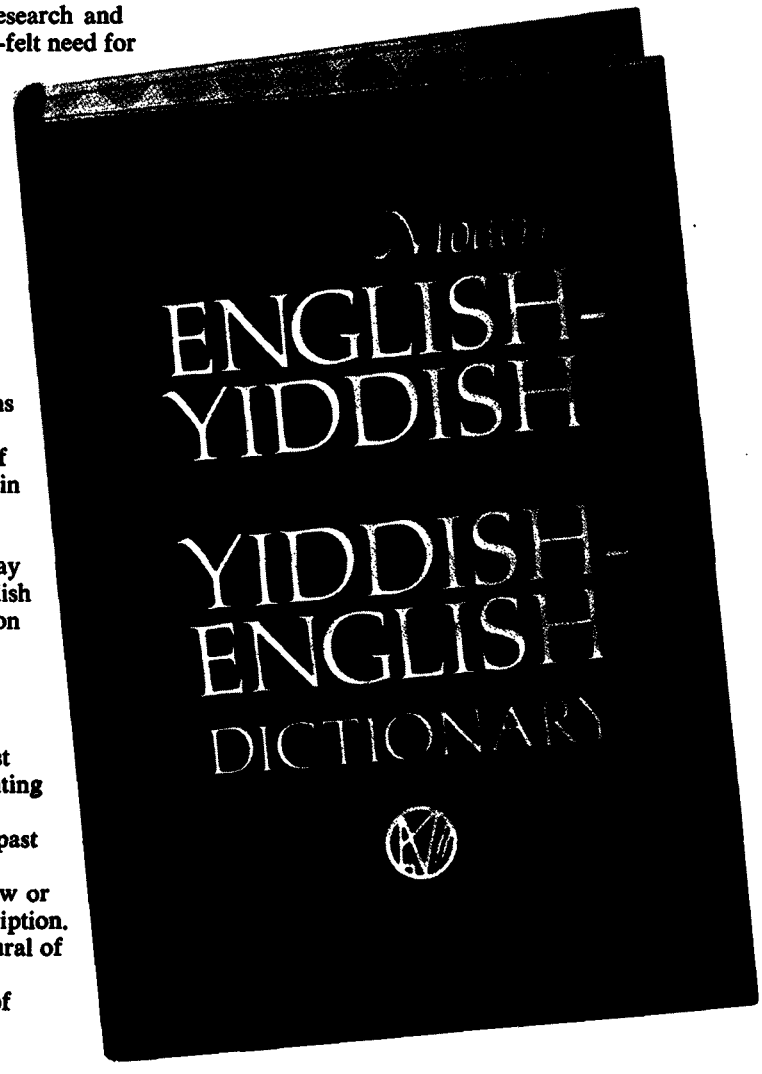

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here, readers would have correctly concluded that a vote for Johnson or Humphrey, given their present Vietnam policy, could in no way be justified by their promises for domestic reform. But oddly enough, Harrington's conclusion is just the opposite: because, he concludes, no third party or democratic dove can be elected (e.g., McCarthy) and since Nixon is the probable Republican choice, "I would vote for Johnson on the grounds that he is clearly to be preferred on domestic questions." Thus, by Harrington's logic we should embrace a politics which is "self-defeating" and constitutes "the strongest right-wing force in our domestic political life." . . .

Harrington justifies his position by stressing the importance of maintaining an alliance with organized labor, Negroes, and the middle class (even if they support Johnson and the war) because they are "the only hope for progressive social change." The question is how to exert influence on the decision-making of these groups without totally compromising your position (which would render influence meaningless) or totally isolating your position (which would prevent the exerting of influence). He admits that peace is the major issue and that "every issue is a function of the war": yet he votes for the administration seemingly because those he seeks to influence mistakenly think LBJ can improve things at home without altering foreign involvements. But if on domestic issues coalitions with sympathetic groups is crucial, are they not even more crucial on this absolutely central issue of peace? Or will peace come about through some magic exerted by loyal Johnsonians? What the New Left has argued from the beginning is that the war will end only when a significant minority of Americans unite in withholding their support from any and every candidate who refuses to make peace: such a mass is difficult to organize and sustain but anything else is, in Harrington's own words, "self-defeating."

Harrington's identification with administration supporters is as politically sterile as the deliberate isolation of certain extremist elements. Acknowledging that meaningful coalitions can be formed only after one has established an independent base of support, the New Left has set out to organize Negroes, laborers, and professionals around political alternatives which are more responsive to the needs of these groups than those which the Democratic party offers. One reason such groups have not been organized effectively in the past is because those who might design and lead such a new politics have, every four years, been quick to scurry into the ranks of the major parties. The Peace and Freedom Party, the Black Panther Party, and SDS are attempts to breed the kinds of political leadership that will not simply come when called by Washington but will fight with integrity for the programs their constituencies demand. Certainly the politics of the future will not win immediately; but this is no reason, as Harrington apparently feels, to cling desperagely to the "self-defeating" strategies of the past.

EVAN STARK
Minneapolis, Minnesota

MR. HARRINGTON writes:

I am sorry that Mr. Gray does not like the vigor of my argument. I publicly opposed "throwing rocks. . ." and all the rest. I am flabbergasted, however, that Mr. Gray equates allegedly "thunderous assertions" in an article with such violence and even with Nazism. Such a Joe McCarthyite identification of advocacy, however strident, and criminal acts of anti-libertarianism would effectively annul the First Amendment of the Constitution.

Mr. Rider hopes that the monies freed by an end to the Vietnam tragedy will be more intelligently used than in the present "war" on poverty. So do I. He thinks that the current program is bad because it is a bureaucratic boondoggle. I believe its problems derive from the utter inadequacy of the funds and the consequent failure to provide a meaningful, decent job, or else a livable income, to every American.

Either Mr. Stark cannot read or else he distorts maliciously. In effect he charges that I idiotically draw the reactionary conclusion of voting for the Johnson administration from the correct premise that this same administration's Vietnam policy has driven the entire country to the Right. In fact, I advocated support of Senator Eugene McCarthy, the man whom Mr. Stark's favored Peace and Freedom Party was denouncing at the very moment that he was making peace in Vietnam an issue in the mainstream of American politics,

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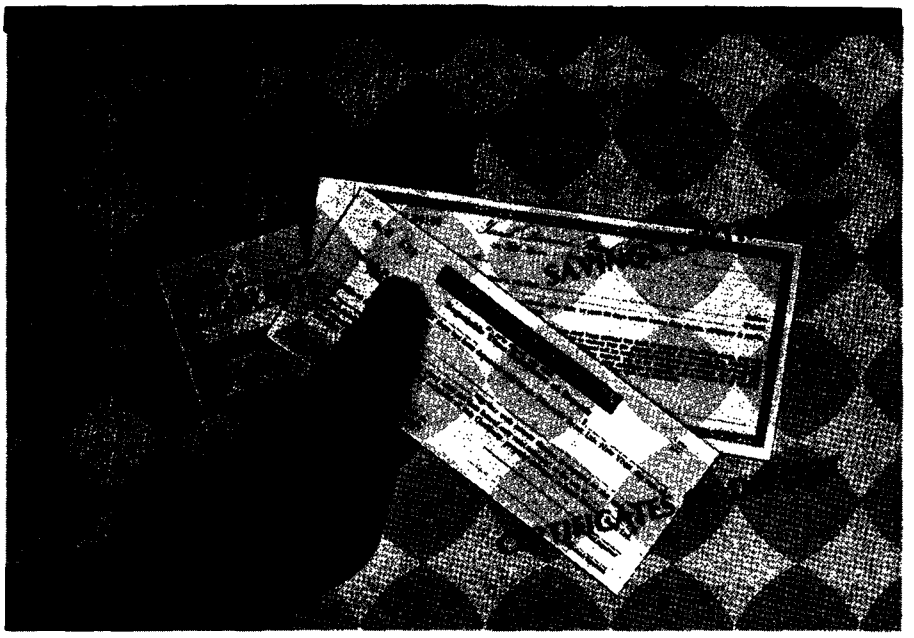
and who did so much more for the cause than the counter-productive gesture-politics of many New Leftists. After Robert Kennedy declared, I supported him because he seemed to have the better possibility of uniting the white working class and the black poor and of thus bringing middle-class liberals and radicals into a genuine majority coalition.

After the tragic murder of Robert Kennedy, all the political arguments that led me to support his candidacy convinced me to back Eugene McCarthy. Kennedy lost his life in seeking a "new politics." McCarthy is now the only man who can continue that struggle.

In my article, I further said that the issue of Vietnam is so crucial that I would reluctantly vote for a Republican dove as against Johnson. Finally, I argued that if the choice were Nixon-the-Hawk versus Johnson-the-Hawk I would vote for the latter because of his superior domestic record but "make it quite clear that this eventuality strikes me as a failure of the democratic system. . . ." Mr. Stark reduces these complexities to the simple untruth that I endorsed Johnson.

Finally, Mr. Stark says that the New Left has "set out to organize Negroes, laborers, and professionals. . . ." Fine. However, it hasn't organized any Negroes but only concluded a few shaky alliances with Black Power groups which are almost as contemptuous of white New Leftists, particularly if they are Jewish, as they are of white liberals. The New Left has not, of course, enrolled any laborers. Moreover, where the working poor have taken the first steps toward controlling their own destiny —the grape strikers in California, the hospital workers in New York, the sanitation men in Memphis— the victory has been won with the active support of the trade-union movement. There are indeed college and graduate students and professionals who have been recruited to the New Left and many of them are, as I indicated in my original article, excellent and idealistic people following a bad tactic. I hope that they will come to realize that a really effective solidarity with the anguish of the Vietnamese demands that educated, privileged politicals cease isolating themselves contemptuously in purist organizations and reach out to the great mass of the American people.



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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel P. Moynihan's "The Democrats, Kennedy & the Murder of Dr. King" [May] is a profoundly discouraging piece, indicating that Moynihan, and probably those members of the "liberal wing of the Democratic party" for whom he seems to speak, have learned very little from the national and international trauma from which this nation has suffered for the past three and a half years.

His gratuitous attack on the anti-war role of the New Left, for instance, consists of the same cold-war rhetoric which has infected this society since the end of the Second World War. He shows no more ability to comprehend why dissenters from the Vietnam War turned to despair and to the politics of despair than Dean Rusk shows in his statements about the origins of the conflict in Southeast Asia. Congratulating Americans for turning back the assault of youths who cry, "Hey, hey, LBJ: How many kids did you kill today?" he makes it seem a victory for good sense to have turned a deaf ear to their cries and to have ignored and scorned the convictions which motivate them.

Mr. Moynihan shows no interest at all in the larger questions raised by the dissenters on the Left, and positive scorn for what he considers their "savage assault on the central tenets of American foreign policy," with which he, seemingly, is in complete agreement. Indeed, wishing away the entire moral question, he presents his own opposition to the war, and presumably that of those "liberals" for whom he speaks, as a dawning realization that, "To the very extent our objectives could be thought honorable, they probably could not be achieved." Turning the tide of Asian revolutionary movements, evidently, meets his requirements for "honorable" though unattainable objectives, and he chooses to avoid discussing our presumably achievable though dishonorable objectives.

Mr. Moynihan clearly does not realize that this war differs from nearly all the major issues in the nations's past, and consequently he is unwilling to recognize the necessity—a necessity faced boldly by the dissenters on college campuses and in the ranks of the New Left—to meet the war issue with forms of protest at times more extreme than those the country has become accustomed to witnessing in recent

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times. "We must hold on to the realization," he informs us, "that reasoned and non-violent opposition to the course of American foreign policy did prevail. . . ." What he fails to say, however, is that "reasoned and non-violent opposition" on the part of his "liberals" was almost totally non-existent in the early years of Johnson's policy of escalation. Perhaps they were waiting for the results to come in. . . .

Certainly they offered a minimum of support to those who recognized very early that honorable objectives requiring the suppression of native insurgents in a foreign country *had* no honor about them, and possessed instead only a blind, obsessive dedication to the outworn theories of a misunderstood age. Had the dissenters kept silent and relied on the "liberals" to act against this foreign policy, the stubborn roar of public opposition would have become an ineffective whisper and the administration could have justified any of its actions as possessing the approval of the public.

Mr. Moynihan's essay goes on to pat American democracy on the back for weathering another storm and for again proving its vitality. As evidence, he cites President Johnson's retirement, "as much as any event in our history . . . the work of the popular will." Evidently, the popular will moves in strange ways, for coincidentally, the administration too has found this popular sentiment behind every policy it has undertaken, and no doubt if Johnson were to indicate his willingness to be drafted by the Democratic National Convention, or if Johnson and Rusk were to reescalate the conflict in Vietnam, popular opinion would be reported leading the way. . . . It is hopelessly naive to believe that the popular will has either made or unmade this war; if ever the system of American political democracy has shown itself to be a failure, it has been in the past several years when constitutional checks and balances were openly flaunted and when legitimate dissent was violently attacked in government, private life, and on the college campuses. Mr. Moynihan has little cause to rejoice on this account for his government's performance.

Perhaps when the war is finally over, when complete amnesty is granted to the political exiles and full pardons obtained for the imprisoned servicemen, draft-card

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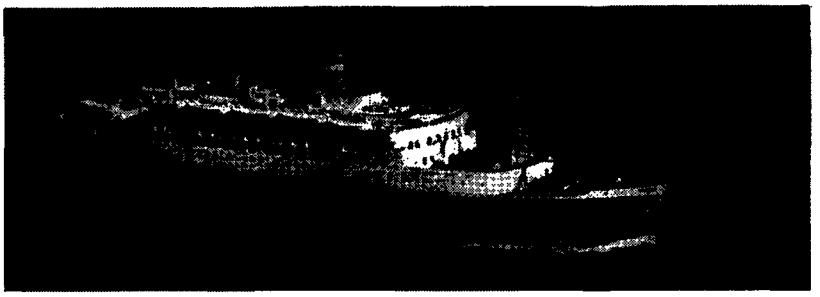

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burners, and conscientious violators of the Selective Service laws, for those who made the hard moral decisions that most of the rest of us evaded on staunchly pragmatic grounds while we waited for the results to come in, perhaps then, after contemplating the horrors of death and destruction that we have been party to and fully repenting our actions, we can begin to rejoice a little in the basic decency we have shown by bringing this episode to a close and insuring that it is never reopened.

The first step, however, is to recognize that what we have done was based not merely on a basically sound though unattainable idea reflecting America's sometimes misdirected but forgivable enthusiasm, as Moynihan would have it, but a deeply unsound, tragic doctrine reflecting America's inability to understand the realities of the world situation in the middle of the 20th century. . . .

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel P. Moynihan points with pride to . . . the "new economics" which has "nearly doubled the GNP since its adoption."

He is referring, of course, to that mountain of machine-made trivia and mass-produced waste that, bearing no relation to rational human needs, seems to be buying us alive. Standing knee-deep in Mr. Moynihan's "success" and inhaling its fumes make me sick with nostalgia for some of the failures of the old economics.

If our flatulent GNP is a measure of anything, it is a measure of the porcine proclivities of the largest middle class in man's history, proclivities, incidentally, which our liberal economists and politicians dearly love catering to. . . .

The concerned and well meaning Moynihans, in or out of the power structure, could do much more for the preservation of our sanity . . . with a few more lessons in human ecology and a few less in con-man economics.

ELY ZWONKIN
San Rafael, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I agree with almost everything Daniel P. Moynihan wrote. I suppose I am one of those educated middle-class radicals he spoke of. I work for a state civil-rights agency—one of the best—I am in my forties and was raised in the liberal tradition. And I can barely articulate my sense of futility about what is to happen to us all.

I don't think we are going to come out of it. I don't think we really want to—enough. We are the victims of our own mythology and as fast as reality catches up with us we turn it into still another myth to play with and embellish and analyze. We older ones can afford to turn up our noses at LSD—we don't need it, we have our own built-in turn-ons.

Every day I watch the myth-spinners, myself among them. The liberals have fashioned a world of language so chokingly complete that words have come to take the place of things. We use the militants, both black and white, to flagellate ourselves and we love it. Now that neighborhood people are getting into the act they, too, are learning the technique of how to look active while doing nothing. At first, hearing words like "dialogue" and "polarization" and "concern" coming from ghetto mouths is a bit

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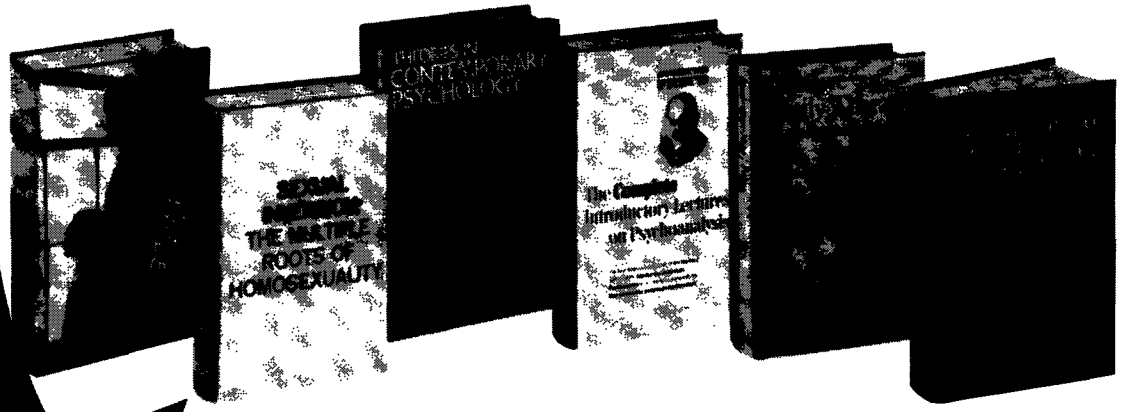

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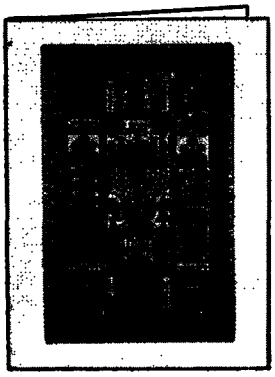
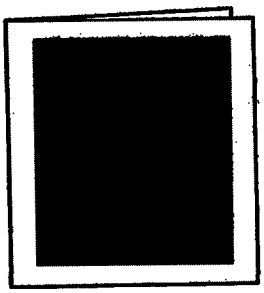
Commentary has gathered a timeless collection of Jewish ritual art, reproduced as holiday greeting cards and as notepaper. The collection features beautiful full-color illustrations from the Rothschild Manuscript, reproductions of motifs from Torah wrappers, and four original paintings by the famed Israeli artist, Shalom of Safed. Each card is a small work of art, to be treasured for itself and for the warm wishes it conveys.

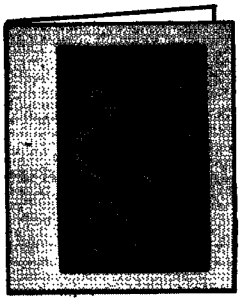
EUROPEAN ART OF THE 19TH CENTURY



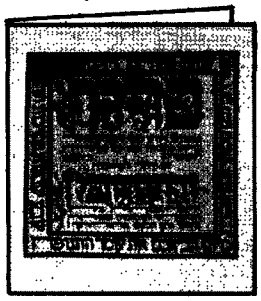
29-35 *12 cards $4.20*
A cabbalistic drawing, probably used as a *mizrach*, an ornamental charm hung on the east wall of a home, ca. 1820–30. Drawn and painted on paper.



12 cards $3.00 28-25
Torah Breastplate, silver and silver filigree with semi-precious stones, Galicia, possibly Warsaw, by an unknown craftsman, ca. 1800.

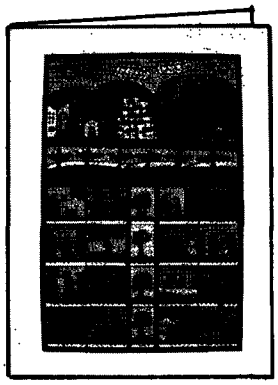


46-25 *12 cards $3.00*
Samson bringing down the pillars of the temple. Illustration from a miniature book containing the calendar from the Omer Period. Central European, 1803.

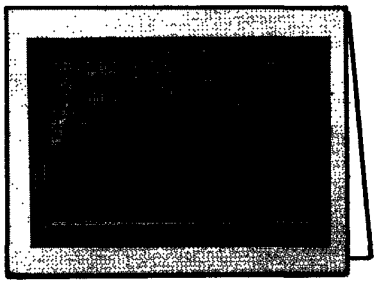


12 cards $3.00 38-25
The upper portion of an Omer Calendar, written and painted on parchment, ca. 1780, and once owned by Moses Mendelssohn.

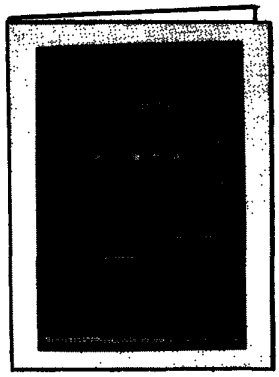
PAINTINGS BY SHALOM OF SAFED



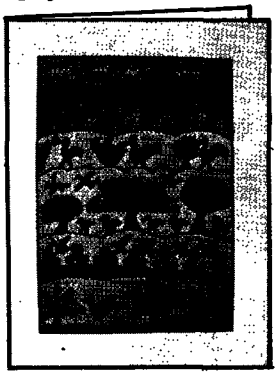
42-35 *12 cards $4.20*
"A woman of valor who can find?" A painting by Shalom of Safed, illustrating the virtues of a desirable mate as set forth in the Book of Proverbs, 31:10 ff.



12 cards $4.20 41-35
Moses leading the Jews out of Egypt, following a multicolored column of smoke, and accompanied by beasts of burden. A painting by Shalom of Safed.



44-35 *12 cards $4.20*
Jonah being swallowed by the whale, while a host of smaller fish looks on. A painting by Shalom of Safed.



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43-35
The creation of the birds and the trees. From a series of paintings depicting the creation of the world, by Shalom of Safed.

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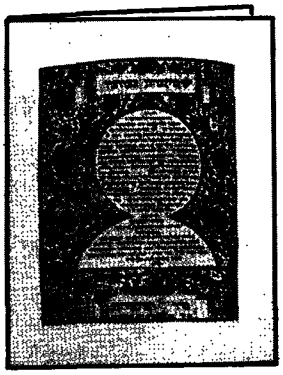
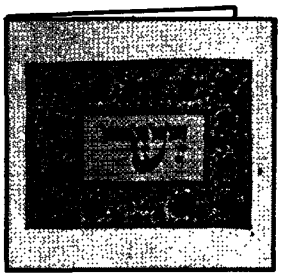
FROM THE ROTHSCHILD MANUSCRIPT

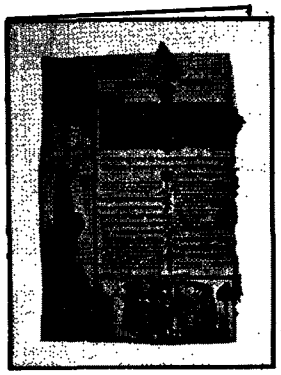
Illuminated pages and initial words taken from the 15th-century Florentine *Daily and Festival Prayer Book*, written by Abraham Judah of Camerino. The manuscript was presented to the library of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America by the Baron Edmond de Rothschild in 1966.



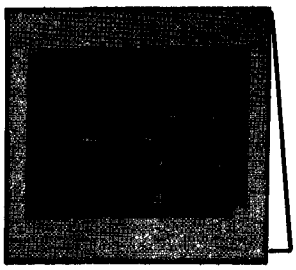
36-35 *12 cards $4.20*
An illuminated page concerning preparations for the New Year.



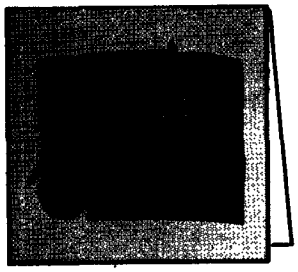
12 cards $3.00
33-25
"Forest"—a reference to the Temple in Jerusalem.



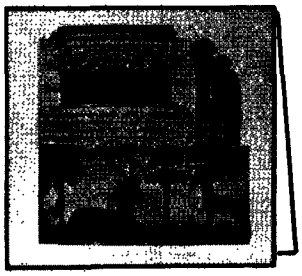
32-35 *12 cards $4.20*
"The Ethics of the Fathers." The opening chapter of Pirke Abot.



12 cards $3.00
37-25
The opening word of The Song of Songs.



31-25 *12 cards $3.00*
Beginning of the section of S'lichot (penitential prayers for the ten day period between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur).

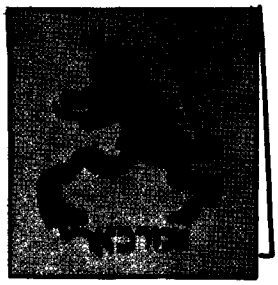


12 cards $3.00 34-25
Prayer recited as the Torah is taken from the Ark.

EMBROIDERY MOTIFS FROM TORAH WRAPPERS

39-25 *12 cards $3.00*
Segment of a Torah wrapper, commemorating the birth of Meier ben Jehuda; silk embroidery on linen, Eastern Europe, probably Polish, 1812. It was the custom to present a Torah wrapper to the synagogue on a male child's fourth birthday, appropriately embroidered with scenes depicting the family's aspirations for his future life.

12 cards $3.00 47-25
"Strong as a lion." A segment from a Torah wrapper, silk embroidered with golden thread on linen, 1762.



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disquieting, but then we feel pleased that they have paid us that greatest of compliments, that of imitation. . . .

I don't know any answers. I don't even know the questions any more. But a prediction I will make. The sleeping Goliath of the Right and the waking David of the Left will join and turn their combined strength against us and then we won't have to do anything but die well with beautiful words on our lips.

JEAN C. BURNETT
Manchester, Connecticut

The Crime Commission

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Isidore Silver's analysis of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice ["Crime and Punishment," March] is correct in pointing out that fact-finding commissions are often substitutes for concrete action. . . .

I disagree, however, with Mr. Silver's proposal that criminal sanctions be used to coerce desirable conduct without the authority of law. Power without authority is tyrannical. Inherent in our democratic form of government is the concept that the institutions of government are in the service of the citizens and not the other way around. Thus the institutions of government cannot arbitrarily decide . . . what is desirable conduct.

GINGER K. WILEY
Department of Criminology
California State College
Long Beach, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Silver erred when he stated that the report does not recognize general lawlessness as a major problem. On the contrary, the document revolves around the fact that crime is not limited to a handful of people. Indeed, it is stated in the section of the report called *The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society* that "an independent survey of seventeen hundred persons found that 91 per cent of the sample admitted they had committed acts for which they might have received jail or prison sentences."

Mr. Silver goes on to say that "the recommendations spew forth, undeterred by the severe probems of cost and cost allocations." The truth of the matter is that the problems of money and money sources were discussed in depth by the Commission. But even if this were not the case, how could Mr. Silver make that ridiculous statement? If the Commission devoted its complete . . . attention to problems of cost, it would not have been capable of making any recommendations at all—the costs would have been prohibitive!

Considered as a whole, Mr. Silver's article is extremely overcritical and hence does a great injustice to the Commission's members, their staff, consultants, and advisors. . . .

REVIS O. ROBINSON
Department of Criminology
California State College
Long Beach, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The Report of the President's Crime Commission, which Mr. Silver so severely criticizes, served as a textbook in one of my criminology courses. While he apparently considers it an uninspiring, relatively worthless endeavor, our class found much of the material contained in the report capable of producing stimulating, if sometimes heated, discussions.

The author attacks the Commission for not showing courage in dealing with controversial issues. . . . For example, he claims the report is, "marred by the absence of a sustained inquiry into the nature of 'crime,' the nature of the 'criminal,' or the nature of the society that fosters them." Just what does Mr. Silver consider sustained? There are at least three chapters which deal extensively with these very problems. The section relating to juvenile delinquency, in fact, is devoted primarily to those conditions in society which lead to deviant behavior.

Referring to crimes without victims, Mr. Silver charges that the Commission "does very little to challenge the tendency of Americans to label as 'criminal' what they find to be socially undesirable." However, realizing the complexities involved in the problems of immoral or undesirable behavior, the Commission quite objectively and honestly admits it is in no position to resolve these issues. Mr. Silver was less interested in objectivity than in finding statements which would reinforce his own beliefs. . . .

DOUGLAS ELL
Department of Criminology
California State College
Long Beach, California

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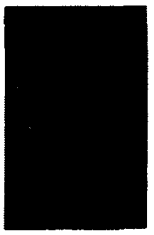

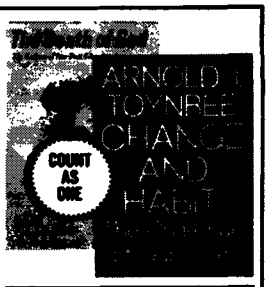

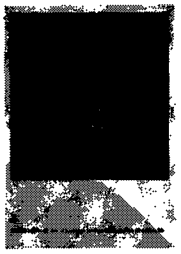

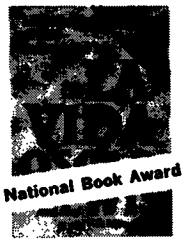

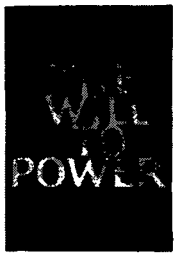

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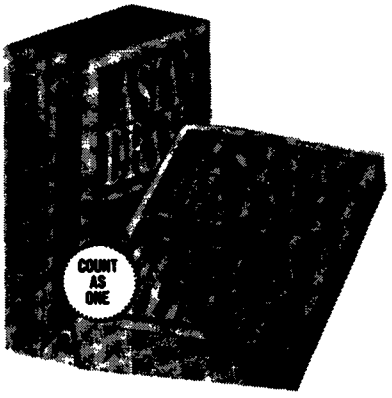

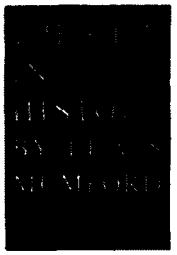

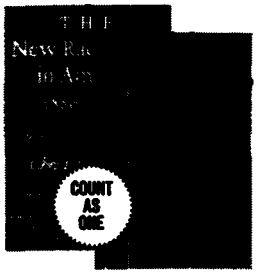

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To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Mr. Silver is grossly mistaken in assuming that the President's Commission believes there could be an ultimate victory over crime. . . . In its summary report, *The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society*, the Commission says, "Controlling crime in America is an endeavor that will be slow and hard and costly. But America can control crime if it will." Thus it is effective control, not ultimate victory that the Commission stresses.

While it is true that the report is deficient in many respects, if each agency directly connected with any aspect of crime (i.e., law enforcement, the courts, corrections, etc.) would study the Commission's recommendations and then act on as many of them as it deemed possible or practical to its own individual area, then the value of the report would be obvious.

As for Mr. Silver's assertion that "The police mentality exists even before recruitment" . . .: If such statements are true, then, Sir, I have wasted almost four years of college education.

Raymond D. Fox
Department of Criminology
California State College
Long Beach, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . I can see little point in Mr. Silver's comparison of the Wickersham Report—made thirty-six years ago—with the report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice made last year. The conditions of the "roaring 20's" and the old-line police setup do not seem related to the complexities of 1968.

There are several points on which I agree completely with Mr. Silver's position but one about which I find myself in violent disagreement with him. That is the statement, "professionalization of the police is not the panacea. The police mentality exists even before recruitment." I would like to ask Mr. Silver a question: if professionalization of the police, which basically involves raising training standards, educational requirements, changing attitudes toward the law and improving public relations, will not change the police mentality, what will? I am striving for a broad liberal education before entering the career of law enforcement. If this does not change my mentality, I wonder what Mr. Silver would suggest. Policemen are not gods. They are human beings and as such are capable of error, blundering, corruption, and incompetence, but by raising the police service to the level of a profession, many dedicated police people hope to eliminate these detrimental characteristics.

Michael J. Fiorentino
Department of Criminology
California State College
Long Beach, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

Isidore Silver's article raises the important point of who is really going to control the police. This question has been placed in the lap of the courts and they have been forced to answer. Through a number of decisions, including Miranda *vs.* Arizona, Mapps *vs.* Ohio, etc., certain limitations have been placed on procedure, and certain guarantees established about the rights of the private citizen. But this is not enough. The courts do not have the necessary means for carrying out their "opinions." It is going to be up to the individual law-enforcement agencies to do their own housecleaning, to be more selective in their recruiting, to be stricter in the performance of their duties, to educate their personnel to a higher level. . . .

Trevor H. Reisz
Department of Criminology
California State College
Long Beach, California

Mr. Silver writes:

Ginger Wiley's comment baffles me, for I thought that the thrust of my analysis of the Crime Commission Report was an attack on the over-use of the criminal sanction *per se;* my recognition that law enforcement agencies often use that sanction to "coerce desirable conduct" cannot be construed as advocacy of this practice.

Mr. Robinson's polemic about the cost problem is misplaced. The Riot Commission Report also did not specify costs, nor, in context, did it have to. I was more worried about priorities in crime fighting (and their costs) than about cost *per se*. Surely, we could have had something more than the morass of suggestions without even an attempt broadly to classify such priorities. As for the "value" of the document, I think that my last three paragraphs state my position, and it would be futile to restate it now. . . .

Mr. Ell and I obviously have differing concepts of just what "sus-

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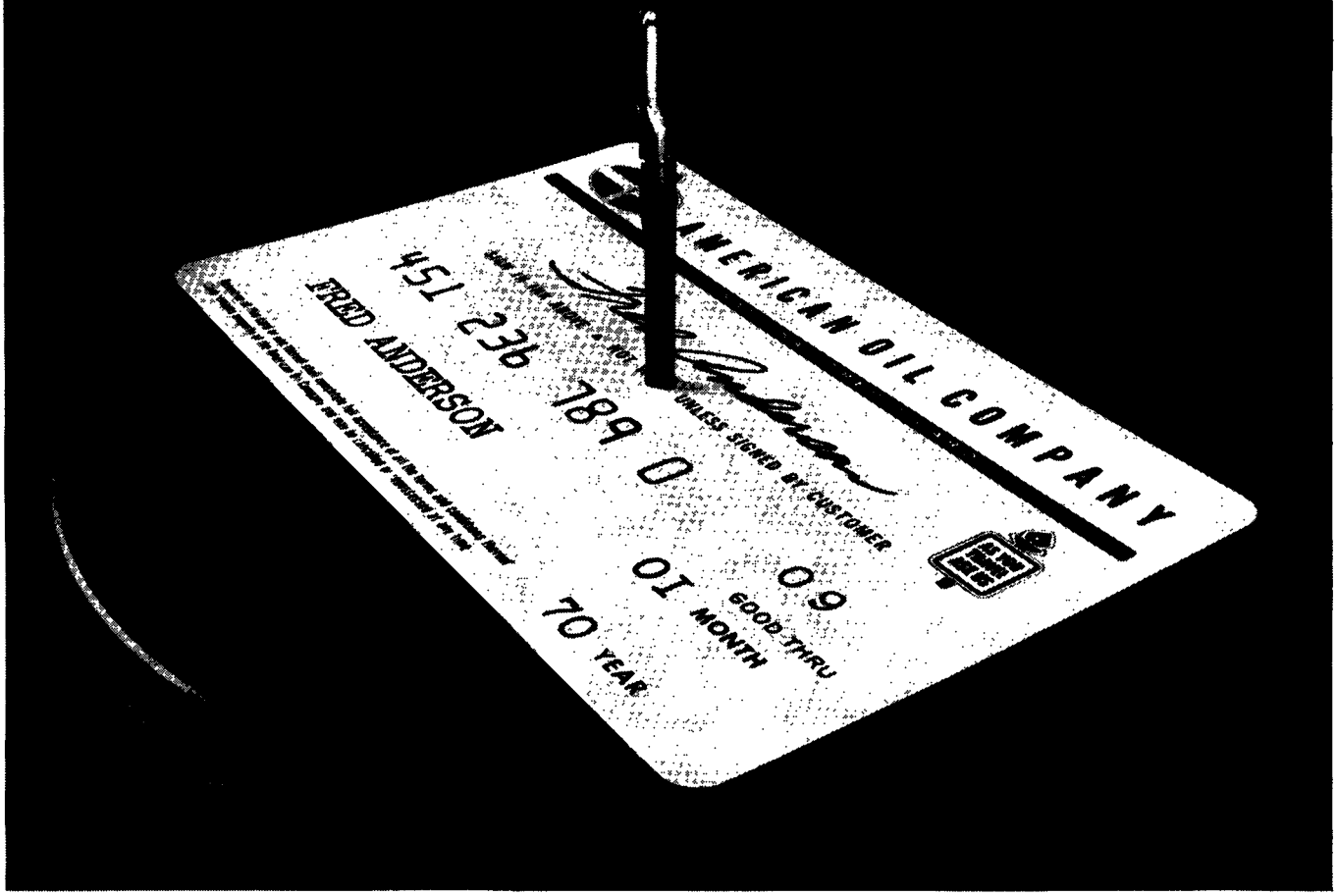

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tained" treatment of a problem involves; the fundamental bias of the Report (although some of the Task Force papers on Juvenile Delinquency differ) is toward an acceptance of the social structure and an attempt to integrate deviant groups into it. Perhaps the Commission's reluctance to deal with the issues of overcriminalization is due to their complexity, but, more likely, should be attributed to a desire not to offend various constituencies. Statements such as, "The time is overdue for realistic examination of the abortion laws," followed by "Undoubtedly a great deal of research is needed," do not inspire confidence in the Commission's commitment to asking (much less answering) fundamental questions. The same could be said for its reticence about homosexuality, birth control, and other painful subjects. Just how the "system" can be intelligently discussed without an analysis of its relation to "immoral or undesirable behavior" is a mystery to me (though not to the Commission) since about one-half of all annual arrests in America are for crimes (?) involving precisely and only such behavior.

The Commission may have spoken in terms of "effective control," as Mr. Fox states, but the orientation of the Report is toward elimination of this alien phenomenon (arbitrarily) termed "crime." If control is the problem, then a different set of questions must of necessity be asked. Rather than determining just what an "acceptable" level of crime (of what sort) should be our social goal, the Commission clearly opted for Manichean destruction—a not un-American phenomenon.

My use of the Wickersham studies was not prompted by any desire to make direct comparisons, as implied by Mr. Fiorentino, but merely to demonstrate just how the new rhetoric about crime reflects our new way of thinking. Had the Commission been as blunt in its criticisms as was the Wickersham group, perhaps there would have been less "scientism," less caution, less feeling of *déjà vu* about the Report. Indeed, the ability of the letter writers to find quotes supporting their positions is symptomatic of the very problem inherent in the Report—its intellectual eclecticism. A morsel for everybody (at times, as I tried to point out, some of the morsels were indigestible in combination).

Mr. Reisz's letter specifically and directly raises the point of "police professionalism" as a panacea for what is admittedly undesirable police conduct, and quite evidently, the other letters are concerned with this problem too. I am not a police sociologist, but my conclusion that better entrance standards, better training, etc., is not the answer is supported by experts such as Arthur Niederhoffer (a cop) who concludes that "If the law enforcement occupation is successful in obtaining the status of a profession, it will be a Horatio Alger story" (*Behind the Shield,* Doubleday). After reading the aforementioned letters, I can only hope that Niederhoffer's pessimism about the effect of the police system upon (often uncynical) recruits is misplaced. . . .

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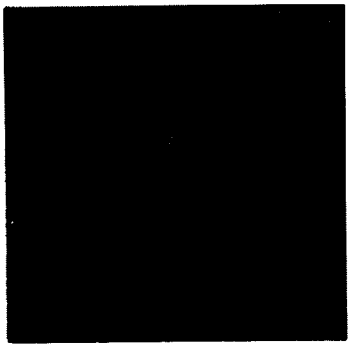

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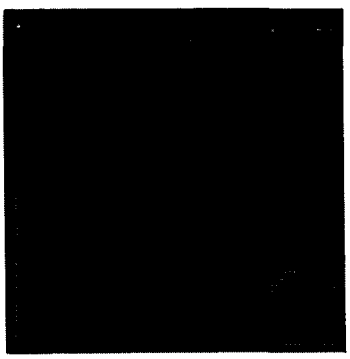

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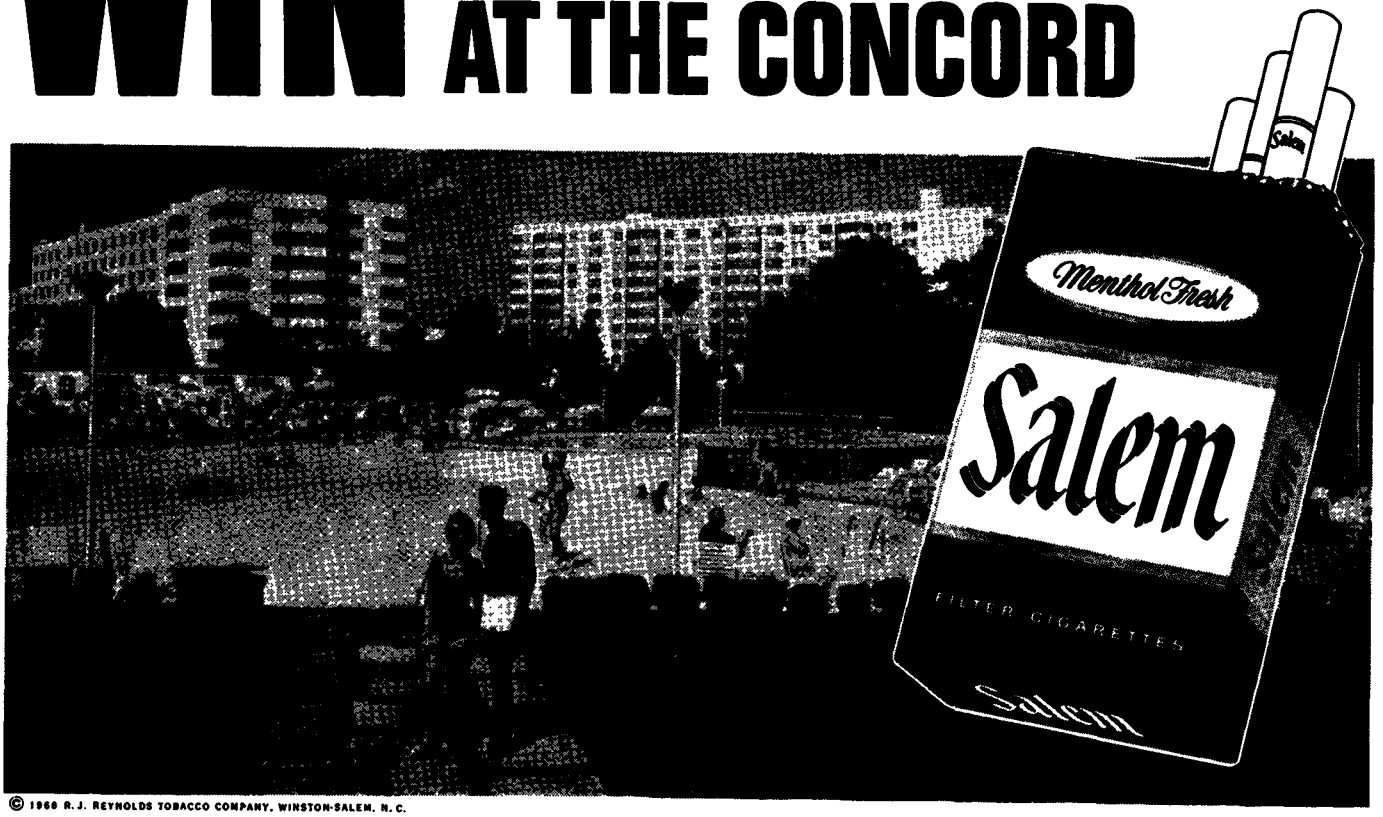

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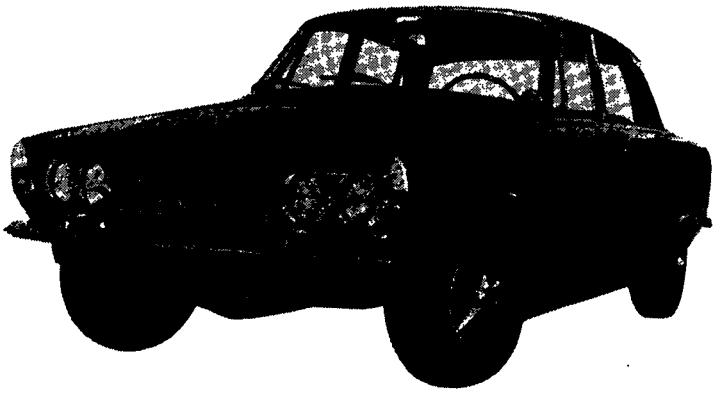

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The New Left and Its Limits

Nathan Glazer

FOR THE LAST few years I have looked with increasing skepticism on the analyses and the actions of the radical Left in America. By the radical Left I mean those who believe there is something fundamentally and irredeemably wrong with our society, and who think the chief way of righting it lies in mobilizing the power of all the disadvantaged groups among us behind a drive for radical change, change going to the roots. My own skepticism in the face of so much passion and indeed accomplishment often troubles me, and it will certainly annoy radicals. They may say that to have been radical or liberal in one's youth, and to become relatively conservative in one's middle years, is so common an experience that it needs hardly any explanation at all. However, just as I would not explain the radical mood or outlook on psychological or temperamental grounds, so I would hope that radicals might suspend such easy judgments on my own outlook. There have been, after all, young conservatives and old radicals, even if not as many as the other way around. And just as I would accord the radical outlook full respect—as a perspective on the world that has its own rationale, its own roots, its own great thinkers, its own successes—so I would hope that radicals might for a while consider the point of view that is skeptical of their analyses, their programs, and their hopes.

There are three principal areas in which the new radicalism expresses itself: the problem of the Vietnam war, and by extension the whole question of the role of the United States in world affairs, and in the development of the poorer countries; the problem of achieving equality for Negroes, which now centers in the crisis of the great urban ghettos; and the problem of higher education—in particular the role of youth in the administration of the campus and the shaping of the curriculum. In none of these three areas can we point to much to be happy about. I need not describe the sense of catastrophe that hangs over us whether we consider the war, or the black-white conflict. I would not apply so grand a term as catastrophe to the campus situation, and yet there is a growing sense of the triviality of much of mass higher education; and while I would hesitate to go so far as to say that the hearts and minds of our young people are being destroyed, I think the crisis in the universities is as serious in its own right for American youth as are Vietnam and race for the larger society.

In all three areas, radicalism, true to the term, wishes to go to the roots because, it says, what is wrong in each case is wrong at the roots. To find a half-million Americans in Vietnam, killing and being killed, burning villages and destroying crops, is sufficiently outrageous to make it plausible that there is a horror within the bowels of our society which has called these outer horrors forth. To find in the ghettos vast numbers of poverty-stricken people who have lost all faith in society, their fellow man, and their own power, who present a picture of disinheritance that no other advanced industrial society can show us; and to find on the other hand among many whites a ferocious hatred of these unfortunates that again no other advanced society can show us—this too is sufficient cause to assume that the roots are poisoned. To confront, finally, in the colleges and universities a host of petty demands and restrictions irrelevant to understanding and education, makes it easy enough to believe that something very basic is the operative cause.

Faced with these evils, and the general sense that something fundamental is wrong, the radical chooses between two broad general approaches to getting at the roots. One is the whole grand scheme of Marxism, in its various modern formulations. Capitalism is too old-fashioned a term to arouse much interest—it is now replaced by imperialism. Similarly, the increasing misery of the working class is replaced by the increasing misery of the underdeveloped world, and by that of our own "colonials" at home, the Negroes and other minority groups. The machine presumed to be at the heart of the misery has also been modernized, but fundamental to it still is the selfishness of a ruling class which cannot or will not give up its power and which therefore must be smashed. The mechanisms of a better society are still not studied much—they fall under the ban Marx and Engels

NATHAN GLAZER, a regular contributor, is professor of sociology at Berkeley. His books include *The Social Basis of American Communism, American Judaism,* and (with Daniel P. Moynihan) *Beyond the Melting Pot.*

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imposed on utopianism and reformism. Thus the Communist country where the most serious effort to establish such mechanisms has been made, Yugoslavia, is of no great interest to today's radicals. They are more concerned with Cuba and China, which still maintain a pre-institutional—or a post-institutional?—revolutionary vigor, in which the thought and decisions of the central leader of the revolution are capable of overturning the new and barely established social structures every other day.

The most attractive aspect of the new radicalism is that it has developed a second and more popular approach to getting at the roots—more pragmatic and empirical, more humanist, less mechanical and dogmatic. This is the approach suggested in the Port Huron statement of 1962, a document characteristic of the early spirit of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). But the candid and open stance of the New Left in its first phase of development—that something deep was wrong but no one quite knew precisely what it was or what would change it—could not be maintained forever as a basis for action. Thus an explanation began to emerge. The simple analysis of the Old Left, that capitalism or imperialism is at the root of the matter, was not very satisfactory, if only because it was too easy to point to the example of capitalist countries like Sweden and England on the one side and Communist ones like Soviet Russia and East Germany on the other to prove that no necessary causal relation exists between oppression and the institutions of capitalism. Referring to real experience—"where am *I* bugged?, where do *I* feel the pinch?"—the New Left began to decide that the problem lies not in the institutions of capitalism as such but rather in all types of fixed and formal institutions. The university administrator is not involved in the search for private profit, nor is the indifferent slum school teacher, the insensitive social worker, the hypocritical mayor, the technologically minded general. Rather—so goes the new argument—they are all small men trapped into serving big and powerful institutions that have grown hopelessly distant from immediate human needs and satisfactions. The institutions nevertheless draw on strong personal motivations to achieve their inhuman ends—the desire for money and power and advancement, for security, for a comfortable home-life in suburbia. In the view of the New Left, the minor and more benign motivations of men emerge as having greater potentialities for evil than the grander ones. It is the man who wants to do his best for his wife and children, keep up the mortgage and buy a new car—it is this man who also releases the gas in the chambers and who makes the napalm containers. He may even be a good union member and vote Democratic.

When one sees institutions themselves as the source of our present evils, and when one sees these institutions fed not by the limited and distorted motivations of rampant capitalism, but by such ancient and well-rooted human impulses as the drives for comfort, security, and family, then one has forged an analysis which is indeed powerful.

Nevertheless, the New Left has an answer—a conception of democracy in which our traditional mix of civil liberties and elected legislatures and officials is supplemented or supplanted by new rights and new forms of democratic intervention in the process of decision-making and administration. Thus attempts have been made to establish such rights as those of the poor to direct representation in the institutions that affect their lives, to financial support with dignity, to legal counsel. These new conceptions have already scored remarkable successes. We have seen formerly unshakable Boards of Education begin to bow to demands that only a year or two ago may have seemed extremist and irrational—for example, the demand for community control of ghetto schools. We have seen "student power" in higher education reach levels that were inconceivable four years ago. To be sure, the forging of foreign policy still appears to lie beyond the reach of New Left ideas. And yet is it? In recent demonstrations we have seen revolutionary techniques employed that are justified less by resort to the traditional rhetoric of revolution than by the argument that new forms of "representation" of minority points of view are required in a democratic polity.

The question of how enduring these new developments will be still remains open, but it is clear that they already serve as extremely effective weapons to advance the argument that something fundamental is wrong with American society. Of course, the argument that something fundamental is wrong leads easily to the conclusion that something grand and apocalyptic is required to set it straight. And indeed, the two positions reinforce each other: given the inclination toward some tremendous change, some tremendous flaw must be found to justify it (just as the reverse is true). But a powerful analysis of what is wrong with society may be too powerful. The radical Left explains what is wrong by the tendency of men to act within institutions which develop their own dynamic, and a dynamic which may become irrelevant or positively subversive of the ends they are set up to realize. As instances, they point to the tendency of educational institutions to act in such ways as to inhibit education, welfare institutions in such ways as to reduce competence, defense institutions in such ways as to increase the likelihood and the ferocity of war. When I say that this analysis may be too powerful, I mean to raise the question: what alternative is there to

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institutions designed to deal with problems, calling upon the more common and everyday motivations, and developing their own rigidities and blinders?

There is an answer on the New Left even to that—and the answer is to release man's natural creativity and spontaneity, whether through revolution, or through participatory democracy, or through the smashing of the old institutions, and to hope that these newly released forces will finally lead to the overcoming of ancient social dilemmas. For the New Left believes that man is good by nature, and corrupted by institutions; that the earth and its riches are sufficient to maintain all men in comfort and happiness, and that only human selfishness and blindness prevent the emergence of this ideal state. One can appeal to the early Marx, who is so popular today, and his vision of a society in which man can fish in the morning, work in the afternoon, and criticize the arts in the evening, just as he will, and entirely according to the rhythms of his own being. Some on the New Left believe that only a violent overthrow of the institutions of society can bring such a world to birth; others believe that a steady and determined and unyielding pressure on power elites and power holders, if applied long enough, ingeniously enough, unflinchingly enough, will force these groups to give up their power and their goods and to desist in their willful obstruction of those who wish to create a better and more beautiful world.

THERE ARE, in my opinion, three serious flaws in this position.

The first is the assumption that the problems of bringing a better society into being are fundamentally problems of power. This has become a matter of gospel, and not only with the New Left. Yet the fact is that only certain basic problems can be settled, and even those only to a limited degree, by direct clashes between conflicting interests; and in advanced societies, the number of such problems grows progressively smaller and smaller. The natural history of social problems seems to involve an initial stage in which a selfish power monopoly must be defeated or overthrown. But clear evils to fight against are rapidly succeeded by increasingly ambiguous evils, whose causes and solutions are equally unclear. The minute we move to this later stage, we confront one important limitation of the radical perspective.

Let me be concrete. In the South not long ago, the resistance to equality for Negroes was centered in an irrational and inhuman racist ethos that denied to Negroes the most elementary rights of man in a democratic society, such as the right to a fair trial, to the security of life and property, and to the vote. The task of confronting these evils was simply to fight them, to organize to fight them, to insist that the Constitution be obeyed—even, if one was heroic enough, to die or risk death in the process.

But this was the initial stage of reform: equivalent in its moral clarity to earlier battles like those aimed at extending the franchise, banning child labor, establishing labor's right to organize, setting up systems of unemployment insurance and social security. After the principle has been established there comes a second stage, in which the problems are more complex, often more technical. It is in part for this reason that the administrators and the experts now take over, together with those whose interests are directly concerned, while the army of reformers moves off to issues in which the conflict between good and evil is still clear cut. This is precisely what happened after the victories of the civil-rights movement in the South and the shift of the movement to the North.

We are often very sympathetic to cynical explanations of human behavior, including our own, and we are thus attracted to the belief that when Southern whites only were affected by Negro demands, Northern whites could be staunchly militant in defense of Negro rights, but that when the Northerners themselves were affected, they fell silent or slunk off the battlefield. But something rather more important occurred as the battleground of the civil-rights movement shifted from the South to the North. In the South, the issues were civic equality and the vote; in the North, because both these goals had long been attained, the issues became employment and upgrading in jobs, income, education, housing. These are all highly complex matters that no simple law can settle. It cannot be decreed that Negroes and whites should have the same income regardless of their skills and education, or that they should have the same education regardless of their home backgrounds, or that they should have the same home backgrounds, regardless of their history, their culture, their experience.

Of course it is possible, even in this later stage of reform when the key element has ceased to be the obdurate political power of a selfish interest group, to insist that nothing has really changed. Thus, many who argue that it is "white racism" which is keeping the Negro down—an idea strongly encouraged by the Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders—are in effect trying to cast the enormous problems of creating a true and widespread equality for American Negroes in the pattern of the heroic battles to change the cruel social structure of the South. Yet this interpretation flies in the face of the fact that racist attitudes have been in steady decline in this country for two decades. And if "white racism" refers to practices, it contradicts

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the reality that most of the major institutions in American life—government, big business, higher education, the foundations—have been engaged for years in a variety of efforts to increase and upgrade Negro participation in every area of American life. Paradoxically, "white racism" has become a rallying cry precisely at a moment when it has never been milder.

THE TRUTH IS that it is not white racism but the difficulty of the problems which has so far frustrated us in finding satisfying jobs for the hard-core unemployed, or improving education and housing in the ghettos and slums. Not even the enactment of such legislative proposals as are being put forward by the Poor People's March on Washington would by itself settle matters—as, in its time, the enactment of the right to collective bargaining did. If the government were to become the "employer of last resort," there would still be thorny questions concerning rates of pay (certainly minimal wages would no longer be a solution, as they were with WPA in the depression), civil-service protection for these workers, and policies for dealing with incompetence and absenteeism—for after all we are speaking of people who cannot get jobs or will not take those which are available in a fairly brisk labor market.

If we consider education, no reform has yet been proposed or envisaged that can reasonably promise better education for ghetto youth, though we can passionately support community control of schools as a measure which *might* at least help to affect the tricky factor of the child's motivation. And even when we speak of housing and neighborhoods, where simple physical facilities alone are important, we have no easy solutions—as becomes evident once the question is raised of how much happier the poor have proved to be in public housing projects than in slums. In none of these major areas is there a major reform that can promise what social security or the right to collective bargaining promised. This is only an index to the increasing complexity of our problems; themselves the result of the increasing sophistication of social demands—not *any* job, but a good and meaningful job with security and promise of advancement; not merely free education, but education with certain effects; not just a minimally adequate dwelling, but one located within a network of social supports that we can often scarcely divine, let alone set out to create.

Even the demands for a guaranteed annual income, or a negative income tax, or a family allowance—demands that are, it is clear enough, pressed because there is no rapid and easy path to equality through good jobs—raise further technical questions that will not be solved by the passionate insistence that Congress decree an end to poverty or that communities do away with white racism. The guaranteed annual income or negative income tax would have serious and undetermined effects on those who work for rates at or near the legal minimum. If such workers (maids, messenger boys, janitors, hotel employees, restaurant employees, etc.) are to retain any incentive to work, the guaranteed annual income or negative income tax return must be set below the minimum wage—at which point we are back to welfare and the painful issues it involves (who qualifies, for how much, etc.?). The family allowance is less problematic, but as generally proposed it is too small to permit the abolition of the welfare system; nor can we be happy over the inevitable support it entails for population growth at a time when for other good reasons we might want to discourage large families.

At the moment it is fashionable among radicals to ignore these details and to justify their indifference by an assault on the idea that work is necessary to society. But anyone who looks concretely at what human beings in this country want, and what radicals feel is the least they should have (good housing, good education, various social services, good health care, recreational opportunities, etc.), and then simply adds up what that requires in the way of material and human resources, would soon be disabused of the notion that we can ignore the effects of various social measures on the incentive to work. Quite characteristically, the radical wants it both ways—he wants services that are enormously costly in manpower, and he wants social measures that will encourage fewer people to work.

IF THE ISSUES become thus complex, when there are no simple slogans to proclaim—or, when such slogans are proclaimed, there are no visible routes to their immediate realization—then understandably the fervor and commitment of many reformers and radicals fall off. This is in part what happened when the issue of civil rights for Negroes in the South was replaced by the issue of achieving effective equality for the Negro throughout the nation. We can trace much the same development in all the earlier areas of reform; indeed, the advancement of a society can almost be measured by the extent to which political issues are transformed into technical issues—when this happens it is generally a sign that the central power struggle is over. In Scandinavia and England the provision of good medical care, for example, has come to involve such questions as how many doctors and nurses are needed, how they should be trained, how they can be kept from going to America or induced to move to small towns and distant rural areas, what kind of hospitals should be built, etc. Of course, politics enters into all

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this, with parties taking positions according to their class composition, their history, and their ideology. Yet such differences are relatively marginal, and only one element of many—among which they are by no means the most important—going into the framing of solutions.

To my mind, there are fewer and fewer major areas of American domestic policy in which the old-fashioned conflict between interests representing clearly reactionary forces, and the interests of the society in general, still remains central. One is the continued Southern resistance to legislation aimed at bettering the lot of the Negro; another is the continued resistance of organized medicine to an adequate program of medical care. In most other areas, I would argue, complex technical issues have superseded the crude power struggle between the forces of reaction and the forces of progress. This is not to deny that self-serving interests still operate throughout the political sphere, but so long as care is taken to pay them off, they do not constitute serious roadblocks in the way of improving our society. The drive for security is a massive one—in farmers, in businessmen, in workers—and I am not sure that our special interests are so much stronger than their counterparts in other societies which manage their problems pretty well, or in any imaginable future society.

A SECOND argument against the perspective of radical leftism follows from this general point that in an industrially advanced society, whatever its background and history, social problems become more and more complex, more technical, and less political: Because change is continuous in such societies, no solution is ever complete or final, and consequently there is no alternative to bureaucracies, administrators, and experts. Of course, certain issues are on occasion structured so that solutions really can have a once-and-for-all character—in particular those issues which can be posed in strictly political or legal terms. Thus, the right to organize, when put into law and upheld by the courts, finally ended one great battle in American history. But most of the problems we face are not so simple and require continuous expert attention.

Consider, for example, public housing. No directly political measure, like a huge appropriation of money, could solve the problem of housing in this country; nor could the introduction of some new principle, like the once-new principle of public housing itself. For no matter what we might do on the political front, we would still have to decide what kind of housing to build, where to build it, in what size developments and at what scale; we would need to know the effect of setting different income limits, of excluding or not excluding those with criminal records, of accepting this proportion or that from the relief rolls; and we would have to determine the further effect of these and many other decisions on the balance of integration and segregation. There is no way of reaching such decisions from any large political position, radical or conservative: indeed, these questions (and they are increasingly becoming the ones that any advanced society must settle) make those very distinctions irrelevant. A few years ago I visited Warsaw and spoke to researchers in the field of housing and other social services. The problems we spoke about, that troubled them, were not very different from those of anyone dealing with housing in New York or Chicago, or, I would hazard, in Stockholm and Moscow.

Public welfare is another example. In the 1930's the basic issue was raised: is the government responsible for providing subsistence to those unable to earn it themselves? And the answer, after a struggle, was given: yes. It was, as is common in this politically complex nation, not as good or sharp an answer as other nations have given, but in the more advanced states of the Union, at any rate, public services of a standard commensurate with that of Northwestern Europe were established for the widowed and orphaned and abandoned and aged and disabled. The battle was over; reformers and radicals rested, or moved off to other fields. Twenty years later they were back, in force, denouncing the social workers, organizing the clients against them. What had happened? Had welfare services deteriorated or been cut back? Quite the contrary. More was being spent on them and they were probably being run more efficiently. Yet where it had once seemed the achievement of a generous society that those without income were no longer required to beg or to depend on private charity, but now received as of right some minimal level of subsistence, it seemed to the society of twenty years later an outrage that they were maintained on a dignity-destroying dole, that they were not rehabilitated, turned into productive and self-respecting citizens. Let me suggest that it is much easier to give someone money than to turn him into a productive and self-respecting citizen. The first task is also a much easier one to place on the banners of a political movement or to write into legislation than the second.

Or consider the poverty program. Within Congress, Left and Right both agree that something should be done about poverty, and that training the unemployed or the not-yet employed is a good idea; in consequence we have now developed a large range of training programs, of varying kinds, under varying auspices. When any one of these programs comes up for renewal, the technical people running it will always argue that theirs is the most important and should be maintained or expanded, and will try to convince their

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friends in Congress. Now it is true that congressmen, faced with conflicting expert opinion and pressure from differing interests, will tend to fall back on old prejudices and old political commitments—the liberals will generally say, spend more, the conservatives, spend less. But the combat takes place in a surprisingly restricted area. It is not yet as restricted as the area of political combat in England and Sweden, but it is much narrower than it was in this country twenty years ago.

Admittedly the overall scale of expenditures on housing or welfare or work-training programs is still an important political question in America, but this is not really what many on the radical Left are concerned about. For even if we were to spend twice as much in each of these areas as we do now, things would not really change that much, and no one—least of all the radical Leftists themselves—would believe that the millennium awaited by the radical Left had arrived.* But as a matter of fact, even the scope of politics as regards the scale of expenditure is remarkably restricted. In all advanced countries, taxes are very high and not easily increased; similar proportions of the GNP are devoted to social welfare; and the increasing competition among equally worthy programs—health, education, welfare, work-training, scientific research, and the like—poses similarly perplexing decisions. We may come to a better understanding of these matters, but scarcely by following the assumptions and perspectives of the radical Left.

If, then, the need for reform and change is continuous, and depends on the expert knowledge of technicians continuously applied, there can be no alternative to institutionalization, the permanent bodies devoted to permanent problem areas, with all its consequences. I do not see how any sensible man can still think, as Lenin did in *State and Revolution*, that institutions and the state will wither away to the point where they can be run on a part-time and unspecialized basis by—in his term—cooks. Yet this is the vague, if not always expressed, hope of the New Left. Knowing that institutions corrupt, they hope to do away with them. One of the major grounds for my skepticism is my belief that, even though they corrupt, there is no chance of doing away with them.

I am aware, of course, of the common wisdom that to put education in the hands of the educators, housing in the hands of the professional housers, welfare in the hands of the social workers is to ensure that traditional practices will become institutionalized, that reformers will be fought, and that difficulties will pile up and get worse. But the fact is that judicious, flexible, creative people are always in short supply. Not every problem can be placed in the hands of the best men in the society—though this often seems to be what we are asked to achieve when we are told that our doctors must be better, our teachers must be better, our social workers must be better. Where after all are we to find a place for the people in our society who are less than the most imaginative, the most energetic, the most effective? The great majority of men, whether or not they lead lives of quiet desperation, certainly hope to lead lives of minimal security and moderate gratification. While we take it for granted that this is a reasonable and humane objective for Vietnamese peasants or Indian city-dwellers, we consider it reprehensible that most American doctors, teachers, social workers, and the like are of the same sort. No doubt this common human tendency seems reprehensible when viewed in the context of the suffering we are called upon to alleviate. But what solution is there? As far as I can see, only the normal political one—when the problems become bad enough, and enough people get angry and protest, new programs are started, new men and new ideas flow in, and hopefully all this leads to a new level of achievement, itself to become institutionalized in its turn, and to require at some later time another infusion of ideas, money, and innovators from the outside.

THE NEW LEFT's main answer to the problem of institutionalization is participatory democracy, a concept derived from the Paris Commune in which, according to Marx's account, the people, permanently politicized, permanently in arms, met every day to settle their fate. This is a grand vision and one which makes it possible to argue that all established institutions, even if formally democratic, are actually undemocratic because they do not reflect the desires of the people at any given moment. I cannot imagine, however, how one can ever overcome the danger raised by a direct dependence on the people, permanently in session. For it inevitably means depending on that part of the people that is willing, for one reason or another, to stay permanently in session.

Participatory democracy is suited to truly revolutionary movements and moments—but only moments. No people as a whole has ever been ready to make a primary commitment to political action over a long period of time. Those who assert that formal democracy cannot be true democracy because many do not vote, many who vote do not know, the candidates do not reflect the full range of opinion and possibility, etc., ignore the fact that this limited interest on the part of most people most of the time is actually among the greatest defenses of democracy. It means, as Aaron Wildavsky has pointed out, that

* New York City spends twice as much per child in its public schools as most other large cities do, yet these schools hardly serve as a model for the solution of the problems of urban education.

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there are always enormous reserves to be mobilized whenever significant interests are affected. Wildavsky contends that one of the most critical resources in politics is time—time for talking, electioneering, canvassing—and the poor have as much of this resource as anyone else. Perhaps money decides only unimportant things, such as which of two not very different candidates will carry an election. But if important issues arise, reserves are available that can be brought into battle. Is it not such reserves that the organizers in the slums are now trying to mobilize? If they fail, as they sometimes do, it may be because they have not correctly diagnosed what is really troubling people in the slums, because they have been unable to convince them that the potential gains are worth their sacrifice of time and energy. And if issues are indeed becoming increasingly complex, it also becomes harder and harder to isolate and sloganize action that, if demanded and then taken, will result in a clear improvement of conditions.

IN RESPONSE to all these realities, we find new and astonishing doctrines coming into vogue. Herbert Marcuse, for example, attacks democracy and tolerance as themselves being barriers to the actions required for the overthrow of a monstrous society. In the past, even the Leninists, whatever their actual practices—the suppression of free speech and the murder of political opponents —usually tried to cover them up with such terms as "peoples' democracy" and with such justifications as the paramount need to defend the revolution from the violence of others. But lip service to the virtues of democracy and tolerance are now, it seems, to be abandoned by radicals on the ground that democracy and tolerance only protect an evil society—protect it precisely because they can be displayed as its virtues! We have come to such twisted arguments as one recently given by an American professor against accepting a Fulbright fellowship: he agreed that he was free to attack American foreign policy abroad, but by so doing he would mislead his foreign audience into believing that the United States was a free society and worthy of support by men of good will.

In the universities, participatory democracy has now been replaced by a new doctrine which decrees that when democratic procedures either do not exist (as indeed they do not in many sectors of many universities) or when a democratic system fails to respond to deeply felt needs (as with the Vietnam war) then it is quite legitimate to engage in disruption and disorder to bring about change. This argument has attracted the support of substantial minorities of students and even of faculties, though it has been less effective among the American people at large.

The new doctrine, which we see exemplified at Nanterre and Columbia, is a far cry from the ideals of participatory democracy, especially in the early days of the new Left when meetings were open to all, when discussions to gain consensus went on endlessly, when there was deep soul-searching about the morality of engaging in activity that provoked the violence of political opponents and police. Under the auspices of the new doctrine, the rights of the majority are held in derision, and political opponents are prevented from speaking or being heard. Tactics are worked out to strip authorities of dignity through staged confrontations, to arrange matters so that violence will erupt for the benefit of the press and television, to win over basically unsympathetic students who, owing to their commitment to fairmindedness, will almost always be "radicalized" by exposure to police intervention. In effect, we have moved from the ideal of the politicized masses with direct control over their fate —an unlikely form of organization in any case— to the quite cynical manipulation of the masses by those who themselves object to "formal" democracy and to the public order and tolerance that are its foundation. That small minorities are able to get so far with these tactics is attributable to two circumstances: first that they operate in an environment (the university) which is in fact undemocratic and which is also totally incapable of handling confrontation, disruption, and provocation; and second, that we have in the Vietnam war a case in which democratic processes most certainly do not work well, any more than they do in less explosive sectors of foreign policy in this country.

I think some good has and will come out of these tactics—university constitutions are being revised, and probably for the better—balanced by a good deal of evil. Alongside the wrong of university administrations which are unresponsive to faculty and student opinion, we now have the new wrong of groups of students who can impose their will on the university, regardless of what the majority of their colleagues and teachers want or think. Just recently, the students of Stanford University voted 70 per cent in favor of allowing the government agencies and Dow Chemical to recruit on campus—but on how many other campuses has policy been made by an aggressive minority, without a student vote to determine majority sentiment? The fact that our universities are not democratically organized has made it possible for small groups to instigate change and reform—and this is to the good. But the ultimate end of these changes and reforms will still have to be something on the order of formal democracy —universal suffrage, free discussion, free balloting, all of which seem remote from the affections of the passionate on the New Left. For when these

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democratic forms prevail, leftists can claim no greater rights than others, regardless of how strongly they feel they are right.

THROUGH THESE CHANGES in attitude and tactics, an anti-institutional bias remains at the heart of the New Left position; and at the heart of my own critique of that position is my belief that there can be no substitute for institutions, even though they may become tired, bureaucratic, and corrupt. Yet no more, in my view, can there be any substitute for the organized and aroused people when the institutions become, as they ineluctably will, inadequate to their task. At that point, they must be supplemented or supplanted by new institutions, which will hopefully respond more sensitively to the needs of their clients. I think in the host of proposals and experiments of the past six or seven years there have been many good ones—but then they eventually will become part of the institutionalized system too. We now have neighborhood law firms, which some people around the poverty program saw as the guarantor of a determinedly antagonistic and suspicious attitude toward all institutions. But why? How can they escape becoming institutions themselves? They will have to recruit staff, set limits to their work load, accept some cases and reject others, arrive at a modus vivendi with the rest of the institutionalized world, give security to their employees. And would we want it otherwise? Do we want to devote, each of us, full time to every problem—welfare, education, housing, legal rights, and what have you—or are we prepared to accept the subdivisions of a complex society, leaving some of our resources in reserve, to be called out against the worst problems, the most serious scandals?

One does feel rather like a Scrooge in insisting that spontaneity and feeling can never replace the institutions, with their bureaucrats, clerks, secretaries, forms, computers, regulations, and—hopefully—appeal boards. But there are to my mind more serious reasons than any I have yet suggested for thinking that this dream of the New Left must remain a limited one, and this brings me to the third major failing of the radical perspective. As I look to the future, I see that the expectation of more freedom, of more spontaneity, must be disappointed. Kenneth Boulding has pointed to three factors pushing us inexorably toward a more rather than a less organized society: one is the existence of the terribly destructive atomic weapons, the second is the growth of population, the third the exhaustion of natural resources. To these three might be added a fourth: the pollution of the environment.

The interesting thing about all these problems is that they take on roughly the same character in all advanced societies, and in each case the answer seems to come down to greater controls. Thus, once the atomic weapons emerge, there is no way of sweeping them under the rug. They are a reality, and to deal with them involves a species of considerations which makes the radical perspective all but entirely irrelevant. Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps one can envisage the masses raging through the streets of Moscow and Washington demanding the absolute destruction of these horrible weapons, and with full faith in the good will of the other side. But even if we were to get this far, can anyone imagine the same thing happening in the streets of Peking, or Tel Aviv, or Cairo?

The population explosion—and I assume we are all frightened at the projections—constitutes a similar trap, for it means that the most basic of all forms of human spontaneity will have to be subjected to elaborate institutional controls if the world is ever to arrive at anything like the good life, or the good-as-possible life, that radicals so mistakenly tie to the overthrow of organized society. So too the gradual exhaustion of natural resources—which we are less concerned about today but which we will soon be forced to worry about constantly—sets another inexorable limit to the kind of society in which freedom is maximized and controls put at a minimum. As to environmental pollution, it is a more immediate concern, and one ironically linked to higher standards of living, in the form of insecticides, soaps, fertilizers, automobiles. Here too we can only foresee greater and more intrusive controls being imposed —not only in America but in all advanced countries, and not only under capitalism but under Communism (as a glance at the Russian response to these same problems quickly reveals). The radicals have offered no alternative to these imperatives, except the return to smaller communities, and lower standards of living. This I would regard as wholly consistent with their outlook, and one that makes sense in its own terms. Relatively few people, however, are willing to adopt it, and in the underdeveloped world it makes no sense at all.

MY DISCUSSION up to now has concentrated solely on domestic affairs. Perhaps many might agree that our domestic problems are complex, require continuous and expert attention, and in large measure transcend or make irrelevant traditional political distinctions. But what about Vietnam? It is on this issue, after all, that the radical Left now principally expresses itself. Does not Vietnam point to some horrible illness in the American system—a sick reliance on technology as the solution to all problems, an outrageous view of the American role and prerogatives in the world, a suppressed violence which will out in the most grisly forms, an inhumanly

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narrow view of other societies and other peoples? I would agree that just as domestic politics stops at the water's edge, so my analysis in large measure is relevant only to our domestic problems. Many people look at the war and conclude, as I said at the beginning, that the roots are poisoned, that radical change is needed. Many other people—and this is a constant in the history of radicalism—begin with the idea that the roots are poisoned, and take the war as proof of their original conviction. Like the Talmudic scholar in the old story, they once ran through the streets shouting, "I have an answer! Does anyone have a question?" But now Vietnam has given them a very good question, too.

Nevertheless, I cannot accept the idea that the fundamental character of American society, its political or economic life, is the prime cause of the horrors of Vietnam. In the end, I cannot help believing, the Vietnam war must be understood as the result of a series of monumental errors. The key point to me is this: *America would not have had to be very different from what it now is for some President to have gotten us out of Vietnam rather than deeper and deeper into it.* Was America so much different or so much better under Eisenhower than it has been under Johnson? And yet all it took was a simple decision by Eisenhower to keep us from intervening in Vietnam in 1954.

The Vietnam war does to my mind point to something basically wrong with the American political system, but it is less apocalyptic than the analyses of the radical Left suggest. I believe—along with Senator Fulbright—that foreign policy, which was relatively marginal for the United States until the late 1930's, has become, or has remained, too exclusively the province of the President and his closest advisers. Whereas in domestic affairs the President must answer constantly to Congress, he has become literally irresponsible in the area of foreign affairs, where he must answer only to the electorate and only once every four years. If he is stubborn or stupid or makes mistakes and insists on sticking with them—and his position as head of a political party gives him every incentive to do so—he can destroy the country before being called to account. Since, moreover, we are still relatively insulated in our day-to-day national life from the world outside, the President can deceive the people as to the extent of his errors in foreign affairs much more effectively than he can in domestic affairs. This is a very serious matter indeed and the United States may be fatally damaged before we find a way out. But I cannot easily reconcile my own understanding as to how we have come to this terrible position with the basic perspectives and criticisms of the New Left. Nor are those perspectives particularly helpful in figuring out what we can do to repair the political system against a defect of this character and magnitude.

ULTIMATELY, my disagreement with the radical Left comes down to this: I see no Gordian knot to be cut at a single stroke, the cutting of which would justify the greatest efforts (as in the past it has seemed to justify great horrors). Nationalizing the means of production, as Socialist countries have discovered, is no all-embracing answer; nor is permanent mobilization of the people, which is in any case fantastically difficult to accomplish, and which, if it were to be accomplished, as it has for a time in China, would create a society that we would find repulsive; nor is the destruction of the upper classes—in the advanced countries at any rate, whatever value such destruction might yield in underdeveloped nations—for the upper classes now consist of the managers, the organizers, and the highly skilled professionals, whom we would inevitably have to re-create.

From the point of view of the heroisms of the past, it is a gray world we are entering, in which technicians and interest groups, neither of whom can be said to bear the banner of humanity in its noblest form, will be the determining forces. The best we can do is to ensure that as things go wrong—and they inevitably will—the people will have an opportunity to protest. They will rarely know, I am afraid, quite what to do to set things right, but their complaints and their occasional rebellious fury will be important "inputs," to use the dreary language of the future, in setting the matter right. The logic of the situation—the size of our population, the number of our organizations, the extent of our problems, the interrelations among the different parts of our society, the development of science and technology—all point to this outcome. Under the circumstances, even reform and its traditions become part of the system. How much protest do we need to keep the system straight and keep it correcting itself? At what point will protest wreck the institutions altogether and prevent them from functioning? The system is necessary; not this system exactly, but some system, and one which, given the external forces that govern our lives, will turn out to be not so significantly different.

I view radicalism as a great reservoir of energy which moves the establishment to pay attention to the most serious and urgent problems, and tells it when it has failed. To a more limited degree, it is also a reservoir of potential creativity—a reaching for new solutions and new approaches. What radicalism is not, and what it can no longer be, is the great sword of vengeance and correction which goes to the source of the distress and cuts it out. There is no longer a single source, and no longer a single sword.

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Journey to Sarajevo

Joachim Remak

The present memoir was written some time before the recent political upheaval in Czechoslovakia.

NEW YORK: A young Swiss couple in the Swissair lounge, intently studying *Mad* magazine. "Ah, that's it," he suddenly says and explains. She nods, polite and uncomprehending. Announcement over the loudspeaker: "Ladies and gentlemen. We regret to say that flight 101 to Zurich will depart twenty minutes late, because of the late arrival of the crew." We have left the world of American and United.

Vienna: As he lets me out at the army historical museum, the driver tells me that I am bound to like it. "It's full of curiosities—*lauter Kuriositäten*." The building is incredible, the former army arsenal. Imitation Gothick, imitation Romanesque, huge ceilings and marble staircases, white sandstone and the echoes of footsteps. One ought to be wearing a uniform. I go through many halls and knock on several wrong doors before finding the right office. F. motions to me to sit down. He is on the telephone. (It later turns out that he had mistaken me for a seller of more *Kuriositäten*, so he goes on with his conversation. It makes for wonderful eavesdropping. He is talking to a lady at the National Archives, who in turn is advising a visiting American who intends to commit a novel.)

"Well, there is a book, of course, *Jews in the Austrian Army*, that is worth looking at. In some cases, the rank achieved was general. . . . Oh, *Orthodox* Jews. Now that, *Frau Doktor*, that, let me put it this way, was a matter of tactics. What were they to eat—*was sollten sie denn essen im Kasino*? . . . No. You could not very well set up a special kitchen for two officers . . . . Yes. But that was later. You were talking about the 60's, *Frau Doktor*. Later there were cases of people who hired their own cook."

The business part over, family is inquired into, hands are kissed, and the Frau Doktor becomes a *gnädige Frau*. When he puts down the receiver, I ask, "Tell me, what did the Moslem generals eat? You'll remember how proud the old Austrian army was of having a Moslem general or two on hand."

He says, "Perhaps they did not take their religion quite so seriously."

We go to look at the museum's Sarajevo material, mostly photographs, which he had assembled in preparation for my visit. We then tour the museum, with the guards rising to their feet as they spot F., and stop to look at Franz Ferdinand's bloodied uniform coat. F. is upset because someone has recently questioned its authenticity, and it is true that Janacek, Franz Ferdinand's valet, now in his nineties, occasionally lets visitors to Konopišt look at *his* copy of the archduke's coat with the dried blood still showing.

We also stop by the touring car in which Franz Ferdinand and Sophie, and the governor, whom the assassins missed, were riding on June 28, 1914. It is a fine car, a Gräf & Stift—the firm now, I hear, makes coachwork for buses—built to last. Aside from the folding leather roof, damaged by Cabrinovic's bomb, only the seats, torn apart by some Russian soldiers in 1945, have had to be restored. Also, a visitor in search of souvenirs has stolen the cap to the gas tank. But apart from that, the car is doing well.

The rest of the museum, with the regimental flags, the old weaponry, the martial portraits, and the medals (including my favorite, the Maria-Theresien-Orden given for acts of valor in defiance of orders) produces a feeling of awe. I know the weaknesses of the old monarchy. I know how critical and cynical one can be about it. But let no one be critical and cynical who has not at least had a glance at the Army museum.

VIENNA AS A lesson to city planners: the core of the city is encircled by the broad Inner Ring; urban spread is prevented by the green belt that runs around the entire city. Credit for the latter must go to Karl Lueger, Lord Mayor of Vienna in the late 1890's. Lueger was one of the first in a line of European politicians who attracted many votes by equating Jews with capitalism. He was a selective anti-Semite; it was he and not Göring or a dozen others who first said "I decide

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who is a Jew," and who wrote to a would-be political associate, "no programs, please, they only tie your hands." When Franz Joseph finally gave up his opposition to confirming him in office, Lueger made a great mayor. He distributed the city's welfare funds to Christian and Jew alike, did as much as any man to beautify Vienna, and insisted on municipal ownership of such general facilities as playgrounds and funeral services. And it is very much due to Karl Lueger today that in fifteen minutes or less, you can escape from any part of Vienna into woods and vineyards.

BRATISLAVA: The train trip Vienna-Bratislava, covering a distance slightly shorter than that between Palo Alto and San Francisco, takes three hours and fifty minutes. Half of it is spent standing at the border, waiting for a Czech engine and Czech customs.

The inspection, when it comes, is of the most superficial sort. Nobody asks for a specific currency declaration, a point on which the Czechs, until recently, had been particularly strict. Nor are there any questions on ideological contraband. I happen to have with me a Swiss weekly with a long story on the Mnacko case, and was wondering if there might be difficulties. There aren't.

Ladislav Mnacko, Slovak writer and old Communist, had gone to Israel in protest against his government's position in the Arab-Israeli war. His case turned out to be a general topic of conversation in Bratislava then. "Look," someone told me, "we get Vienna on television here." Mnacko had appeared on the evening news the week before. Later, in Prague, there was a repetition of that aspect of the Mnacko story. Foreign non-Communist papers can be obtained in Czechoslavakia only with some difficulty. In downtown Prague, you must go to the one hotel, the Alcron, which carries them, and you had better be there at 6 P.M. precisely, when they arrive; furthermore, you must pay in non-Czech currency. Yet everyone I talked to had heard about the appeal, spurious or real, which some two hundred Czech writers had supposedly sent to their friends in the West, saying, We know you are busy protesting Vietnam but would you please not quite forget us either.

UNEXPECTED ABSENCES: of uniforms, except on soldiers and postmen; and of people animated by a conviction that their country is advancing under Socialism, in fact of people with anything at all good to say about their government. Expected, in a general way, and startling nonetheless: the drabness, the lack of choice. There is one beer—same bottle, same label, sloppily attached, same contents—wherever you go in Bratislava, and one gray, honest bread. The healthy part of having one's economy mismanaged for the sake of a 19th-century German theory: there is relatively little cigarette smoking.

HEAVY AND concerted criticism of my paper, which serves me right. For I had pointed to certain strengths as well as weaknesses in the old Habsburg monarchy, and suggested that at this point, to investigate why it survived so long might be as profitable as to inquire, once more, into the reasons for its destruction. It is the wrong place and the wrong occasion for this sort of approach—an international conference which the Slovak Academy has convened at Bratislava to mark the hundredth anniversary of the *Ausgleich*, in which Magyars and Germans agreed on how they would share control of the monarchy. I should have realized that in this part of Europe the distinctions between historical scholarship and national pleading still tend to be very fine. (And the Southeastern European contingent is predominating at the conference.) I should have realized, too, that the feelings of these people—of the academicians, that is, other folk have other worries—toward the Habsburg empire are still roughly those of the Armenians toward the Turks. Above all, I should have known that I was not at some American professional meeting and that here academic conferences are taken terribly seriously. I should have known, in short, that people would read my paper.

ON A SIGHTSEEING tour the next day, I talk to F., whom I had first met at another gathering of this sort, and of whom I am particularly fond. He is a Yugoslav, who looks like the ex-guards officer that he is. In the Second World War, he fought with Tito. For all his basic Socialist convictions, he has no inclination to confuse ideology with historiography, and I won't forget either his expression of mixed boredom and contempt while we were listening to a particularly absurd party-lining paper, or his reply when I leaned over to suggest that after all, wasn't he a Marxist too? "But Professor Remak, there are differences!"

During one of the tour's several pauses, he suddenly says, "Tito is a great man, no question. But on Israel he was wrong. He should have remained neutral. What are the Arabs to us? But there is Tito, panicking, flying off to Moscow, damning the Israelis for trying to survive. Neutral! We are twenty of us at the Academy. We all thought so that Monday. I say so here, I say so at home."

Later, in all the Socialist countries I visited, I was struck by how often I would hear these sentiments again. "It was the hardest foreign policy line to accept since the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact," someone said in Budapest.

The motives behind this unanimity finally in-

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trigued me more than the opinion itself. Several reasons, it seemed, accounted for it: guilt feelings left over from the war; the fact that the Russians were pro-Arab, so that to be pro-Israel was an all but automatic response; but above all, I think, it was the ease with which the small nations of Southeastern Europe could identify with another small country in its victory over a larger and hated foe.

Much harder to explain: Tito's position. The best gossip I heard in Belgrade was that he was genuinely afraid of being confronted with what he thought of as another American coup, and of seeing his friend Nasser go the way of his friend Sukarno.

L., too, shaking his head at some of the sights of Bratislava: "At first, we also socialized everything in sight in Yugoslavia. But we learned. So a good many small businesses, even some restaurants, are in private hands again. They make a good deal of money, and they give service.

"You know what is happening in Eastern Europe? It's the rediscovery of reason."

The closing session: First, a reception at the city hall presided over by a mayor who might hold the same position anywhere, East or West. Would we permit him to point out that Bratislava not only ranked first, nationally, in the production of chemicals, but that it was Europe's youngest city—the average age of its citizens being just under twenty-nine?

Final summings-up then, by some of the senior delegates, in the mirrored hall. It is terribly important who gives the opening, and who the closing statements, and so are all sorts of subtler nuances. (Who was invited but did not come, who was not invited but came, who responded to criticism and in what order, who attended this meeting but not the last, who will be on the organizing committee for the next, what was not said that might have been said by the Hungarians about a paper on Transylvania.) These affairs are a shade more Byzantine than what the American Historical Association puts on. I am learning.

Everybody is attentive, anticipating the possible political overtones proper to this part of the meeting. "History should explain, not justify," says the speaker. He is a Very Important Man and used to be a Stalinist. Good. And it might be useful to remember, he says, that *Ausgleich* meant *compromis*, a fine term to have around.

The last man at the microphone, a Rumanian deputy minister of education, takes him up on this. Indeed it did, but what ought to be remembered, too, was that it was *"un compromis entre les discussants."* Very good.

ON THE TRAIN to Prague, I sit next to R., professor of comparative literature, who starts pouring out his heart to me.

He says, "Understand, I am a Socialist. I am no defector—*Ich bin kein Fahnenflüchtiger*. But it does not work."

Why didn't it?

"What is lacking, and that is what it all comes down to, is *die Arbeitslust and die Arbeitsdisziplin*." It is a matter of incentives. Czechoslovakia has become a lethargic nation, everyone is asleep at the job. (Several stories to illustrate this point.) Czechoslovakia has made itself into the most egalitarian of the Socialist states—a physician will make 30 per cent more than a street-cleaner; a foreman will take home five dollars more a month than his crew. So where are desire and discipline to come from? And where will it all end?

"All right," I say, "what is your solution?"

"One should change man."

"That's where I get scared."

"No, no. Not that way again." But man has certain positive instincts; gently, gently encourage them. The negative ones offered more trouble, but might not one . . . . The conversation turns beautifully abstract, and soars philosophically.

Later, I hear that a number of Czech economists are talking in terms of radical reform, which in effect would amount to the reintroduction of competition without the simultaneous reintroduction of large scale private property. It is a conceivable solution. The American corporation is not that personal an institution either, and it works.

"Ultimately, of course," says my compartment neighbor, becoming concrete again, "the answer will be European integration."

I am getting hungry. So are my Czech friends, but all of them discourage me from investigating the dining car. I finally excuse myself and see why. Six old tables, chairs of various styles and conditions, torn tablecloths, soldiers drinking. No one appears to be eating. I hesitate. From behind a soiled curtain, mine host suddenly appears, looking like Chaucer's Pardoner. I say, "Can one get something to eat here?" "Ah," he says, smiles and bows, landlord welcoming archduke, pre-war Austria lives again, "the best cold cuts, Sir, between Bratislava and Prague."

I sit down on an old beer crate. Across the table from me, the landlord's daughter, about twelve, is picking her teeth and eating jellies. His wife can be seen in the kitchen, having dinner.

The cold cuts appear, together with the familiar beer and the familiar bread, and aren't half bad. I wonder about the jellies for dessert, but decide to ask for the check instead.

"Pay?" says the Pardoner. "Money? Don't you know we're a Socialist country?"

I say, "Sit down and have a cup of coffee with me, will you."

He shares the crate with me and his troubles

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pour forth. "*Ja, das ist eine Wirtschaft*—What a way to run a railroad! For thirty-seven years, I've been in charge of dining cars. You know what I used to take in on the Bratislava-Prague run? Six-thousand crowns' worth! Ah, but now we have a ministry. Now we have a Plan. And now I'm an employee. And what do I take in? Six-hundred crowns. You know something else? I'm sixty-seven years old. They know so much at the ministry, let *them* do it. I'm getting out."

Prague: At first glance, the Pinkas synagogue seems to have a terribly delicate modern wall design, tiny linear decorations. At second glance, it turns out that the walls are covered with names: family name in red, followed by various first names in black, followed by date of deportation and date of death. The calligraphy is very handsome and small, and there are no empty spaces. In the middle of the room are two wreaths, placed there recently, both with black, red, and gold ribbons, one plain, one with the East German hammer and circle superimposed.

How many Jews are there left in Prague, I ask my guide, who had put on a skull cap on entering the synagogue. "Perhaps two-thousand," he says. How many synagogue members? "Oh that. Perhaps eighty."

After we leave, and I make some comment about the wreaths, he says, "Really, the young people from West Germany know much more about the past than those from the East. The East Germans will give you all their right sentiments, except that they sound like phrases they've picked up at an indoctrination meeting. The West Germans know.

"Incidentally, let me tell you what I do when I take one of those East German groups up to the Hradcany." (Prague is swarming with busloads of East German tourists.) "I say, 'Do you know the difference between Matthew's Gate which you just passed through and the Brandenburg Gate?' They shake their heads. I say, 'Look back. It's open.' Of course I don't always do it. I have a look at the fellow in charge first."

When we enter St. Clement's Church, mass is in progress. Twenty people, most of them women, most of them old, it's the familiar sight, are in the congregation. "It is the same in all the churches," says my guide. "A pity, isn't it? After all, this is a modern church, not one with three popes or an inquisition. Tell me: who is to teach our children 'Honor thy father and thy mother?' "

ANYONE WISHING to know what old-fashioned, non-prepackaged travel was like should go to Eastern Europe. Two requirements: one, a rudimentary knowledge of the language, or of a modicum of German and French. The other is a certain amount of tolerance, for efficiency is not a prime Socialist virtue. Czechoslovakia is a country run by amateurs, though some of the amateurs are very likable people.

Hotel reservations will be confirmed but not made. It will not matter too much, a room will probably be found, though it may not compare with the Plaza. I stayed at the Jalta, which was built in 1965 and already looks old: cracked tiles, clogged washbasin, scuffed furniture—just like a California motel. The restaurants are worse. You go to one of Prague's oldest and most famous, the *U Fleku*, a tavern and brewery dating back to the 15th century. It should be jolly and smell of honest age and good food. Instead, it's just depressing. We are lucky, and the beer waitress appears a mere half hour after we've sat down, and the waiter a quarter of an hour after that to say what's on the menu but no longer available. You think of the lovely Eric Hoffer theory that you can judge the quality of a civilization by the quality of its services. You think of it again when you see the toilet, which has no mirror, no towel, and no toilet paper. But you see, people will tell you, that's good. Three years ago, the toilet was still kept locked. It is a standard Prague approach. You notice that all the stores in Prague have the same wrapping paper—the fancy ones that is, the others don't have any—grayish white with the word *Praha* on it in colored letters for decoration. But that's good, until last year they too had none.

Nor is there another city where I have been given so much wrong information so cheerfully, or where ignorance was professed so pleasantly. No ill will; it's just that nobody is in charge. No, said the concierge at the Jalta, he did not really know where the *Laterna Magica* was or what they were playing, but there might be something on it somewhere, and would I tell him what I thought of it, some other people had been asking too. "Where did you learn your good English," I ask my guide, exaggerating. "In Prague. And now I learn even more from people like you I show." At the *U Fleku*, he requests the driver to read the menu for him; he has left his glasses at home, has the guide.

Special complication: Progress. Prague is being torn up to permit the construction of a subway. It should be ready in 1970, or maybe in 1972, or maybe later. Meanwhile, major parts of Wenzel's Square are impassable, and pedestrian traffic is detoured through special passages which after dark are as dim as the rest of Prague. The shortage of electricity provides, to the Western visitor at least, an atmosphere of permanent emergency.

But it is worth it, in many ways. The breath of the cosmopolitan city is still there; for all the shabbiness, you know that this is the capital.

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And neither war nor revolution has done any damage to historic Prague: to Wenzel's Square, to the City Hall, or to the Hradcany, that splendid and unique complex of castle, cathedral, gardens, and old lanes. Then, there are the wonderful faces of Prague, individual and different, nothing bland or conformist here. Or you listen to the newspaper vendors, chanting their wares, and are impressed by the politeness with which the illegal money-changers (it truly is not worth the risk) will accept No for an answer. And there is the openness with which anybody so inclined will speak about the most touchy subjects. Even a Czech foreign service officer, whom I happened to ask for directions on the streetcar to the Hradcany, managed to insert a complaint into his story of the subway-to-be that was forcing us to detour. "They'll mess that up too." Nor is freedom entirely a private affair; posters and political slogans are conspicuously absent from the streets. The one place I saw in Prague that displayed them was the East German tourist office near the foot of Charles Bridge. In the basement, they were offering a Vietnam exhibit, handsomely mounted black-and-white photographs of American atrocities. I was the only visitor.

NOTE ON tipping: I ask the concierge at Prague's finest about restaurant usage. *Service compris* or not?

"Officially yes."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, look, the state gets it all."

"You are exposing yourself to capitalist corruption."

"Yes, please."

THE OCCASIONAL impression is that things are back to normal. One curses the government but one accepts it. In front of the President's palace, a Czech acquaintance is making cracks about the soldiers on guard. I say, "Look, any President deserves some protection." "You have a point," he says, "I sure don't like him, but he is my President."

Yet, dangers for the regime: How do you continue to hold the line between freedom of conversation and freedom of speech, and how do you keep muddling through with this sort of economy?

Prague to Budapest: This is where your thoughts turn truly reactionary-progressive. Prague airport: customs control, currency control, passport control. Budapest airport, fifty minutes later: passport control, currency control, customs control. Suppose Franz Ferdinand had not bled to death and there were an Air Habsburg today? Stewardesses with little gold crowns. Viennese coffee. Or the same thing in a different form—no crest on the plane, no double eagle at the check-in, but one economic unit, one customs system, as before 1918, serving the Danubian basin.

BUDAPEST: Above the city, the castle, much of it splendid late 19th-century Gothic, is floodlit at night. A Danubian Disneyland. The contrast with Prague is startling. There are large stretches of Socialist drabness here too, but it is possible to escape them. Setting and spirit are different. Fifty years ago, the traveler coming from Eger to Prague must have felt the way the visitor from Prague feels on arriving in this active, lovely city today.

Budapest is a walker's town. We are about to cross the New Bridge, on the way to the castle, when my host stops. Not a word had been spoken about politics so far. "Here," he says with pride in his voice, "is where it started in '56."

Later, his daughter says, "The importance of a preposition. We were liberated by the Russians, not from the Russians."

Yet, and even the critics will grant this, the regime has much to its credit. As in Czechoslovakia, there has been a great leveling process, but for many it has been upward. There existed, in Horthy's Hungary as in Franz Joseph's, a submerged third of the nation, people infinitely poorer than the welfare recipients of our cities, people eking out an existence, in virtual serfdom, on something under three hundred dollars a year. This group no longer exists, and no one I talked to wished to return to the semi-feudal society that had permitted this kind of exploitation prior to 1945.

Still, the prevailing mood seems one of subdued but persistent discontent. Politically, life is not free but it is bearable; economically, too much is still missing for the sort of people who in the West would be upper, or upper-upper, middle class, and who form a vocal group, of course. The small car, in most cases, remains a dream, though you can win one in a lottery. (M.'s story, in answer to my question of how it was that I saw so many private cars in the streets, of who could afford a small car that cost an academician the equivalent of twenty months of his salary: "I'll tell you how my cousin and his wife did it. They scrimped and they saved, and they ate food I do not wish to describe to you. And last winter, both of them went to the hospital. 'Flu. They had not turned the heat on. But they have the car now. And they're right. You must be able to get away some time!")

All the professional people—academicians, doctors, lawyers, editors—moonlight. Basic salaries are that low. And except for cases of extreme physical disability, both husband and wife will work. The system has nothing over capitalism in that respect.

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Who then are the financial aristocrats? I had asked the same question in Prague. There the answer had been "actors, and people very high in the government." Here it is "actors, people very high in the government, and barbers." Tipping. Barbers and beauty shop operators.

I am the guest, and try to stem the flow of criticism by thinking of something nice to say. "Do you know what I like about Socialism? Here I come from the affluent West, and yes the lights are dim, but I can do what I cannot in many a part of San Francisco, and I won't even mention New York or Detroit: I can walk all over Prague, and Budapest too, without the least fear for my personal safety."

"Of course you can," says my hostess. "Here everybody steals from the State. One poor devil does not steal from the other."

THE HATRED for the Russians is even stronger here than in Czechoslovakia. In some ways, it resembles the anti-Austrian feelings of the years before 1914, which it has replaced. The strong are seldom popular, and it is convenient to have somebody to blame for one's failures. Nor is it necessary to manufacture instances of Russian provocation. But in at least one respect it is different from the old anti-Austrian antagonism, for contempt is added to resentment. This shows itself most clearly in the matter of language. Few educated Hungarians loved the Austrians, but all of them spoke German. Today, Russian is the first foreign language required in high school, yet no one will speak it. (At the Bratislava conference, Russian was one of the four official languages. Not one person, the Russian delegates aside, used it. English yes. French yes. German yes. Russian no.)

The first country to have abolished requiring Russian in high school: Yugoslavia.

IDEOLOGY FATIGUE: There has simply been too much political indoctrination these last twenty years. So let's go to a movie instead.

Ideology fatigue, plus understandable caution, also may account for the absence of any broad anti-movement. If need be, some people will give cautious battle—for a friend who has been denied a visa, for a colleague at the Institute who is in trouble with an earnest Marxist still left in the ministry. But apart from that, the great desire is to live in peace, to take care of your own. If there were any, this would be a fine time for private gardens.

SARAJEVO: The guide at the city museum, more bright graduate student than tourist industry member, is showing a charming scale model of Sarajevo.

"Here, where the city's largest caravansary used to stand, the Hotel Evropa was built in the late 19th century. The owner was known for his pro-Serbian sympathies, and an Austrian crowd smashed a lot of furniture on the afternoon of the day that Franz Ferdinand was killed. Naturally.

"And here is Princip Bridge, where the assassination took place. The Austrians put up a monument to Franz Ferdinand on this side. The new government—why have a monument to an Austrian oppressor?—had it destroyed in 1919. Naturally.

"There are many misunderstandings."

WE EACH have our prejudices. Mine is to be pro-Yugoslav. Handsome, vital people all around you; for the first time, the concept of race makes some sense to me. The girls, walking in twos and threes, are tall and radiate health and good looks. And the only other place where I have seen so many physically robust men in their sixties and seventies is on the Montecito beach where I live.

In the evening, one relaxes. Perhaps five hundred people sit in the garden of the Evropa Hotel. They gossip, read the paper, contemplate their Turkish coffee, meet friends, or dance on the small raised platform. A predictably defective loudspeaker carries the sound of the music over the terrace. Our stereo equipment is better, but there is a sense of peace and enjoyment here which in America is offered only to the very rich, and even they are complaining.

Added attraction to the Western visitor: ludicrously low prices. A decent room can be had for $5; a piece of cake, a cup of coffee, and a glass of slivovic, extra tip included, come to six hundred dinars, or fifty cents, in the city's best hotel. Added attraction, too: the sight of the retired London double-decker buses—one wheel leaning this way, one the other, it is easy to see why the British sold them—which have been painted green and are now supplementing Sarajevo's public transportation system.

All this and historic Sarajevo too. Some of it has an air of permanence—the comfortable, even luxurious, old Turkish residences now made into museums; the Bogomilian relics, the mosques. Nearly half the city's population is Moslem, and the lovely Gazi-Husrefbeg mosque with its many green cupolas and its slender blue and white minaret dominates the city, and there are no plans for replacing the muezzin with a loudspeaker system.

Other parts may not survive for many years more; soon, the Middle East may no longer begin in Sarajevo. You wonder how long the outdoor food markets, for instance, will continue in business, selling fruit that puts California's to shame; or the bazaars, more than a dozen of them crowded into one short lane, offering a variety

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of hammered copper and silverware. The machine is bound to replace the hand, and no false tears. It will do as well, and a glance into some tiny shop where a man is hammering away at some indifferent copper bowl, sweat running down his whole body, should mitigate the standard regrets over the lost pride, the lost arts of craftsmanship. But the point is to go before the old Sarajevo has vanished.

At noon, I return to the hotel from a walk through the city, and ask for my key. The concierge gives it to me, raises his hand to his forehead, and says, "Oh, Professor, I forgot. Mr. Princip is waiting for you."

I say, "What?"

"Princip. In the lounge."

A cousin. His father and Gavrilo's were brothers. He is seventy-five or so, with gray, curly hair, a weatherbeaten face, and smiling eyes. In spite of the heat, he is wearing a jacket. I say (after all, it was a well conducted murder, security was excellent, and I might quite conceivably have missed someone), "Tell me, were you there too on June 28?"

"No," he says. "Unfortunately, I was ill at the time."

OF THE SEVEN assassins in the street on June 28, 1914, two survive.

The Austrians hanged one, Danilo Ilic, a schoolteacher of twenty-five, who had been the local manager of the affair. The other six were under twenty, and hence exempt from the death penalty. Three of them—Gavrilo Princip, Nedjelko Cabrinovic, and Trifko Grabez—died in prison before the war's end. (They were the three who had come from Belgrade, where they had been trained in the use of guns and bombs, and equipped with the requisite weapons. The others were strictly local recruits.) All three had suffered from tuberculosis for some time, but the mean and petty treatment they received from their Austrian jailers very likely hastened their deaths. One, Muhamed Mehmedbašic (he was the only Moslem in the group, everyone else was Serb-Orthodox), lived through the war, settled down as a gardener, and died of natural causes early in the next war. The two survivors, then, are Cvetko Popovic and Vaso Cubrilovic. Popovic now is curator of the ethnographic department at the Sarajevo Museum; Cubrilovic, who briefly served Tito as minister of forests right after the liberation, is chairman of the department of history at the University of Belgrade. With Princip, whom I had not expected, was Popovic, whom I had. He is seventy, looking sixty, and wiry like Princip. (There are few obese old men in this country.) He has a strong face, with bright, intelligent, blue-gray eyes. I ask some questions and he answers freely.

The Motive?

"Oh, but you know that. Franz Ferdinand was the representative of the occupier.

"What did we know about him? That he was German, that he was Catholic.

"We were seventeen, eighteen."

*Did instructions go out to cancel the assassination?**

"Yes, I think so, though Sarac would have been the messenger, not Malobabic.† What was said I do not know.

"But it is a matter of minor importance. We were in no mood to follow any change in instructions. We would have gone ahead, no matter what. You know we did, in spite of Ilic's doubts."

What about Ilic's doubts?

"I think he changed his mind. He acted very reluctant in the last few days before Sunday. He would not give us our weapons until Saturday."

What was Ilic's motive? Instructions from Belgrade, after all?

"No, I do not think so.

"Look, he was twenty-five."

What if they had known the consequences?

"Young as we were, we would never have done this had we thought that a world war—or any kind of war!—would follow." (At the 1914 trial, one of the defendants said that if he had anticipated the consequences, he would rather have killed himself with his own bomb that day.)

But did not Apis know the risks full well?

Popovic raises his hands. That he could not say.

Where was I wrong in my book?

A fruitful field.

"It was much more of a local action than you make it out to have been. The mood was nationalist, liberal, violent. It's hard to reconstruct that from the archives.

"Not that there isn't some exaggeration the other way now too, with all this emphasis on *Mlada Bosna*, the Young Bosnia movement. The whole term is a later invention, meaning many different things to many different people. No such

* The highest ranking planner behind the assassination in Belgrade was Colonel Dragutin Dimitrijevic, called Apis, the bee. He was chief of Serbian army intelligence, and a founding member of a secret patriotic society called Union or Death, or the Black Hand. In mid-June of 1914, he reportedly informed the Black Hand's central executive committee that he had sent across the border some Bosnian youths who were going to kill the Austrian heir apparent. There apparently followed a spirited debate, and a vote that went against Apis. Would he call off the assassination? From this point on, a hazy story becomes even hazier. Did Dimitrijevic, as he was later said to have claimed, send someone to Sarajevo with such a message, and if so, what did the messenger actually tell the plotters? No one has been able to say with any certainty.

† Djuro Sarac's name came up briefly during Princip's trial in 1914, but was dropped again very quickly. Rade Malobabic was a close associate of Dimitrijevic in the Black Hand. What his exact connection with the assassination was remains a matter of conjecture to this day.

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organized mass movement in truth existed. But the *mood* did.

"It's the way I put it to the court: 'We could have gotten twenty assassins.' And if we had missed Franz Ferdinand, we would have gone after Potiorek.*

"By the way, your map is wrong. I was not, as you show it, quite that close to Cabrinovic [the bomb thrower who missed Franz Ferdinand but wounded the governor's aide] and Cubrilovic [now the department chairman in Belgrade] was on my side of the street, and not across from me."

He is kind enough to draw a map for me.

"And none of us were Black Hand members, not even Ilic, though you say he was. I do not think you were quite right in describing his role that day, either. He was not some kind of inspector. The point of his walking up and down the quay, instead of taking up a fixed position like the rest of us, was not so much to see that everyone was at his post as to encourage us by his presence."

Not asked: Was there any intention to kill Sophie as well as her husband?

Her death was clearly unpremeditated.

Stage notes: How calm is a man, recollecting, half a century after the event, the details of an assassination that has had some historic consequences?

Very. Only once did Popovic get violent. That was when he talked about a certain passage in the French version of the trial record. "It had me say to the judge 'I could not do it,' as though at the final moment I lacked the courage. No such thing. What I meant was that there were some people in the way."

THE SUBSEQUENT fate of Colonel Dimitrijevic is of some interest. In 1917, his own government, then in exile in Salonica (the Austrians were in Belgrade), gave him a parody of a trial and had him sentenced to death. The charge against him was that he had meant to kill the Serbian prince regent, Alexander. It was almost certainly untrue. (One explanation for the trial was that the Serbian government was contemplating peace talks with the Austrians, and found Apis's presence embarrassing.)

After the sentencing, someone may have visited him in prison and suggested that he commit his part in the Sarajevo affair to paper, arguing that if such a document attesting to his patriotic devotion existed, the government surely could not execute him. Apis wrote the Sarajevo confession (this part of the story is clear beyond doubt; we have it) after which he was shot to death. The Serbian government then released a thousand copies of a heavily censored transcript of the Salonica trial, but soon attempted to recall even these. Among the few copies that could not be bought back is one in the Hoover Library, which, following an attempted theft, is kept in a locked vault.

Did he have any theories about the Kennedy assassination?

No. He was not *that* much of an expert on political assassinations. Nor did he understand enough about the American background to say anything really.

"But the committee. You know, the Warren Commission. A sort of Salonica trial, no?"

BELGRADE: On the way into town, we pass a very new and modern office building, Belgrade's highest. The Party Secretariat. "Popularly," says my driver, "it is known as the New Patriarchate."

M. takes me to see Belgrade, which is as grimy and uncharming and functional as Detroit or Pittsburgh. The best part is the view of the town from the surrounding hills.

We visit the World War I memorial, the tomb of the unknown soldier. It was designed by Meštrovic, is terribly gigantic and heroic, and precisely right for what it commemorates. A vast flight of steps leads up to a sort of temple where eight female figures in black marble represent the nations of Yugoslavia: Dalmatia, Croatia, Bosnia, and the rest. On the floor, there is a single inscription, which gives you a moment's pause:

1912-1918

First Balkan War to last battle on the Western front. It is true, of course. Serbia, you realize, is the one country which gained from the war what it entered it for—Yugoslavia. It is the one country that can point to the dreadful losses and say that they had meaning.

VASO CUBRILOVIC receives me at home, a pleasant, old-fashioned apartment in downtown Belgrade. He is a short and trim man, no more than 5'5", with lively blue eyes, gray hair, and a closely cropped square moustache. He is addicted to an odd gesture when talking. To lend emphasis to all kinds of points, he will raise his fingers in the air counting imaginary money. It is particularly kind of him to see me. He had had some sort of a stomach upset the night before, was still running a slight temperature, and had been fasting.

At seventeen, Cubrilovic had been one of the youngest of the Sarajevo assassins. He will be retiring at the end of the current academic year; a Yugoslav professor may teach until he is seventy. For many years, he had kept away from

* General Potiorek was the Austrian governor of Bosnia-Herzegovina.

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the topic of Sarajevo. (One of his former Ph.D. students told me later that he had urged him to write his memoirs, but that Cubrilovic had refused, saying that a historian needed to be objective.) Recently, however, when Vladimir Dedijer was preparing his book about Sarajevo, he had broken his silence, and talked to Dedijer at length.

A slip of the tongue starts the conversation off badly, and it never recovers. What did I think of Dedijer's book, asks Cubrilovic. I say that I was puzzled by it. The chapter on Young Bosnia was splendid, certainly the best thing that existed on the topic in English. But as for the book as a whole, "what did he want to prove with it?" (The word I should have chosen instead of "prove" was "show" or even "say.")

This provokes a long lecture about how the true historian should never prove anything, but should let the facts speak for themselves.

But they don't, I say, not in this book.

Oh yes, they were all there; no other book on the subject was that complete.

That was just the trouble, I reply, all there, facts and non-facts together, and no road through them.

Impasse.

I make some efforts to speak about Sarajevo. Cubrilovic very neatly evades them by speaking about grander things. Whenever the conversation does threaten to veer back to the specifics of June 28, 1914, Cubrilovic lectures, at great length and with much conviction, on the long-range causes of the war. Gist: everyone but the plotters should be blamed for it. To be blamed above all others: the Catholics, the Austrians, the Germans, the Capitalists.

The Catholics. Austria's intolerant Roman-Catholic policy was a frightful irritant to the nationalities, and a root cause of the disaster.

The Germans. The Germans badly wanted a war in 1914. In fact, the Germans had aimed at a great conflagration ever since the Balkan Wars. Fritz Fischer had shown that, and so had his pupil, what was his name, yes, Geiss.

The Austrians. The Austrians were Teutonic oppressors of the Balkan races. Bosnia and Serbia wished to be free. The Habsburg monarchy was incapable of giving happiness to the nationalities. Austria did not have the strength to adjust to the new age. There had been no real reformer in Vienna since Joseph II. When there was still a Turkish threat, Austria had had a mission in Southeastern Europe. Ever since the threat was gone, so was Austria's function.

The Capitalists. The Balkans were an area to be exploited by Austrian and other Western capital. It had been economic imperialism at its plainest. All one had to remember was the great pig war of 1905-07, in which the Austrians, by various import restrictions, had tried to strangle the Serbian economy.

The essence of it all: World War I was inevitable. If a mouse had bitten the Emperor Franz Joseph, the consequences would have been the same as those of Franz Ferdinand's death.

"But did not the Black Hand, let us put it this way, have something to do with hastening certain political or even historical developments?"

"Too much has been written about Apis and the Black Hand that is wrong in mood. There are many Black Hands in this part of Europe."

"Well, I am not necessarily opposed to a good secret society. I wish that Stauffenberg, when he tried to kill Hitler in 1944, had had some good Black Hand advisers."

"It is clear what went wrong there. One must, as we were, be willing to die. Stauffenberg should have pulled his gun, pouf pouf pouf, and Hitler would have been dead. So would Stauffenberg."

We are finally in agreement on a point.

I TRY, for one last time, to come back to Sarajevo. I understood how he now felt about the inevitability of the war; but at the time, had he at the time thought of the possible consequences?

"Of course. I talked to Ilic about it a good deal. What Ilic said was *'après nous le déluge.'* . . . Look. Nothing is ever achieved without struggle. Nations are destroyed in war. Nations are born in war."

Kennedy. Did he have any theories?

On theories he was not so sure. But on one practical lesson he was. "Presidents should never travel in open cars." And he had been much impressed by a statement attributed to Joseph Kennedy that a President was forever in the front lines. "There can always be an assassin among two hundred million people."

To come back to theories, however. He felt certain that some conspiracy did exist, though whose he was not prepared to say. Perhaps some Texas oil millionaire with tax grievances? Perhaps some of Batista's men, still furious that there had not been another Bay of Pigs? "Some day, history will tell the story."

I quote Popovic's comment about the Warren Commission. Did he share the sentiment?

He did not know enough about it to say. "But let me tell you something. At 10:30, Princip is arrested. At 11:30, there is a protocol of his interrogation, signed and witnessed. Where is the Dallas protocol? What more do I have to say?"

I suggest that what might be dark design might also be a provincial police force's provinciality. Leo Pfeffer, his investigating judge at Sarajevo, had not struck me as the embodiment of shrewdness and competence either.

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For the first time, Cubrilovic's mind really goes back to Sarajevo. "Oh, how I remember Pfeffer," he says, and does a wonderful imitation of a fat and blustering local official out of Molière. "I'll tell you what was wrong with him. He was drunk with his own importance. I still see him. I still hear him. 'Bring the fellow in,' he'd bark, and pat his stomach. 'Take him away!' He was so smitten by his sudden eminence that he had no energy left for asking any intelligent questions.

"But please, remember one thing. [This after an hour of damning the Austrians.] Nobody gunned us down the next day. That was a state where the law was sovereign."

POTSDAM: Gut reaction to the East Germans: They are *my* people and ought to know better. Hence an annoyance at what they are doing which lacks even the semi-objectivity with which I can contemplate the workings of Marxism elsewhere.

My people. Some time ago, but even so. You are what you are. *Moi, je suis Prussien.*

HOTEL AM JAGERTOR: Despite the Ulbricht picture in the hall, despite the Brandenburgian herbs that serve for tea, despite the touring groups that here, too, have replaced the individual traveler, there is something genteel and old-fashioned about the hotel's atmosphere. Every room has its washbasin, but one single bathroom serves the entire place. (Before he became emperor in 1871, the story goes, Wilhelm I used to take his bath at the Hotel de Rome in Berlin, since there was no tub in the palace.) The door to the street is locked at ten, and the waitresses remind you of retired schoolteachers, and could not be nicer.

Scores of Russian soldiers in the streets, in handsome 19th-century uniforms. You can see all kinds of racial types, from the Scandinavian to the Mongol. Several are walking down Frederick the Great's streets, holding transistor radios to their ears. One is pushing a baby carriage.

D. comes by in the afternoon, and we walk through Potsdam. The grays predominate, Prusso-Marxist prose. I think of the squire's sister in Theodor Fontane's *Stechlin* and her, "I once heard it said that our Brandenburg was the one country that never produced any saints, but where on the other hand no heretics were ever burned either."

But she had added, "Look, that is what matters. The middling state of affairs. On that you can build happiness."

THERE HAS been an orgy of street renaming in Potsdam. Thälmannstrasse, Wilhelm-Pieck-Strasse, Otto-Nuschke-Strasse, Klement-Gottwald-Allee, Marx, Engels, and Feuerbach Streets, Unity Square. Many people wear uniforms and badges, and the banners and wall slogans which have disappeared elsewhere in the East are still there: "Victory to Socialist Construction," "The Flag of Anti-Communism is Barbarism."

PRUSSIA PARODIED: The East Germans will give you an entry visa only. For the exit visa, you must apply to the local People's Police. In person. It is the one country where the hotel will not take your passport, settle whatever has to be settled with the authorities, and then return it to you.

Sch. walks to the police station with me. At the entrance, we state our business and register, with a pleasant sergeant, for a building pass. Without it, you cannot proceed. Upstairs, we finally rouse an elderly woman official who lectures us at some length on how the Institute had used an improper form to endorse my visa application. But in the end, she puts a stamp in my passport that takes up a whole page and contains a variety of questions requiring an inked-in answer—destination? border crossing point? departing by way of any other place? valid until? Where the information requested is not applicable, or where the answer does not take up the full space provided, she draws a line, a procedure that is delayed by her search for a ruler.

PRUSSIA PARODIED, (cont'd): The hotel room contains a printed inventory of its contents: "One bed, one mirror, two chairs, one wash basin," etc. Next to it, another printed note reads:

> Travel Agency of the German Democratic Republic
> Hotel am Jägertor
> Room No. 12
> Room price: MDN 15
> Contained in the price of the room are: Light, waking up, towel, shining of one pair of shoes per person. . . .

Prussia, too, the state whose destruction the Nazis began (it voted Social Democrat to the end) and the Allies finished. The official at the police, the lady of ruler and lecture, should really have charged me for the visa. The Institute *had* used the wrong form. Instead, she wishes me a happy journey home. Or this. Out of the shambles of 1945, in a society that still cannot afford many of the things that are considered basic amenities in the West, in a state that is still made to pay for Hitler's war, Sch. has built a Theodor-Fontane-Archiv in Potsdam that would delight Fontane himself. All the secondary literature is there, and so is every edition of Fontane's

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works. The mss. collection is so card-indexed and organized that any item can be located in a few minutes even without Sch.'s help. And it has been organized by somebody who is largely self-taught, and who came to this by way of an affinity for the writer rather than for indexing. Order *and* love. The old Prussian symbiosis.

EAST BERLIN: I meet old friends. We can speak freely. Yet I am treated to the same party line. The West Germans are reactionary, neo-Nazi, and revisionist, and hate the DDR and its achievements.

I say, "What would you have Bonn do?"

"Recognize the DDR, for one thing. We exist. We won't go away. What's this foolishness about non-recognition?"

"Suppose they do, would things become more relaxed here? Would it be easier for your people to travel, for instance?"

"No. For that, some of the Fascist, war-mongering tendencies in Bonn would have to be removed too."

WE GO TO SEE "Tales of Hoffmann" at the *Komische Oper*. It is a Felsenstein production. The theater has been rebuilt with considerable style. There is a huge red carpeted main staircase, and a high ceilinged lounge, and the interior, in white with sparingly used gold stucco, is elegant without detracting from the stage.

The stage effects are amazing. In the Olympia act, the doll resembles the girl to a hair, and everyone gasps as an arm is pulled off. In the barcarolle scene, you'd swear the water was real; as Heine has his Alsatian sergeant say in front of a Delacroix, "Look at that corpse there, it's so real you'd think he was alive."

Even here, you cannot escape politics. The ball scene in the third act becomes an editorial cartoon, a caricature of aristocratic foppishness. After the cast has taken the third curtain call, the curtain goes up once more and there is the stage crew, in overalls, bowing. And the contrast between the well-dressed, animated crowd inside the theater, and what you see outside, is too great. The applause is a shade too frenetic, or else I am easily irritated. Probably the latter.

Afterwards, we go to a restaurant on Unter den Linden where the waiters wear tailcoats and where you may choose between a Bulgarian and a Slovak white wine. (All the good German wine-growing regions are in Kiesinger-Brandt territory.) Questions about the United States: Was anti-Semitism indeed *that* bad? How did one cope with McCarthyism? (Yes, Joe McCarthy was dead, but there were the Birchers now.) Was there any chance of halting the persecution of the Negroes?

Nothing about Vietnam. Partly, that may be a matter of courtesy. But partly, I suspect, the theme has been overplayed so much (I saw photographic exhibits of American atrocities in the streets, I saw one in the corridor right next to Sch.'s office) that even old Communists would rather stay away from it.

On the train trip back to West Berlin, I sit across from a pleasant looking blond woman in her mid-forties. But twenty years older and plain would have done too. I have to talk to somebody.

It turns out that she has been on a family visit to East Berlin. Her mother, eighty-two, had died in West Berlin, and the East German relatives, two sons, a daughter, and many grandchildren, had been denied permission to attend the funeral. So she had arranged for the cremation, and then gone to see the East German part of the family.

I say, "Tell me something. They take everything so terribly seriously there. I've just come from some other Socialist countries, and the atmosphere is liberal and relaxed by comparison. In Czechoslovakia or Hungary, lots of people are angry too, but it's their own governments they're angry at. Here, they damn the other side. Don't they dare? Or don't they want to?"

"It's hard to say. I run up against that in my own family. They'll tell you the most amazing things about the West. Erhard was getting paid by the Americans, unemployment is about to ruin the economy, nobody dares open his mouth in Bonn. Then you offer them some facts, and they'll say, 'Really? Why that's interesting.'"

"Do they believe the line then?"

"I don't know. I don't know. But look, you must be charitable. So much depends on appearing *linientreu*, on following the party line. It's not just your own career. It's whether your kids will be admitted to school. Why take a chance?"

"Yes, but the dead earnest?"

"Rules are rules. We're in Germany."

"But not one crack against the regime. Not even against the Russians."

"Come on. They've lived under a police state since 1933 now. That weakens your powers of resistance."

Also: "But wait till they all get their little cars and find out how small their country is. That's when you'll have the revolution."

Santa Barbara: Historical parallels that are misleading and false: the Nazi parallel and the Habsburg parallel.

The Nazi parallel (which I had had at the back of my mind and should not have). No. Hitler was a unique phenomenon. And what you had in the 30's was that the elevation of a totalitarian ideology to a state religion coincided with a series of great economic and diplomatic successes, which were exploited to the fullest by a superb propaganda apparatus. Hence, a vast number of Germans identified themselves with

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the regime. The air was always full of excitement; the regime's opponents were forever on the defensive. (See this from the perspective of the year 1937 or 1938, please.)

In the satellites, the establishment of Socialism has been accompanied by economic mismanagement, by submission to a foreign power, and by a tired propaganda machine. Besides, Socialism has now lasted so much longer than National Socialism. The sobriety factor was bound to make its appearance.

THE HABSBURG parallel. It is tempting at first to nod your head and say, Why yes, the more things change the more they remain the same, don't they. Just look how half a century and all these revolutions later, the old Habsburg pecking order still holds. Austrians are better off than Bohemians, Bohemians better off than Bosnians. But it is not true. Bosnia is developing at a faster rate than Bohemia, Galician Poland has moved from prosperity to poverty, and the Croats are better off than the Magyars.

Cheerful sign: the absence of a radical right, so strong in the 20's and 30's. No new Pilsudskis or Antonescus are on the horizon. (Greece today is the exception that confirms the rule.) No one I talked to showed the least yearning for Green Shirts or Iron Guards.

Caution, though: When I mentioned this to F., I made the mistake of elaborating on the theme. I said, "I can see no underground group today that is saying 'let's go and shoot the Bolsheviks, let's establish. . . .' "

F., interrupting, "That part, yes."

THE SOBRIETY factor again, and the tiredness factor. I talk to a colleague, an economist, who has just come back from a year in Eastern Europe. He says, "The dragon has run out of fire. What you want to bear in mind is that they are all *anciens régimes* now, trying awfully hard to be respectable, to be accepted."

On my desk is a copy of Crane Brinton's *Anatomy of Revolution*: ". . . the great Russian revolution is quite over, finished. What is going on now is a working out of what went on from 1917 to 1924."

True of all but the East Germans, and sooner or later they'll get cars.

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The Politics of Development

J. P. Nettl

Karl von Vorys

NATIONAL POLICIES, and the philosophies on which they are based, are as much subject to the rules of fashion as fashion itself. There can hardly be an intelligent person in the Western world who does not believe (a) that the world today is as firmly divided into developed and developing countries as into capitalist and Communist states; (b) that the "development" of backward countries is a most urgent and crucial task for everybody; and (c) that on the successful achievement of this task depend the stability, prosperity, and presumably the happiness of all of us. The realization, on the other hand, that efforts to "develop" the Third World over the last twenty years have not been overly successful has penetrated a somewhat more limited group of specialists and interested persons. This group has come to accept the need to revise our early optimism about development, an optimism which envisaged an almost inevitable process of industrialization spreading over the world like a benevolent blanket woven by the rich countries of the West. We know now that instead of a single, universal process, different paths based on alternative policies may have to be tried, depending on the situation in the area concerned. Moreover the scope of the problem has widened. Hearts and minds have to be developed as much as fields and factories, and a judicious combination has to be reached of aid for the good and bombs for the wicked. Between the specialists' conceptions of objective needs for development, and our understanding of the reasons why development has failed in so many countries, a great gap is beginning to appear. Politics is forever getting in the way of economics and technology. The disparity between economic plans, which can be manipulated, and political fulfillment, which usually cannot, is growing visibly larger. Indeed, the time may well have arrived when it will pay to concentrate on the political questions involved in development as a separate problem altogether.

One of the great fallacies which Western nations committed with regard to their former colonies was epitomized in the slogan, "Do as we did." Interpreted as the promise of a painless leap into modernity, this phrase came to mean that once national independence were attained, the inherent energies of free peoples would mysteriously be released and the industrial revolution would follow on its own—preferably without the agonies and penalties which had attended this process in the West. The fact that, in the West, national independence was never achieved simply by the hauling down of one flag and the hoisting of another, or by the installation of local rulers instead of foreign ones, but involved several hundred years of almost imperceptible growth during which language, literature, habits, popular culture, and shared experience all contributed to the emergence of a national community—all this was simply ignored. The instant nation is an utterly unhistorical concept. It is also, perhaps because of this, a very violent one. Yet the demand for it, the appetite for Western cultural and technical experience in ready-made and readily consumable form, exists and cannot be ignored. It is, in fact, sanctioned and confirmed by the United Nations Organization. Any suggestion of national unreadiness or unfitness is treated with hushed indignation; our conscience may enable us to exploit, but never to condemn. Yet as someone has recently remarked, the political condition of Africa today, for example, is similar to what Renaissance Italy would look like if suddenly confronted with the problems of the 20th century.

But if the problems of this century are difficult to solve, it would be equally disastrous to return to the self-sufficient and relatively isolated world of even a hundred years ago. We know too much about one another, we want what others have, we concern ourselves excessively with global problems. Too many people travel and reside abroad, taking their life-styles with them as demonstration and example of their national achievements. In short, we have now what Paul Valéry many years ago foresaw as *le monde fini*, the totally accessible world. No country today can withdraw into itself to live out its own parochial history—as the example of Burma, which tried it, should sufficiently illustrate.

The problem is this: how to create nations, in a short time, and without sanguinary wars, in a world of universal communication, common de-

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mands, and an almost common technology. The universal demand for know-how falls on the middle and upper levels of technological sophistication; thus, countries install atomic generating plants without ever having had coal-fired energy; television is to be found where adequate newspapers are not, jet planes where there are no roads or railways. Above all, the possession of sophisticated weapons technology has in some cases assumed absolute priority; the Chinese have H-bombs but still make steel according to 19th-century processes, while the Egyptians fire Soviet-built missiles but cannot do justice to their jet combat planes in action. Our understanding of industrial society implicitly assumes that possession of technology is based on the capacity for its manufacture; we do not make any fundamental distinction between the making of computers and their use, and therefore we cannot comprehend the effects of a situation in which the computer appears like a *deus ex machina*, where half a dozen people can operate it but no one has the slightest idea of how to produce it. The social consequences of electronic communications, according to McLuhan, are embedded in the machine rather than in the purpose to which it is put. That may be true; it tells us nothing, however, about the vast difference between an American seventeen-year-old who has been watching television for as long as he can remember and has a shrewd idea of how it works, and an Indian laborer, aged fifty, whose factory canteen has just installed its first television set, and in whose life experience it is an isolated fact which cannot be absorbed and made sense of. What lessons have the Russians or the Americans to offer a man who regularly travels by air but lets his tractor rot in the sun because he cannot repair it or find anyone else who will?

THERE ARE NO simple, clear, or comprehensive solutions to these problems, and that is a second reason for urging concentration first on political development. Contemporary societies, all of them, have become too complex for our known forms of social and political organization. If it has been next to impossible to achieve political stability in Africa and Asia, where incessant changes of regimes have been a chronic feature of life over the last twenty years, it will be even harder still to manage *controlled* change. It will require the means not only of totally understanding and managing a relatively backward society, but also of controlling and integrating an inflow of selected but highly complex experiences from abroad. The quality as well as the quantity of political and social control that is required to "manage" change in contemporary underdeveloped societies is simply beyond our existing knowledge and resources, however vast they may be. Indeed, even in as highly developed a society as the United States, we can hardly be said to be coping adequately with our most urgent problems.

For all these reasons, then, any discussion which is based on national problems or policies alone is destined to be unsatisfactory. Development and planning today can no longer be seen in terms of individual problems facing individual societies. A different perspective is called for, and a new set of functional categories of concern, preferably arranged in a hierarchy of importance or primacy. Politics is almost certainly one of these functional categories or sectors, and it is also the most important. By concentrating on political problems we may enable ourselves to gain some of the precision and "parochial" clarity that have been lost through the international accessibility of the contemporary world.

Historically, it is not difficult to show that successful economic development has almost invariably depended on political stability. But perhaps more significantly, this stability has always been based on a new order, established as a result of large-scale, intense, and often lengthy violence. The industrial revolution in England, which began at the end of the 18th century, was preceded not only by the creation of an agricultural surplus on the land, but by more than fifty years of political stability following the revolutionary upheavals of the 17th century. Similarly in France, where, nearly a hundred years later, industrialization was based on a fairly stable revolutionary order established at the end of the 18th century. And so too with Japan and Germany, where industrialization at the end of the 19th century was also preceded by political shake-ups which left a distinct ruling group firmly in control. But most significant in this respect was the experience of the Soviet Union. After the upheavals of 1917, early attempts to control and reverse the political as well as the economic life of Russia—known as "War Communism"—failed miserably; by 1921 both the economy and the polity were threatening to fall apart. The period of the New Economic Policy from 1921 to 1928 is often referred to as one of economic liberalization, but this description is in fact erroneous. What happened was that the ruling Bolsheviks, realizing that they could not consolidate their political control and at the same time force industrialization, decided to relax their grip on the economy while tightening it on the polity. These seven years witnessed not so much economic liberalization as a concentration on politics. The period of a relaxed economy thus coincided with the most intense struggles among the leadership for control of the main political instrument, the Communist party. By 1929 Stalin had more or less effectively got rid of all his rivals; more im-

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portant, he had created a disciplined, loyal, and, above all, cohesive instrument of political control. This organization could now be used in an attack on the economy; during the next twelve years, the period of the Five Year Plans, politics placed its iron grip on the economy and transformed it from top to bottom. From a safe and reliable base of political control, the tremendous effort of rapid and deliberate industrialization could be successfully undertaken.

Another way of summarizing the experience of Soviet Russia, as well as that of other, older nations, would be to speak in terms of the utilization of scarce resources. In the 1920's, the Communist party of the Soviet Union carefully husbanded its limited political resources in order to expand them more effectively later, after a suitable period of political growth. Both Lenin and Stalin were concerned to avoid dilution of the party, seeking rather to separate it organizationally from all other social structures—even such closely related ones as trade unions, the army, and government administration. The need was to concentrate on internal political problems and to reproduce scarce political resources, until an adequate level for a more outward-going policy of societal movement became possible. To be sure, no precise calculus of political resources in the face of possible strategies of action was ever coolly worked out, nor is one ever likely to be. Nonetheless, the history of the 1920's in the Soviet Union, as well as the history of the Chinese Communists in the late 1930's and 40's, can and should be regarded as direct evidence of the value of the process of political retrenchment.

FEW, IF ANY, of today's developing countries have learned these lessons. For one thing, they have not, till now, developed the means of establishing effective political control. (Political control in this context consists of ideology formation and the creation of adequate political structures.) For another, they have been advised by their mentors in the West, both explicitly and implicitly, against making such an attempt in the first place. The stress on economic development, which succeeded the earlier but soon unfashionable emphasis on formal democracy, has forced most of the Third World into an attempt to encompass the unmanageable. Even though the failure of this policy is now widely recognized—economic growth has been exceeded by growth of population, ruinously expensive capital projects have lost money and brought little benefit except to a few, corruption and privilege continue to spread among the new elites, and, in short, nations already poor have been further pauperized while the rich nations of the West indulge in ever greater degrees of self-righteous charity—the philosophy of economic priorities based on existing national units still reigns supreme.

There is in fact no very obvious reason why all the new nations in Africa, Latin America, and Asia should survive with their present geographical shape—or, for that matter, in any shape at all. Some will fall by the wayside, conquered by larger neighbors, broken up by internal disaffection, secession, or general lack of viability. The Federation of Nigeria has all but collapsed for good; Jordan has been on the verge for some time. The mini-republics of the West Indies are unlikely to survive; no strategy, political or economic, can guarantee their salvation. Other countries will probably survive irrespective of their political, or economic, policies. Thailand has a long history of independence and—unless it should be drawn into the maelstrom created by the Vietnam war—will creakingly adjust itself to the modern world. Israel, to cite an obvious example, has sufficient steam of national cohesion and economic growth to defend itself against its enemies. Lebanon, too, has shown its capacity to survive extreme forms of internal upheavals. We are not here concerned with these two polar categories, but with those nations in the middle, those which, given adequate political development, might survive, but which face terrible risks, especially if they should be confronted with new internal or external challenges.

What are the primary conditions which make for political instability in the developing world today? Out of an endless variety of different traditions and experiences certain common factors emerge. In ex-colonies, the colonial regime had, by the end of the 1950's, become universally unacceptable. The claims of legitimacy put forward by the new rulers were based mainly on the fact that they had fought for (or at least demanded) and achieved independence. This claim, however, contained its own sources of weakness and danger. For one thing, when the hoped-for millennium associated with the departure of the colonial power was not realized, the legitimacy of many regimes, based as it was primarily on the fact of their being the first indigenous government, gradually crumbled away. Secondly, since many newly independent countries did not have to fight for their independence but received it after a certain amount of shouting and a neat little handing-over ceremony, the new rulers often found themselves menaced by more radical groups who accused them of "softness" toward the imperialists and entered their own claims of legitimacy based on future rather than on past performance. A colonial regime is necessarily something of a vacuum, and supports itself primarily by inertia and force. Demands made on national rulers are always much more intense and exigent; the process of national independence re-

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leases expectations which cannot be stilled by the attainment of independence alone. How many new rulers, now that they are in power, must secretly wish for the magic colonial drug of popular somnolence! Thirdly, there is the question of internal cohesion. A colony can be of any shape, size, or composition, since it is based on conquest. A nation needs much more coherence, many more resources, to survive. There is a logic to the constant assertion that neo-colonialism remains in evidence after national independence has been achieved, a logic which has nothing to do with the truth or falsity of *economic* domination hiding behind a façade of political freedom. Rather, it is that people tend to identify the failure to attain viable nationhood with a continuation of former colonial status. Even where such an identification patently does not apply, as in Latin America, it still serves as a universal and comprehensive excuse for the unsatisfactory nature of the new regime.

THE ARBITRARINESS of many of today's developing countries as administrative units is too obvious to need much stress. Whether we think of the new mini-states of West Africa or the Antilles, or even of multi-national empires like Nigeria or India, it is clear that none of them has had the experience of cohesion and unity which makes citizens automatically identify themselves in national rather than in tribal, or ethnic, terms. Few of these nations—India here is a notable exception—have been through a crisis of strife, like the American Civil War, which forges national identity in gunshot and blood. Even weaker is the immediate political tradition, which functions to provide procedures and means of relating the rulers to the ruled. In a strange sense, the very inequalities that many people deplore in the West could provide such a factor of stability; the concept of class, for instance, is based on the assumption of a close relationship between at least two classes, each one of whose very existence is largely defined by reference to the other. Many of today's developing countries demonstrate a form of anarchical equality in which power is available to those who can grab it and no one has a better *a priori* claim than anyone else.

There is therefore a vacuum in these countries between the mass of people, whose lives are primarily concerned with the immediacies of their existence, and those who have willy-nilly achieved power. This gap leads to a special form of long-term disequilibrium which we, brought up in societies where apparent stability is the norm and immediately unpredictable or unsettled conditions a form of deviance or temporary crisis, can hardly comprehend, much less analyze.

Any consistent notion of stability or equilibrium is based on the assumption that within the complex unit, change in one sector will lead to more or less predictable changes in others. If, for instance, a Republican rather than a Democrat happens to be President of the United States, this fact influences certain known and accepted procedures, and certain policy and personnel changes are in turn likely to follow. If there is an economic depression, certain consequences are predictable in the economy and certain choices become available to the government, to businessmen, to city relief organizations, to the police, and so on. When a totally unexpected crisis occurs, like the assassination of a President, the first priority is continuity, the certainty of traditional procedures—and this becomes much more important than any investigation into the *causes* of the event. What a modern society cannot tolerate is randomness. All our conceptual tools are wholly anchored in a world-view of stability. When sociologists talk of social deviance, they imply departure from a norm; when political scientists discuss political pathology they use a medical analogy which contrasts the stability of health to the instability of disease. A logic of disequilibrium, on the other hand, must be based on entirely opposite assumptions: that changes in one sector will lead to quite unpredictable changes in another—or possibly to no changes at all. Randomness and unpredictability must be accepted as the normal, everyday condition. In the absence of certainty the political arena becomes an empty space open to the nearest bidder. The outcomes are quite unpredictable. Individuals cannot depend on society as a whole to furnish certainty and reassurance; they accordingly cling to smaller, more familiar units like tribe, family, or groups of friends. The nation exists largely on the map and in the UN; in times of trouble people instinctively take refuge in other, closer, more familiar certainties than those of the national community.

Efforts have of course been made to close this gap between rulers and ruled, to create structures which will provide some degree of solidarity and communication so that changes at the top can have certain predictable results at the bottom. These efforts have variously been described as nation-building, mobilization, participatory—or socialist—democracy. All however deal with precisely the same problem of integration. Recently, political scientists and sociologists of development have devoted much thought to them. Political development—indeed all politics—is with increasing frequency being regarded as a process of elite formation; its goal is to enable legitimate or at least successful leaders to emerge, and to provide them with the cohesion and experience of mutual interaction that will give them both the instinctive and the explicit capacity to rule, and will teach them to collaborate in government instead

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of merely fighting each other for supremacy. Almost all Western political leaders are trained in this way by the process of politics, whereas in developing countries people jump from nowhere into office, there are few precedents for ruling, and above all there are no processes for selection and collaboration other than the ability to seize power and hold it. Under such circumstances, few adequate political elites emerge; politics is often merely another way of maintaining existing non-political elites—religious leaders, businessmen, tribal chiefs, landlords.

A second step in the process of "nation-building" is what may be called ideology formation. Certain values and priorities have to be accepted by all involved as common and self-evident; these values and priorities, moreover, can no longer be simply parochial or sectional, but must comprehend, and define, the new national community and the individual's relations to it. This too is unfortunately not occurring in many developing societies; "when anyone mentions the national interest," as a recent visitor to Africa put it, "people laugh."

Two basic forms of mobilization can be distinguished: those based on a national or structural framework and those based on party. Within the former category fall all those countries where the government has concentrated essentially on administration and has made an attempt to improve an often swollen, inert, and inefficient bureaucracy; this category also includes those countries where the army rules. Emphasis here is strongest on the legitimacy of government as such; the political parties, where they exist, provide merely an additional link between people and rulers. They are seen as vehicles which enable competing elites to be chosen to rule. In many cases, of course, there are no parties at all; the inducement of privilege, or the threat of coercion, provides the main basis of compliance and stability. At any rate, the importance of the nation is strongly underlined, and often one outstanding leader is designated as its embodiment.

In the case of party- or movement-based mobilization, emphasis is placed primarily on some kind of specific ideology and on the special cohesion provided by party organization. Forty years ago, one of the most thoughtful Marxist thinkers, Antonio Gramsci, reflected in his prison cell on the modern relevance of Machiavelli's Prince:

> The modern prince, the myth-prince, cannot be a real person, a concrete individual; it can only be an organization; a complex element of society in which the cementing of a collective will, recognized and partially asserted in action, has already begun. This organization is already provided by historical development, and it is the political party: the first cell containing the germs of collective will which are striving to become universal and total.

THOUGH THE PARTY is identified with the nation, it provides a smaller, more readily visible political organization distinct from the larger unit of the nation. The party claims legitimacy and in return evolves policies and supervises their execution. It acts as a vanguard for the nation as a whole. This procedure is more directly "political" than the other structural or national forms, and is based on what is believed to be the essence of the Soviet experience: an organization from the top down, emphasis on agitation, removal of conflict from society as a whole into the narrower and more private arena of the party (husbanding of scarce resources), and finally a greater amount of political sensitivity to the feeling of "the people" or "the masses."

Those who ridicule the somewhat bombastic claims and utopian appeals of party and national leaders in developing countries may be prone to underestimate the extent of the gap between rulers and ruled, and the perceived need to compress the long period of unconscious nation-building in the West into a short and concentrated bout of intense persuasion. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that such efforts have not been too successful. If we judge the political cohesiveness of a new nation by official assertions of its existence, by its diplomatic activity in the United Nations, or even by its threats to neighbors, we shall be deceived. All these provide is evidence of effort. The fact is that in almost half of today's developing countries not only the government but the very existence of the nation is under challenge. Tribal, ethnic, and religious loyalties prove stronger than party or national appeals from the center. Any effort at mobilization, whether through the ruling party or through other channels, brings forth a response of counter-mobilization by groups which feel their interests, if not indeed their very existence, to be in danger. Those who had high hopes for India as the archetype of a developing democracy have watched with pain not only the relative failure of development plans, but the threatened disintegration of the polity as a whole. Political activities, the basis of democracy in India, have "politicized" groups for whom democratic processes have proved to be only a means to an end, a means, that is, of gaining immediate ends without any firm commitment to the democratic process. (It is symptomatic of the advocates of parliamentary democracy that they regard it not so much as a means of doing things, but as an end in itself; democracy only "fails" when it collapses. These people find it very hard to understand or answer the charge that Indian democracy has failed in a

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developmental sense, and that it is therefore a formal, empty thing.) Very often, in Asia and Africa, potentially divisive groups have turned into *movements* of disintegration as soon as they obtained adequate leadership—and the truth is that in developing countries the number of disaffected intellectuals grows by leaps and bounds each year, owing to the strong emphasis on university training at the expense of primary and secondary, and above all technical, education. The point is, however, that these counter-mobilized groups do not usually form an alternative to the existing government or party. They divide but cannot unite. They too are subject to the same logic of disequilibrium endemic to developing countries.

It would seem that politics, as presently constituted and practiced in these countries, is simply not capable of providing a basis of stability, that in fact the very process of active politics carries within itself the seeds of divisiveness. Initially, therefore, we must learn to live with this situation and accept the fact that while half the world bases its fundamental perceptions on stability, the other half does not and cannot. And therein, of course, lies the danger. Just as the Asian nomads repeatedly destroyed the settled cultures of more advanced agricultural lands, so does this vast area of instability provide its own threat to the industrial world with its philosophy of stability. For one thing it possesses the almost unbeatable weapon of demography: the population grows at a significantly faster rate than in highly industrialized countries. For another, as we have mentioned, the selective emphasis on weapons technology (that is, a determination to concentrate on certain advanced technologies without any "comparable" efforts in related fields) provides a danger in the immediate arena of military capability—and to so great an extent, for instance, that U.S. policy has now been forced to readjust to China's possession of thermonuclear weapons. This is the lesson that Mao Tse-tung obligingly, if picturesquely, offered us when he spoke of the countryside engulfing the towns. He meant that the revolutionary (or unstable) culture of the Third World would eventually engulf the stable societies of the industrial West.

Yet recent history does offer certain road signs pointing to ultimate stability. These road signs have been misunderstood or ignored—for they are not cheerful. The counter-mobilizations mentioned earlier constitute one such indication of possible stability. It is true that their effect has been mostly divisive, but in some cases, under very special circumstances, they have in fact proved unitary. If politics is indeed the process *par excellence* of elite and ideology formation, those counter-mobilizations from which cohesive elites have emerged offer at least a chance of stability if they succeed in obtaining power. Significantly, political parties and leaders in former colonies where independence was obtained through intense and long-term struggle have proved much stronger than in those places where independence was a negotiated gift. In fact the more radical and total the counter-mobilization, and the more severe the struggle between established rulers and their challengers, the more cohesive becomes the counter-mobilizing elite—*if it survives at all.*

LET US TAKE two examples. The Cuban revolutionaries started as a small group of men without mass support and without a specific ideology or program. Their sole purpose was to overthrow the Batista regime. Many similar efforts have been made in many countries and most of them have failed. In this case, however, a small beginning ended up as a mass movement *and* it developed an ideology which much later declared itself as Marxist/Leninist (as a convenient means of international self-identification, *not* because that was what it had known itself to be all along). The cohesiveness of the revolutionary elite was thus forged in a struggle-to-the-death with the existing regime, through the common experience of counter-mobilization *à outrance*. Unlike most regimes in the Third World, the Cuban revolutionaries were a cohesive elite by the time they took power, and had developed both a precise ideology and a mass following.

The second example is Vietnam.

Whatever view one may take of the origins of the National Liberation Front's counter-mobilization against the Diem regime—regardless, that is, of whether it was an organized "Communist plot" or a "national rebellion"—there can be no doubt that the revolutionary war in Vietnam has resulted in the formation of a broad yet cohesive elite, and it has also succeeded in mobilizing the support of growing numbers of Vietnamese in the towns and countryside. Studies of the NLF show clearly to what extent the ideology of the movement has both broadened as well as become more articulate and precise in the course of the struggle. The Vietnam case particularly, but also the Cuban example, provides evidence of counter-mobilization arising from the unsuccessful attempts of existing regimes to mobilize support from above. Both cases also incidentally provide evidence of something with which we should now all be very familiar: the fact that counter-mobilization will always be more effective if it can first of all identify the existing regime with a dominant foreigner (the dominant foreigner today, of course, being the United States). The first thing that any attempted counter-mobilization will do is to postulate that the existing regime is a colonial or imperialist puppet, for nothing today is more certain to win support than the anti-imperialist ideology. In itself, of

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course, this ideology will not provide stability of national existence, but it is often the basis of a counter-mobilization movement that will.

IT IS PERHAPS necessary to stress again that the problem of bridging the gap between those who are in power and those who are not must necessarily be one of mobilization. I have mentioned the instability created by this gap, which amounts to the need for a general theory of political disequilibrium. What effects political changes will have within the polity cannot be predicted, much less their effects on society as a whole. Western techniques of according legitimacy, like competitive elections or even referenda, have no meaning in a situation of chronic disequilibrium. Instead of a positive test of legitimacy we have a negative one, in which everything seems to go on in much the same way until a challenge in the form of counter-mobilization—divisive or alternative—arises. In that case an illegitimate regime will simply be deserted, as in Kuomintang China. There is probably no means of testing the legitimacy of a regime adequately *until it has been challenged; cause and effect* become hopelessly intermingled. In many developing countries hardly any of the elites presently competing for power exercises a wide enough appeal to attract the support of the broad masses, who are mostly peasants. The disillusionment and cynicism that have been so widely reported in Africa and Asia are due precisely to this: the division of the world into *them* and *us*, a division accepted increasingly by both rulers and ruled. When this, and not the community, becomes the basic form of self-definition, the groundwork for fundamental counter-mobilization has been laid. Hence any successful mobilization or counter-mobilization must appeal to the peasants in Africa, Asia, and Latin America, not as members of this or that tribe, caste, or even region, but *as peasants*. It only needs someone to set if off.

Certainly, comprehensive attempts have been made at mobilization from above—attempts which mix the original legitimacy of the rulers with a considerable understanding of the need to provide a party or national framework of community. President Nyerere in Tanzania and Séku Touré in Guinea, to name just two, have tried to do just this. But it is not easy to judge their success and hence the stability of their political order. Sheer accident—to put it plainly, luck—plays a considerable role. Counter-mobilization needs to be articulated by a dedicated and determined group of political, or possibly military-political, intellectuals. These are not always to be found.

Furthermore, even a divisive counter-mobilization, which upsets stability but does not provide alternatives, can often be temporarily suppressed, either through the exercise of force or by incorporating the dissidents into the privileged party—by giving them positions of power. But coercion—the use of force or deliberate constraint—is by itself no answer to the problems and tendencies I have outlined here. Its application in response to counter-mobilization will tend to increase the latter's ideological strength and popular appeal. Only in cases where no counter-mobilization exists or is likely to exist can coercion be meaningfully applied—but then it is hardly necessary. Moreover, coercion as a substitute for mobilization also hastens the very instability it seeks to prevent, since it offers no guarantees that soldiers and policemen, or party officials and bureaucrats, will not use against the rulers those same instruments of power, now greatly increased as a result of their prior use. In the absence of ideological legitimacy, coercion will be resented at the bottom and challenged by its own agents; within the legitimacy of isolation and traditional rule it can lead only to stagnation. In short, coercion by itself is almost certainly counter-productive.

These reflections lead to a number of strategic considerations, both for developing countries and for the developed nations of West and East. There is no space here to go into them in any detail. For most developing countries, stability of regime is neither an attainable nor even a desirable end at present. Crises that carry conviction may or may not produce factors making for longer-term stability in the future. Those countries that obtained independence as a result of prolonged structural crises have (or at least had) a chance for effective and institutionalized mobilization. Those that did not still have their crisis to come. Intense economic development will probably not produce growth, but it may produce the necessary crisis. Confrontation with neighbors, internal secession, and civil war may also bring about the crisis necessary for mobilized political development, but of course need not. Nor can the type of crisis be specified in advance. Attempts from outside to prevent or stifle crises are equivalent to an investment in instability; practicing caution over commitment to any regime is the safest policy for distant outsiders.

For a political system in a developing country, the benefit to be derived from an outside provision of resources is extremely limited. Such resources may be effective in terms of force, but tend to be counter-productive in terms of persuasion. Hence the use of outside force to maintain or restore a particular regime may be intense, but must be brief. The lower the level of indigenous resources the more effective the use of outside-supported force; the higher the resources,

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the more effective is the added use of persuasion. At the middle level both can be used, but consecutively, not simultaneously. In case of counter-mobilization, force may also be tried, but if unsuccessful after a short period it should be quickly abandoned.

From the point of view of a powerful, developed country like the United States there is no particular merit in stability as such in developing countries. Commitment to existing regimes should be severely limited, spread equally among different regimes. Above all it should be non-ideological. Since there is no necessary correlation between given regimes and viable nations, support should be given to movements rather than to governments, to viable national entities rather than to ethnically divided states. At this stage political balkanization and instability of regime are inevitable; attempts to prevent them by outside interference may lead merely to the "hostile" stability of effective counter-mobilization. The same applies to a commitment to the "stability" of artificially divided but basically homogeneous nations like Vietnam and, inevitably, Korea. The ultimate logic—possible American political investment in the Cuban revolution or in the NLF in Vietnam—is presumably not to be achieved at this time; the next best thing is not to oppose such forces directly if and where they arise from causes other than an immediate anti-American confrontation (say, in Angola and possibly one day in Rhodesia). Above all, any visible American presence is to be reduced to a minimum of size and duration; better an expeditionary force of limited duration, as in the Dominican Republic, than a large scale, semi-permanent American presence as in Thailand, Laos, or Chile.

As far as our perception of the Third World is concerned, the lesson is to forget our own experience and all analogies based upon it. Instead, we must treat the Third World as unique, unformed (as yet), unstable, and uncertain. In seeking uniformities on which to base long-run policies, we must look to the future, not to the past. Political development must be separated from economic development. The former will almost certainly precede the latter in time, but may itself only emerge after prolonged crisis. Revolution may prove to be, not the height of instability, but its opposite—the beginning of stability. Hence at the least no attempt should automatically be made to obstruct the crisis. Economic development may help to bring it on; it may therefore have to be regarded as an expensive political precondition to eventual stability rather than as a potentially cost-effective means of producing economic betterment or growth. If immediate stability is nonetheless to be the primary goal, then the cheapest way of getting it may be simply to supply all conceivable consumer needs direct and free out of American production. This, of course, is absurd.

Not very long ago, the Pentagon was getting ready to launch the most expensive piece of social research in the history of mankind: Project Camelot, designed to send the best social-science brains scurrying all over Latin America and elsewhere to ferret out the disease of internal instability and revolution with a view to recommending, like so many drugs, "solutions." For further instructions on how to think and act toward the developing countries of the world, one need only read the briefings for Project Camelot—and then think and act in the opposite way.

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Teaching Jewish Teachers

Robert Alter

THOUGH THE American Jewish community in recent years has shown a good deal of nervous concern over its own prospects for survival, there seems to be little sense of how survival should be promoted and scarcely any thought about what its purposes might be. If it is survival for Jewish country clubs and bowling leagues, for sisterhood luncheons and fashion shows, for monuments to collective ego in million-dollar synagogues, one can hardly be surprised that young people want no part of it. The insistence, moreover, on such a survivalism, at this critical moment in American history, may seem to some an offensively myopic preoccupation with self: while this nation is conducting a disastrous war and tearing itself apart from within in an intensifying cycle of protest and ugly repression, all we can think of as Jews is how to insure that in the next generation the Cohens will still be Cohens and the Goldsteins real Goldsteins.

Survival might not seem so crassly irrelevant if all that it ought to involve or all that its failure implies—even for the proverbial "alienated" Jewish intellectual—were carefully thought through. One of many symptoms that there has been little thinking on this score among American Jews is their general indifference to serious Jewish culture, despite all the unctuous lip-service to our "glorious heritage" and despite the continuing vogue of a sentimentally recollected *shtetl* world.

A case in point is the painful condition of the American Hebrew teachers colleges, which have existed now in a cultural, social, and financial limbo for nearly half a century. I would assume that only a small minority of American Jews is even dimly aware of the presence of these institutions, yet these are the schools, supposedly, that train the teachers of our children, and the activity first undertaken within their walls has considerable bearing not only on the implementation of survival but on its definition as well.

The mere existence in this country of the Hebrew colleges, with their peculiar ideology, curriculum, and personnel, strikes me as anomalous and improbable, but I think there may be something of broad applicability to be learned from the very peculiarity of the enterprise, the difficulties it has encountered, and the modicum of success it has achieved. Most of the essential facts about the Hebrew teachers colleges are now conveniently available in a volume of brief essays edited by Oscar Janowsky,* though it must be added that the individual contributions to the volume, with only a few exceptions, are flat, dull, and repetitious, operating on the level of stylistic and intellectual sophistication of perhaps a very dutiful high-school sophomore. I say this not to be gratuitously unkind but because the lackluster quality of the essays suggests something of the miasma of mediocrity that pervades so much of American Jewish education at all levels. To be perfectly frank, reading the Janowsky volume stirred in me feelings of both apprehension and depression: if this is the degree of intellectual and imaginative energy with which we are confronting the vast problems of training those who are to transmit Jewish culture, how much hope can there be for the enterprise?

Despair, however, may not be altogether an appropriate response to this whole phenomenon, for the situation of these schools in 1930 or 1940 must have looked a good deal bleaker than it does now, and one would hardly have predicted that the same institutions would still be flourishing, whatever their faults, in 1968, with augmented registration, staff, and program. The first institution of this nature in America was Gratz College of Philadelphia, founded in 1897; twelve years later the Teachers Institute of the Jewish Theological Seminary was established in New York City. (The J.T.S. school today remains the strongest of the Hebrew teachers colleges in most respects, certainly in the quality of its faculty and in the structure and variety of its course offering.) In the years immediately after World War I, similar schools were begun in Baltimore,

* *The Education of American Jewish Teachers,* Beacon Press, 352 pp. $8.50.

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Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, and under other auspices in New York itself. There are now eleven accredited Hebrew teachers colleges in the United States, five of them in New York City, just one west of the Rockies; only two of the eleven were founded later than 1928—the Stern College for Women of Yeshiva University and the Teachers Institute of the University of Judaism at Los Angeles, both of which began in the early post-World War II period.

Though there have been certain obvious differences of emphasis within the schools depending on whether the institution was supported by a denominational group or by a communal organization, there has been a remarkable degree of agreement about the basic shape of the program, and, indeed, the general course of studies in the various schools has not changed substantially in the passage of forty years. The study of Hebrew language and modern Hebrew literature usually takes up about a fourth of a student's total course-work; Bible is a fairly close second in emphasis, while the rest of the student's program is likely to include a scattering of courses in rabbinic literature, Jewish history, education, and, occasionally, religion or philosophy of religion.

In virtually all these areas, the language of instruction is Hebrew, but not for exactly the same practical reasons that may lead a college department of French, say, to conduct all its advanced literature classes entirely in French. The Hebrew teachers colleges are of course interested in transmitting a useful fluency in the language to their students, in enabling them to think in Hebrew and feel at home in it; but beyond this there persists a powerful feeling inherited from the earliest days of the institutions that the Jewish intelligentsia has a sacred obligation to use Hebrew as its own language of communication, that to read, write, and speak Hebrew constitutes a continuous affirmation of identity, the expression of a higher Jewishness that is at once eternal and boldly modern.

WHEN I SAID there was something anomalous about the existence of these schools in America, it was this, above all, that I had in mind: that the programmatic Hebraism of the Hebrew colleges is less a product of progressive pedagogy than of the cultural pluralism of late 19th-century Russia, where ethnic identity meant linguistic identity, and where the vision of a transformation of Jewish life therefore led in some circles to a dream of an autonomous Hebrew culture on European soil, a culture with its own newspapers, publishing houses, theaters, schools. Determined attempts have been made, in fact, to sustain all these Hebrew-language activities in this country, much of the initiative coming from people associated with the Hebrew colleges. Predictably, such efforts have achieved only the most dubious successes, and even then only within a circle of followers scarcely larger than a coterie, though the Hebrew day-school movement is today fairly vigorous, at least in the Eastern metropolises, and a distinctively American expression of Hebrew culture, the summer camp, continues to flourish. There are now a dozen or so Hebrew summer camps in the United States and Canada attended each year by several thousand young people, and though the use of Hebrew in many of them seems to be progressively attenuated, they are the closest thing we have to a homegrown Hebrew cultural movement, and they are supplying a good part of the student body for the Hebrew colleges—in the case of J.T.S.'s Teachers Institute, 75 per cent—which used to depend mainly on the children of Orthodox or Hebraist immigrant families.

The vision of an indigenous Hebrew culture in America is clearly quixotic, perhaps pathetically so, and yet I think there is something heroic about it as well, and it seems to me that this double aspect of the Hebraist impulse reveals both the peculiar strength and the weakness of the Hebrew teachers colleges. If they have existed, as I said to begin with, in a limbo, that has been partly the fault of the men teaching in the colleges over the years, so many of whom have been latter-day *maskilim*, European-bred proponents of a vanished Hebrew Enlightenment, culturally displaced dreamers who remained autodidacts even when they had a university education, rigid and quirky in their erudition, doomed to be intellectual misfits in any conceivable setting, certainly out of touch with their students and with what was going on in America at large. Yet for all their limitations, these passionate Hebraists embodied a positive value not easy to come by anywhere else in American education—singleminded dedication to a noble idea. Thus in a country where the fascination of size, numbers, and money encourages most institutions to be constantly on the make, the Hebrew teachers colleges have remained genuinely idealistic in this one central respect, content with small numbers, often impoverished circumstances, and obscurity, in order to keep faith with the idea of creating a modern Hebrew culture in America. If that idea will never be realized in the way its older adherents envisaged, it nevertheless has more relevance to the cultural predicament of American Jews than might first appear.

I CANNOT BELIEVE that any Jewish culture, whether religious or secular, that subsists entirely or even primarily in translation, can provide lasting

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or meaningful continuity with the Jewish past. This is not by any means to suggest what some of the more ardent Hebraists maintain, that the only "authentic" kind of Jewishness, now or in the past, has used Hebrew as its medium; but Hebrew does remain the one, indispensable key to three thousand years of Jewish experience. It may be a futilely misplaced utopianism to entertain the old impelling idea of the teachers colleges that substantial Hebrew-speaking enclaves can exist in this country. Nevertheless, I would contend that we have little prospect for surviving as a distinctive community unless there are appreciable numbers of Jews—however strong their linguistic loyalty to English—who are capable of reading the Bible in its original language, who understand the Hebrew of the prayerbook and of rabbinic law and legend, and for whom the reborn language of Israel, if not always fully intelligible, is at least not a foreign tongue. We are, by general standards, a highly educated community, but in regard to knowledge of Jewish culture, rank ignorance prevails, as much among Jewish Ph.D's as among Jewish cabdrivers. At least something, I think, must be preserved of the vision of the European-style Hebraists, however much our world differs from theirs. In 18th-century England no one would have thought himself truly educated without a reasonable familiarity with the original Latin, if not Greek, texts that were conceived as the wellsprings of modern humanistic culture. We should aspire in our own situation to a Jewish intelligentsia (one, at any rate, that still cares to think of itself as Jewish) that will have, as a matter of course, some precise textual knowledge of the classic Hebrew sources from which the rich and troubling confusions of modern Jewish identity derive.

Two or three years ago I made roughly this suggestion at what I'm afraid must be called a prearranged confrontation between several "committed" Jewish intellectuals and a number of Jewish communal leaders, flanked by a couple of their own style of "emancipated" intellectuals, and I was a little surprised at the edge of contempt in the response I aroused. One of those present, a prominent social commentator, a man dedicated to liberal-radical movements and ecumenical causes, was especially taken aback by what clearly struck him as my smug parochialism. It's perfectly all right, he argued, if I and a few other birds of the same odd feather choose to spend our spare time as academic hobbyists in esoteric areas like Hebrew literature, medieval Jewish philosophy, or biblical history, but such concerns are surely irrelevant to any sane conception of what the life of a Jewish intellectual should be. I am aware of how peculiar the serious study of Jewish culture must appear to many American Jewish intellectuals, but this criticism still seems to me as wrongheaded as it is shortsighted. Being an intellectual, after all, should mean making active, personal use, even if only through opposition, of an intellectual tradition. An intellectual would hardly think of talking about political theory without ever having read a word of Machiavelli, Hobbes, Burke, or Marx, or pretend to place and assess contemporary writing without any knowledge of the national literary past, indeed, without some minimal awareness of the broad Western literary tradition from Homer onward. I would contend, then, that if a Jewish intellectual insists on the Jewish component of his intellectual identity (of course he is free not to), he at least ought to feel a suspicion of incongruity in the fact that he has never read a word of Maimonides, that he wouldn't know a *sugia* in the Talmud from a *sura* in the Koran, that Akiba and Rashi, Judah Halevi and Bialik, are no more than names in an encyclopedia to him, that his closest approach to the Bible experienced by Jews over the centuries is the King James Version.

THIS IS NOT to imply that the Hebrew teachers colleges have done anything like an adequate job in conveying to their students a mature knowledge of the multifaceted Jewish tradition, but they have kept alive in this country the idea of a liberal education in Hebrew culture, and that, rather than the training of teachers, is the ultimate service they have rendered to the American Jewish community. As a matter of fact, in regard to the staffing problems of the Hebrew elementary schools throughout the country, the teachers colleges have not been able to make more than a minimal contribution. There are now approximately eighteen hundred students enrolled in all eleven institutions, with about two hundred graduates each year, but of the latter, only seventy or so actually take jobs, even part-time, as Hebrew teachers, and it would appear—the statistics are not altogether clear—that the colleges fill no more than 25 per cent, probably considerably less, of the annual need for additional Hebrew teachers. (The rest are recruited from itinerant or émigré Israelis and others who may or may not have acquired informally a certain degree of Jewish knowledge in this country or elsewhere.) Most of the students at the Hebrew colleges are simultaneously enrolled at a general college or university, many already preparing for a profession other than Hebrew teaching, and not more than 30 per cent, perhaps as little as 15 per cent, actually end up permanently as Hebrew teachers. A very small additional proportion, moreover, less than 5 per cent, go on to careers in the rabbinate or in Jewish communal work.

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Though these statistics spell serious trouble for Jewish elementary and secondary education, where competent teachers are desperately needed, they suggest an interesting conclusion about the uses to which the Hebrew teachers colleges have been put by their students, who by and large seem to have regarded them as places for higher Jewish learning, not as training institutes. In concrete terms, over a ten-year period perhaps as many as four thousand young people, in the process of preparing to be general schoolteachers, academicians, doctors, lawyers, accountants, businessmen, and, of course, housewives, feel it important to devote ten or more hours a week during their undergraduate careers to acquiring in Hebrew the elements of a liberal Jewish education. The impact of this group on American life has hardly reached seismic proportions but products of the Hebrew colleges do sometimes turn up surprisingly at centers of creative and intellectual activity, as writers, editors, critics, and in the universities, not only among Judaica specialists—where graduates of the Hebrew colleges are among the most prominent of the younger generation of scholars—but in other areas as well. (Thus, Noam Chomsky, M.I.T.'s brilliant linguist, is a former student of Gratz College; Benjamin Schwartz, the distinguished Harvard sinologist, attended Boston Hebrew Teachers College; Sidney Morgenbesser, Columbia's highly-regarded professor of modern philosophy, studied at the Jewish Theological Seminary.)

NOW, ONE MAY legitimately wonder whether the encounter with some kind of higher Jewish education has made any difference in the lives of those who have been brushed, bumped, or occasionally even engaged by it. The answer will obviously depend on the nature of the encounter and the individual, but here some observations are in order on the approach to the study of Jewish culture in the Hebrew colleges. From my own experience, there have been two very different approaches, sometimes competing in adjacent classrooms, sometimes resting in uneasy balance in the person and methods of a single instructor.

The latter-day *maskilim* among the Hebrew college faculty have clearly operated on different assumptions from those that inform the academic enterprise elsewhere. I remember vividly when, in my first year at Columbia, after a heady session of refining out the good from the great (or so it seemed) in Baudelaire through painstaking *explication de texte,* I suggested in an evening class at the Jewish Theological Seminary that a certain image in Bialik was incongruous with its poetic context. The teacher, a Hebrew poet himself who must have known most of the Bialik corpus by heart since his own Russian boyhood, responded with uncomprehending shock—he stared at me for a moment, shook his head in disbelief, then simply proceeded with the class. Though I was of course much annoyed at the time by what seemed to me an unreasonable failure to speak to a legitimate critical issue, I can see now that the teacher's reaction was perfectly consistent with his own cultural premises. Bialik's poetry, after all, was not for him a neutral object to be evaluated, but a kind of sacred text, a triumphant demonstration of the eternal power of Hebrew creativity, ultimately, almost a way of life. The attitude proper to such a text was not critical cogitation but allegiance.

There is, I suppose, a real value in having encountered and in trying to appreciate this kind of mentality because it does represent an important turning in the sinuous paths of modern Jewish consciousness, and perhaps much of value would not have been accomplished without it. Appreciation, to be sure, comes easier retrospectively than in the encounter, and it is clear that this peculiar Hebrew loyalism of the elders has scarcely been imparted to two generations of their students, most of whom, as people coming of age in an American intellectual climate, have naturally assumed that the guide of critical intelligence should not be abandoned in matters of the intellect. All along, however, there has been another way of treating the materials of Jewish culture in the teachers colleges. If passionate Hebraism can be broadly ascribed to Russian-Jewish antecedents, the colleges have also attempted, occasionally with singular success, to ground the teaching of both classical Hebrew texts and Jewish history in a modern scientific method that has its roots in the *Judentumswissenschaft* of 19th-century Germany.

Here an instructive paradox ought to be noted. The 19th-century founders of this historical "science of Judaism," who were in some cases subtle or even overt apologists despite their scholarly method, tended to imagine that they had come to praise Judaism because the time was near to bury it; the implicit aspiration of much of their work was to polish and illumine the artifacts of the Jewish past as splendid museum-pieces. The Jews, however, for reasons having to do both with themselves and with their treatment by others, have persisted as a distinctive presence in the modern world, ambiguous, ambivalent, troubling, embarrassing, sometimes even stirring. In the light of that unexpected persistence, the scientific study of Jewish culture has made possible for Jews a new kind of unblinking confrontation with their own past, a critical reexamination of what varying relevance to the present it may still hold. For it is clear that cultural heritages are "preserved" not in the sticky embalming fluids of reverent nostalgia but in some kind of living relation to the present, which means, at least

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for our era, that they must be set in the broader contexts of general cultural life out of which they first developed, must be seen from the expanding perspectives of the modern intellectual disciplines.

IT IS THIS that at least a few of the teachers at the Hebrew colleges have sought to do all along; and it is probably being done with increasing frequency by the younger generation of Hebrew scholars, who more often have acquired genuinely professional academic standards. Ironically, this opening outward of Jewish studies to a wider intellectual world may permanently consign the Hebrew colleges to a dim peripheral role, for the most gifted of their graduates and the best of their younger teachers have been progressively attracted to positions in the universities, where interest in Jewish studies has grown dramatically in recent years, where salary, teaching loads, working conditions, are usually much better, and where an atmosphere of intellectual freedom and excitement is somewhat more likely to prevail. The proportions of the recent "renaissance" of Jewish studies on the American campus have been exaggerated by some observers, as Arnold J. Band demonstrates in his contribution on that subject to the Janowsky symposium. From the viewpoint of the universities, Hebrew and Judaic studies remain, quite naturally, a rather exotic area of specialization; for all the blossoming of new departments and positions in the field, the number of actual undergraduate majors all over the country is probably no more than six hundred. Since most of them, moreover, start at a more elementary level than the students of the Hebrew colleges, who have received Hebrew secondary schooling, and since they have many other academic requirements to fulfill, the advanced Jewish education they get during their four years of college is at best fragmentary. There are, obviously, serious inherent limitations upon the role that Judaica programs can play in the universities, but the fact that they are becoming a natural part of the American academic scene is a healthy sign in two ways: it reflects a widening and diversification of cultural perspectives within the university system, and at the same time it points to a new breadth of intellectual outlook on the part of those involved in Judaica. In any case, it would appear that, for better or for worse, in the coming years the most serious research and the most professional teaching in Jewish studies will go on increasingly at the universities rather than at the Hebrew colleges.

I have suggested, without fully explaining, that all this critical study of the Jewish cultural heritage has an importance that is more than "academic." My initial premise is that Jewish identity in the modern world has been and remains a highly problematic matter, certainly for intellectuals, except for those who are religious or ideological fundamentalists. The kind of identity we discover, imagine, create, persistently reshape, will depend upon a sustained activity of self-confrontation; and since to be a Jew must mean to have a sense of relation to Jewish history, self-confrontation has to involve a confrontation with the Jewish past. If one knows almost nothing about the Jewish past, one is at liberty to invoke it in mawkish adulation—the "soaring universalism of the prophets," the "touching piety of the *shtetl*"—or in arrogant hostility—the "obscurantist fanaticism of the Talmud," the two millennia of "pale, cringing ghetto-dwellers," and so forth. There are, of course, crumbling particles of truth in both the positive and the negative stereotypes, but to study the Jewish past seriously is to discover that it is bewilderingly more various than our rigid preconceptions of it. There are many aspects of it, in different times and places, which upon close examination may strike us as morally abhorrent, which we will positively need to reject. Other elements of the Jewish past may now seem mere curiosities; but surely some pieces of it, perhaps even quite improbable ones, are likely, once acquired, to prove "usable," whether obliquely or directly, in the uncertain enterprise of being a Jew at this point in history.

AS I STATED at the outset, devoting attention to one's own antecedents and one's own group-identity during such a troubled period of American national life may seem to some Jews mere collective selfishness. Such a view betrays, I think, a most unfortunate conception of American society and the role of its minority components. Perhaps the most fruitful way an American can engage in the cultural and political life of his country is to begin out of an informed awareness of his own particular origins, of the ways in which the traditions that his group embodies can make available possibilities of intelligent dissent from the attitudes and assumptions of the American majority. Recent events and movements have illustrated with painful clarity how much there is in American history, in American habits of mind and action, in American institutions and social arrangements, that is sick, violent, mindless, unfeeling, morally torpid, even insane. I don't mean to pretend for a moment that any minority group holds within its own peculiar heritage the cures to the ills from which the American majority culture suffers. But at a moment when we have all been forcibly reminded that this country has a black as well as a white history, the national climate would be considerably more breathable if members of all groups in America were honestly concerned with the ac-

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tual implementation of the cultural pluralism we invoke so often.

THE RELATIONSHIP I have in mind of minority groups to their individual traditions and to American culture was very aptly described a few years ago by Ralph Ellison in a rejoinder to a critical essay by Irving Howe. Ellison caught Howe inadvertently speaking—out of the best moral intentions—as part of the white America that bore the full weight of guilt for having enslaved and oppressed the Negro people. In Ellison's view, such elision of one's own distinctive identity into a great American conglomerate means a blurring of the very distinctions from which the idea of American democracy draws its unique strength:

The real guilt of such Jewish intellectuals lies in their facile, perhaps unconscious, but certainly unrealistic, identification with what is called the "power structure." Negroes call that "passing for white." Speaking personally, both as writer and as Negro American, I would like to see the more positive distinctions between whites and Jewish Americans maintained. Not only does it make for a necessary bit of historical and social clarity, at least where Negroes are concerned, but I consider the United States freer politically and richer culturally because there are Jewish Americans to bring it the benefit of their special forms of dissent, their humor and their gift for ideas which are based upon the uniqueness of their experience. The diversity of American life is often painful, frequently burdensome, and always a source of conflict, but in it lies our fate and our hope.

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Observations

Translating the Rubaiyyat

Robert Graves

OMAR ALI-SHAH entrusted me, a year ago, with the task of translating Omar Khayaam's *Rubaiyyat* into English verse from a Persian text, the "Jan Fishan Khan" manuscript, which has been in the possession of his princely Afghan family, senior in descent from the Prophet Mohammed, since a few years after Khayaam's death, when a contemporary Sultan presented it to them. That was in the year 1153 A.D. I had long enjoyed a close friendship with Omar Ali-Shah and his elder brother Idries, who is "Grand Sheikh of the Sufi *Tariqa*," meaning Chief Teacher of the Sufic Way of Thought—a Way exemplified in the poems of Hafiz, Rumi, Saadi, Khayaam—in fact of all the best-known classical Persian poets. I am, however, no Persian scholar and therefore closely followed an annotated English text with which Omar Ali-Shah had supplied me; and made the first draft of my verse-rendering in the corner bed of a large surgical ward at St. Thomas's hospital, London, where the ghost of Florence Nightingale still walks, lamp in hand, and the quiet atmosphere encourages a careful reading of poems. The night nurse allowed me to work in bed until midnight so long as I shaded my light-bulb with its green silk shade.

I foresaw, but was not daunted by, the hostility that publication would excite among such English and Americans as were too well indoctrinated in Edward Fitzgerald's mid-Victorian *Rubaiyyat* not to make a sacred cow of it. I use this metaphor without disrespect for Hindus, but in the sense that sacred cows, which yield no milk and may never be slaughtered for beef, often invade Indian country market-places and greedily browse on the fruit and vegetables which poor peasants have brought for sale. Though Hindu stall-holders dare not take offense, trouble arises when sacred cattle make free with Moslem produce. In such cases I incline to the Moslem side, being also descended, like many other Britons, including Her Majesty the Queen, from the Prophet Mohammed. Edward Fitzgerald, I feel, has also browsed and pillaged without moral right in Moslem territory. Omar Khayaam is revered as a religious teacher by some fifty million Sufis throughout the East, and especially honored in Persia, where a national Omar Khayaam Trust has been set up to preserve his memory. He is read not so much for the felicity of his language as for the concentrated power of his thought, and for his rejection of formal dogma in favor of divine grace. Yet by an outrageous freak of fortune this blameless Moslem celebrant of mystical love has come to be elected patron saint of fifty million hearty boozers throughout the Christian West.

I had been asked to present Omar Khayaam as clearly as possible and without, if possible, making the customary genuflections to Fitzgerald's memory; which I was glad to do, on the ground that sacred cows should be confined to their own Temple paddocks and tended by their own priests. My occasional intuitions of his hidden meanings were prompted less by former contrastive studies of Hebrew and Gnostic mysticism than by a sense of kinship which I felt with medieval Irish poets who (as scholars now recognize) came under strong Sufic influence as early as the 8th and 9th centuries.

When our book was published in London, the first scholarly attack came from Major J.C.E. Bowen, who had been nettled by our publisher's announcement that this was the first modern retranslation of the *Rubaiyyat*. Major Bowen had himself, in 1952, versified a manuscript dated from the early 13th century, at the instance of its discoverer, Professor Arberry, who formerly held the Chair of Persian at London University and now holds that of Arabic at Cambridge. Major Bowen's review in the *Times* focused on our opening quatrain with comments that conveniently illustrated the textual difference between his manuscript and ours, as also the deformatory process of Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyyat*, and the unscholarly habits of his successors:

> The Persian text is exactly the same as that of quatrain No. 134 in the Calcutta manuscript sent to Fitzgerald from India by Professor Cowell, except that where the Graves-Shah manuscript has *badeh* (wine) the Calcutta manuscript has *mohreh* (pebble or bead); so the opening lines of the Calcutta quatrain, used by Fitzgerald, run literally: "The sun has flung the noose of dawn upon the roof/The Kaikhosru of day has flung the pebble into the bowl" [of departure].
>
> These lines were translated, with reasonable accuracy, by Fitzgerald as: "Awake! for Morning in the bowl of night/Has flung the stone that puts the Stars to Flight:/And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught/The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of light."
>
> Mr. Graves, handicapped by the (probably corrupt) reading of "wine" for "pebble," has translated the quatrain as: "While Dawn, Day's herald straddling the whole sky/Offers the drowsy world a toast 'To Wine,'/The Sun spills early gold on city roofs—/Day's regal Host, replenishing his jug."
>
> Did Mr. Graves (one is tempted to wonder) relinquish Omar's splendid metaphor of the Noose of Light merely in order to differ from Fitzgerald? Or did Ali-Shah not explain to him the line's significance?
>
> Doubt as to whether Mr. Graves has fully understood the complexity of the task he has

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undertaken is roused by two references of his Introduction to Omar's *Rubaiyyat* as a "poem," which of course, they—for *Rubaiyyat* is merely the plural of the Persian word *ruba'i* (quatrain)—are not. It is well known that every *divan,* or collection of Persian poetry, is arranged so that each poem is grouped with others having the same letter-ending in the first line. This arrangement by letters rules out the possibility of any significance being attached to the sequence. Fitzgerald, on the other hand, made what he called a *tessalation* of the quatrains he paraphrased, to form one long English poem, leading from Dawn to Dusk—and the down-turned glass.

Nor is the quality of Mr. Graves's verse impressive. It rarely rises above the humdrum level of his opening stanza, quoted above, in which the ugly and inappropriate word "straddling" is used.

PERHAPS MAJOR BOWEN cast doubt on the authenticity of the Jan Fishan Khan manuscript because the Arberry manuscript from which he worked had been omitted by Omar Ali-Shah from our list of Khayaamiana as suspect. And Major Bowen is certainly mistaken in suggesting that Fitzgerald had imposed a decent order upon the original. On the contrary, our text offers a more exact temporal sequence: Fitzgerald deliberately broke it in several places, and omitted the splendid closing stanzas.

Omar Ali-Shah replied to Major Bowen:

> . . . Concerning the suggestion of the lack of authenticity of our verse, I must point out that very serious doubts have been cast upon the authenticity of the A.D. 1259 Chester Beatty Ms. from which the reviewer himself worked. Serious students of Oriental literature are referred to the article by Professor Minovi, the distinguished Persian authority, published April 1963, in *Rahnemayi Ketab,* organ of the Book Society of Persia, and the recent book on Omar Khayaam by Professor Jeluddin Homayi published jointly by the Society of National Monuments and the Custodians of the Omar Khayaam Trust of Iran.
>
> Anyone who takes the trouble to acquaint himself with the findings of these academicians will understand why I have not been able to include these in my bibliography of Mss.
>
> These scholars in fact cited verses contained in the two Khayaam manuscripts identified and authenticated by Professor Arberry, which they contend were written by Persian poets who lived far later than the date given. One of these manuscripts was sold to Cambridge University; the other is in the Chester Beatty Collection.

Omar Ali-Shah continues:

> The reviewer further states that the Jan Fishan Ms. Verse One is almost exactly similar to verse 134 of the Calcutta Ms. which is one of those said to have been used by Edward Fitzgerald. He adds, however, that it differs in the "probably corrupt reading of 'wine' for 'pebble.'" Yet may I point out that the Rosen Ms., the Saida Nafisi Ms., and a 12th-century Ms. owned by Professor Minovi, also read "wine"? "Wine" is also considered a more valid metaphor.
>
> I am additionally taken to task for not having explained to Robert "Omar's splendid metaphor of the Noose of Light" and allowing him to stumble on and produce a "humdrum stanza" lacking the all-important Noose. Yet how does one noose the flat roofs of Nishapur with never a minaret in sight (at least in the original)? "*Kamand*" in Persian certainly means "noose" but in poetic usage also means "shaft, ray, or effusion." Hence our version. Major J.C.E. Bowen (enriching the original) in his own translation makes the "Hunter of the Dark" throw a noose "across the world." Neither phrase exists even in the "A.D. 1259" Ms. which he uses.
>
> Omar Khayaam's *Rubaiyyat* (from the Arabic word '*Ruba'i*') is a poem and not a collection (*divan*). And I cannot concur that Robert's use of the good English word "straddling" is "ugly" or "inappropriate."

Later a Mr. Leaper took up the cudgels in the same columns:

> Mr. Ali-Shah's letter today invites a number of comments more concerned with poetry than with scholarship: the authenticity of the manuscripts is a question which cannot concern those to whom the Rubaiyyat is a poem rather than a study.
>
> Mr. Ali-Shah does not seem to recognize that the word "straddling" is appropriate (as a word) only in a suitable context, and in this particular context most readers would find it ugly. His preference for standards and criteria other than poetic is also shown by his comment about the noose and the lack of minarets around which to fling the light. The idea and metaphor are, however, quite beautiful.

In my rendering of the original I had agreed with Omar Ali-Shah to omit the name of the early medieval potentate Kai Khosru to whom the rising sun is here likened when he replenishes his immortal pitcher with wine. Since this mention would have called for a footnote and distracted the reader's attention, I merely called him a "regal host." To have made "Kai Khosru" intelligible to the English reader by turning him into "King Arthur"—as Fitzgerald introduces "buried Caesars" into his version—would have been historically false. "Poetry," as Robert Frost said, "is what gets lost in translation"; but in mistranslation it gets positively benighted. Since the original quatrain referred to the spread of dawn from East to West I made the host "straddle the whole sky." "Straddle" is a reputable Elizabethan word poetically applied by Shakespeare's noble contemporary Michael Drayton to the North wind's mighty reach from coast to coast. I had indeed been assured by Omar Ali-Shah that *no* turret occurs in the original verse, and that a simple shaft or dazzle of light was thrown on the flat roofs; but in any case I should have suspected the "noose of light" metaphor as unauthentic. Early sunlight flashed on a turret does not "noose" it; the western part must remain relatively unilluminated. For a poet of Khayaam's caliber no such faulty metaphor would have seemed "quite beautiful."

As for the word *mohreh* (pebble) which has been substituted in later manuscripts for *badeh* (wine) and is glossed by Major Bowen (following Fitzgerald's of-

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ten ignorant mentor, Professor Cowell) to mean a pebble thrown into a drinking cup as a signal for "Strike Camp!" I am assured by Omar Ali-Shah that this is a historical error. The signal given was not the clink of a pebble in a bowl but the boom of a huge stone flung into the camp cauldron where a communal stew had boiled the previous evening. And even "stone in the Cauldron of Night" would have been a curiously inappropriate metaphor for sunrise: the Sun may perhaps resemble a fiery stone thrown by Morning, but since it soars up from the cauldron of Night rather than being flung into it, Khayaam, whose metaphors were always clear and logical, could never have used it.

THE SAME Mr. Leaper held that "the authenticity of a manuscript cannot concern readers of poetry." Not even if it misrepresents and deforms a classic? A reviewer from the BBC journal, *The Listener*, commended Fitzgerald for having accomplished "an incredible literary feat, giving us a close equivalent in English of Omar's languorous music." Yet the original verse, which the reviewer had not read, is not in the least languorous. Still another reviewer asked:

> Does it matter that Fitzgerald travestied the original? Or that he turned an Oriental mystic into a toping Victorian skeptic? Only, I think, if the original is at least of equal quality. Graves does not convince here. He has produced a prosy New English Bible sort of Khayaam, whose cloudy mysticism raises more questions about evil than it answers. At the very least, Fitzgerald found a decent form for his poem, a stanza in which the penultimate line seems to lift and suspend the wave that falls over in the last. Graves produces ripples in a sea of sludge. He writes: "Let me speak out, unallegorically;/ We are mere puppets of our Master, toys/ On the table of Existence, one by one/ Flung back into the toybox of Non-existence."
>
> Surely no one in his right mind could prefer this to Fitzgerald's fine carelessness: "Tis all a Chequerboard of Nights and Days/ Where Destiny with Man for Pieces plays:/ Hither and thither moves, and mates and slays/ And one by one back in the Closet lays."

The fact is that here Fitzgerald's "fine carelessness" had interrupted the sequence of Omar Khayaam's thought by breaking off short the shadow-show metaphor and interpolating an unnecessary game of chess. The original reads:

This vault underneath which we lie bemused
Is, so to speak, God's magic shadow show
With sun for lamp, the world as a wide screen
For countless lie-rehearsing silhouettes.

Let me speak out, unallegorically,
We are mere puppets of our Master, toys
On the table of Existence, one by one
Flung back in [not into] *the toybox of Non-existence.*

Fitzgerald had said: "At all costs a Thing must Live—with a Transfusion of one's own worse Life if he can't retain the Original's better. Better a live sparrow than a stuffed Eagle." He based this remark on the scornful old proverb: "Better a live dog than a dead lion"—a coward's excuse for avoiding the defense of his country in battle. So here, for once, Fitzgerald honestly confesses that his own crude versifying is at odds with Omar's poetic genius. Elsewhere, however, he pretends that the Persians were so deficient in poetry that their ghosts could surely not grudge the extravagant license he so often took while embellishing their works with a little art! At all events, he translated Khayaam's thirteenth stanza as:

How sweet is Mortal Sovranty! think some,
Others—How blest the Paradise to come!
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum!

though the original contains references neither to ambition for mortal sovereignty nor to any hopes for an orthodox Islamic Paradise. It runs:

They say that Eden is bejeweled with Houris.
I answer that grape-nectar has no price—
So laugh at long-term credit, stick to coin
Though distant drums beguile your greedy ear.

Fitzgerald has missed the satiric sense. Khayaam is referring to a wholly unKoranic Paradise promised by Arab chieftains as a spur to simple solders: If they should die in battle they will visit a glorious Palace, stocked with expensive houris to indulge their carnal appetites. But, just as any honest soldier would prefer a good drinking bout before battle to vague promises of a superlative Rest and Recreation Camp after the campaign has ended, so here Khayaam prefers a Sufi life, in which sufficient spiritual joy and beauty can daily be found, to any gloomy puritanical one preached by orthodox mullahs with promises of a glorious world to come.

Major Bowen wrote to the *Times* at this point:

> Mr. Robert Graves and General Omar Ali-Shah in their letters of November 20th and 30th, go to great lengths to cast doubt on the authenticity of two Persian Mss. to which I made no reference whatsoever in my review of their book.

Yet it was on the strength of having translated one of them that Major Bowen had applied to the *Times* for permission to review our translation.

He goes on:

> I wonder whether the object of such shadow-boxing is to distract attention from their own Mss. which they claim to be a genuine 12th-century document. . . . We are asked to believe that a 12th-century scribe was able to foresee the sequence in which a 19th-century poet would arrange the verses of an English poem and write them down in approximately the same order. How else can be explained the fact that of the first dozen quotations in the "authentic Ms." no fewer than eight follow the exact sequence of the first edition of Fitzgerald's Rubaiyyat?

Well, it seems that Fitzgerald's accomplice Cowell had supplied him with a copy of a borrowed copy of the authentic manuscript: thus to supplement the far later Ousely manuscript at Oxford from which

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Fitzgerald is supposed to have worked; though, as I say, Fitzgerald broke the order in many places, inserted fragments from other poets, and changed the end.

Major Bowen thinks it a pity that I did not choose as collaborator "someone with a surer language of classical Persian." Yet classical Persian was Omar Ali-Shah's *spoken* language at the Court in the Hindu Khoosh where he was educated—with Khayaam and all the great Persian poets as his favorite reading under the tuition of his father—and writes classical Persian poems himself.

One of the wildest criticisms came from a Persian lecturer at a Scottish university, who found it most absurd to claim Omar Khayaam as a Sufi. This critic, however, is shown by his name to be a Shiah, a Moslem sect who are famous for ritual cursing of their theological enemies and who detest all Sufis—if only because their discipline forbids them to curse, or litigate, or even to condone litigation. Khayaam's Sufism has always been generally accepted by the Sufis—why else would the Shah family, traditionally Sufis, have hoarded this manuscript for eight centuries?

A Scottish reviewer from Glasgow, where a popular students' drinking resort is named "The Bowl of Night," writes:

> Fitzgerald is said to have been ill-acquainted with Sufic symbolism and Sufic metaphor. And our own critical deficiency is, of course, that we are no more interested in the authentic thoughts and philosophies of the real Omar than we are in the true history and accurate biography of Robin Hood. Sufic, though, is for scholars; Omar is for less cultivated ears and lips, and for artless intellects that do not find it an evil paradox that an old Persian mystical poem should be accepted as "a drunkard's rambling profession of a hedonist creed."

Indeed Khayaam himself has been past caring these eight-hundred years. So let the orientalists make of the original what they like; we prefer our old hackneyed and well-rounded Moving Finger that writes and the Piety and Wit that cannot lure it back to cancel half a line, far above the workaday statement of Robert Graves that: "What we shall be is written, and we are so;/ Heedless of God or Evil, pen, write on!/ By the first day all futures were decided;/ Which gives our griefs and pains irrelevancy."

Khayaam the Sufi, whose spirit is very far from dead, did not make a profession of doubt, but pointed out that one logical result of the popular belief in God, as an All-Father and Supreme Judge who made man in His image, must be to accuse Him of human frailties. God, for Omar, was the spirit of creative love which animates all noble spirits. He admits the occasional onset of doubt, which, however, he regards as necessary to a better understanding of the human condition, writing:

One breath parts infidelity from faith,
Another breath parts certitude from doubt.
Yet cherish breath, never make light of it—
Is not such breath the harvest of our being?

My heart complained: "I long for inspiration,
I long for wisdom, to be taught and learn."
I breathed the letter A. My heart replied:
"A is enough to occupy this house."

For Khayaam, as for Jesus who, in the Apocryphal Syriac *Gospel of St. Thomas*, asked his schoolteacher Zachaeus: "If thou knowest not Alpha according to its nature, how canst thou teach others the Beta?" the letter A (*Alpha* or *Alif*) took precedence over all other letters, because it was the first letter of God's name in Hebrew as in Arabic. Fitzgerald has once more missed the point by converting Khayaam's inspiriting view into a pessimistic suggestion that only by the remotest guess can man find the truth.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About the Secret—quick about it, Friend!
A Hair, they say, divides the false and true
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?
A hair, they say, divides the false and true
Yes; and a single Alif *were the clue,*
Could you but find it, to the Treasure-house
And peradventure to the Master too.

Omar despised intellectuality, as he had a right to do after achieving international fame as a philosopher and mathematician. His thirteenth stanza runs:

Man's brain has never solved the eternal why
Nor foraged past the frontier set for thought.
All intellect, be sure, proves nugatory.
However hard we either teach or learn.

He goes even further:

Misguided foes call me philosopher—
God knows that this is the one thing I am not.
I am even less: in such a nest of sorrows
I cannot tell you even who I am.

And he addresses God, this same bright element of Truth and Love:

Hidden you live, inscrutable as ever;
A person sometimes, but sometimes a place,
Showing this costly spectacle to no one—
You the sole audience and the actor too.

Persian and English poems, in careful translation from each other, work out at about the same verse-length, and if one preserves only Khayaam's quatrain form, not his metrical measure or his rhyming scheme, there is no need either to cut or expand the sense. Nevertheless, the concentration of meaning in some of Khayaam's lines is intense. For example:

The Moon, by her own nature prone to change,
Varies from animal form to vegetable:
Destroy her form, you have destroyed nothing,
For what she seems survives her not yet being.

Which, expanded to prose, would read, I think, something like this:

> Woman, man's complementary sex, resembles the Moon, if only because her menstrual course corresponds closely with the Moon's

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mensual one. Like the Moon, whose first appearance suggests the bright horn of an animal, and whose bulk when at the full resembles a ripe melon soon to be eaten away, woman varies, as she grows older, from either reckless or shy animality to lazy, plump domesticity. Though you may expose the physical phases of a woman's life by such a comparison, you will not have accounted for the magical hold that she may exercise even on a reasonable man. For he cannot honestly deny her power over his heart; and a wise man knows that one day when women are no longer mere chattels bought and sold for male diversion, but recognized as having minds, such a hold will be amply justified as it cannot yet be.

FITZGERALD USUALLY took the easy and even banal way out in translation: he writes in his seventeenth quatrain (second edition):

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

This is the same morose "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust" sentiment that one finds cut on 18th-century tombstones. What Khayaam wrote was altogether different. He advised his friends to accept the world as it was and make the very best of their sojourn in it, though recognizing that this could not last more than a couple of generations, or three at the outside. Our translation runs:

Think of this world as modeled to your whim,
Perfectly trimmed for you from east to west;
Yet know yourself a snowdrift on the sand
Heaped for two days or three, then thawed and gone.

Fitzgerald has composed another truistic quatrain on the theme that nobody has ever returned from the dead to describe his experiences:

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the Door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road
Which to discover we must travel too.

Khayaam, however, was here (stanza 68) commenting rather on the extraordinary variety of experience that life offers, and on every life's uniqueness:

My wandering feet have led me through far plains
And valleys: I have strayed this way and that
Yet never found a traveler who could boast
That he had ever trod the same road twice.

Again, Khayaam in his satiric portrayal of the anthropomorphic God, writes with Sufic humor:

That sin is irresistible He knows:
Yet He commands us to abstain from sin.
Thus irresistibility confounds us
With prohibition: "Lean, but never fall!"

Fitzgerald found it necessary to present this as simple Victorian agnosticism, and characteristically translated it into terms of money; which resulted in the following confused stanza:

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure gold for what he lent us dross-allay'd
Sue for a Debt we never did contract
And cannot answer—Oh, the sorry trade!

a purposeful contradiction of the familiar hymn:

O Lord since all I give to Thee
Repaid a thousand-fold shall be
Therefore I offer willingly
My soul to be Thy trust.

And every true poet would prefer Khayaam's simple antithetical quatrain (stanza 50):

This world must long survive our poor departure,
Persisting without name or note of us.
Before we came, it never grudged our absence;
When we have gone, how can it feel regret?

to Fitzgerald's artistic and over-metaphorical:

When you and I behind the Veil are past
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As much as Ocean of a pebble cast.

Khayaam used the same economical style in addressing (stanza 50) his Orthodox colleagues who because arrack (date liquor) had been forbidden them in the Koran, extended the Prophet's ban to wine, which the Hebrew mystics, like Khayaam's predecessors, had also used as a symbol of divine joy:

They say: "Be sober, lest you die of drink
And earn Hell-fire on God's last Judgment Day."
Nevertheless my blaze of drunkenness
Outshines both worlds: your Now and your Hereafter.

Fitzgerald has converted this into a mere preference of a good vintage claret to an orgy of metaphysical argument:

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavor and dispute.
Better be merry with the fruitful grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, fruit.

Here, as often, his search for a suitable rhyme has made him do violence to the English language. One can write "Sadden after bitter fruit or none," but "none or bitter fruit"—one cannot "sadden after none fruit"—is listed by the *Oxford English Dictionary* as a novel usage.

Near the beginning of this transmogrified *Rubaiyyat,* Fitzgerald printed his version of the awesome stanza which ends the true one:

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew—
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "coo, coo, coo."

The use of *his* for *its* is misleading, since it seems a reference to Bahram the great hunter in the preceding verse, and what does "Kings drew the forehead on his threshold" mean, unless that they chalked a drawing of Bahram's

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forehead on the threshold of his former palace? We have translated the original in its quiet simplicity:

The palace with huge walls soaring to Heaven
Where prostrate Kings did reverence at the gate:
A ring-dove perches on its battlements:—
"Where, where?" it coos, "where, where?"

This is the visionary palace gate which dying men or takers of hallucinatory drugs frequently see opening for them: the Portals of Death. The ring-dove cries "du-du" in Persian, meaning "where, where?" exactly as the cuckoo does in Wales where the word *ku* has the same meaning. The cuckoo is known there as the "sorrowful bird," because it returns in the spring from the South and asks what has happened to so many neighbors who have disappeared during its absence. Similarly the Persian ring-dove does not coo lovingly as in England, but mourns the death of kings.

ANY ATTEMPT at improving or altering Khayaam's poetic intentions would have seemed shocking to me when I was working on the Rubaiyyat at St. Thomas's hospital. The thought was hard, clear, and closely woven, but it is only now, a year later, that I can view the poem as a whole and follow its kaleidoscopic changes. These vary from spiritual autobiography to straight-faced satire and sudden simple statements of his faith in love, seen as the perpetual miracle that dissipates all mental and moral confusion. What I have written, under Omar Ali-Shah's surveillance, may seem to inebriated members of the Fitz-Omar cult prosaic ripples on a sea of sludge, but may also one day prove useful to students who find that they think as Omar thought and decide to read the *Rubaiyyat* in the original Persian. My twin principles were: "Stick as strictly to the script as you can" and "Respect the tradition of English verse as first confirmed by the better Tudor poets: which is to be as explicit as possible on every occasion and never play down to ignorance."

On Being a Woman in Shul

Lucy S. Dawidowicz

"IT IS BETTER to pray at home, for in the synagogue it is impossible to escape envy and the hearing of idle talk." Thus, the advice of Elijah ben Solomon, the Gaon of Vilna, in a letter to his wife. "The more so," he added, "on Sabbaths and festivals, when people assemble in order to talk; on such days it would be better not to pray at all." The Vilna Gaon even advised his wife to keep their daughter away from the synagogue, "for there she would see garments of embroidery and similar finery." Consequently she "would grow envious and speak of it at home, and out of this would come scandal and other ills."

Since the Vilna Gaon wrote this letter about two hundred years ago, surprisingly little has changed, Reform Judaism notwithstanding. Indeed, people who are nowadays lax in such matters are even more likely to agree with his judgment of the synagogue than those who are themselves strict in Jewish observance. To be sure, the synagogue does not *generate* envy and gossip; it merely happens to be one of the sites, particularly on Sabbaths and festivals, where they are commonly found. Pirke Aboth counsels, "The more flesh, the more worms," and this is to the point: the more affluence, the more finery; the more finery, the more envy; the more envy, the more gossip.

My shul is better than most, I think, partly because it has only a modest share in the affluence which many American Jews enjoy. It is an Orthodox shul in a middle middle-class community of Queens which I once called Garfield Hills, when I was writing about another synagogue.* Most of its congregants are native Europeans who fled to the United States from Poland, Hungary, Austria, and Germany, some by way of Auschwitz and displaced-persons camps. Neither rich nor poor, they are small businessmen, retailers, accountants, salesmen, a few professionals.

The women, for the most part, are not prosperous enough to own the embroidered garments that the Vilna Gaon warned against or the mink habiliments that are *de rigueur* for bar-mitzvahs. Their mode of dress and adornment would hardly necessitate any such sumptuary legislation as that enacted by Jewish communal officials in Poznan (for example) in 1629, forbidding tailors, under penalty of a fine, to accept orders "for a garment of satin or damask even from the leading families of the province." Besides, being Orthodox (more or less), the women in my shul are by nature, as it were, decorous in their dress: the vagaries or vulgarities of individual taste are curbed by the insistence of tradition on modesty and propriety.

I like this shul. The male congregants themselves conduct the services, and once you have heard them, no cantor will do. Florid phrases and fluttering quavers are a poor substitute for the spontaneity, inwardness, and genuineness with which these men pray. When I arrive, Saturday mornings, a little late, I can almost palpably feel the ascent of their urgent voices, their exaltation of God.

This shul is, above all, a place where people come to pray. When there is a bar-mitzvah ceremony, it does not usurp the service. The boy reads *maftir*; the rabbi acknowledges the occasion in his sermon and bestows upon the celebrant the sisterhood's gift of a *siddur*; then the service goes on as usual. The women, too, come to pray. Whenever they arrive—no matter how late—they recite the Shemoneh Esreh. Then they catch up with the rest of the congregation. Even behind the partition of lattice and scrollwork, the women of this shul can find their place in the prayerbook, without assistance from their menfolk.

To my astonishment—for I thought myself modern—I find I like the partition. Because of it, men are more intent on the liturgy

LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ, *a contributor of long standing, reviewed the Boston Opera Company's production of Schoenberg's* Moses and Aaron *in our July 1967 issue.*

* "Middle-Class Judaism: A Case Study," COMMENTARY, June 1960.

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(and, for that matter, women are, too) than they might otherwise be. The original reason for separating the sexes, a practice which dates all the way back to the Temple, when women were assigned to the *ezrat nashim*, was, presumably, to discourage amorous thoughts. Later, to ensure the same purpose, rabbinic leaders prescribed special galleries for women in the synagogue so that they "should look down from above and men look from below." (This was not a uniquely Jewish problem. Some English churches in the Middle Ages separated the sexes to discourage philanderers, as John Gower put it, "in churches and in minstres eke,/That gon the women for to seke." The Duke of Mantua, a notorious operatic seducer second only to Don Giovanni, used to go to church to find girls when things got dull at his court.)

Separation by partition or gallery does, as a matter of fact, help the congregants concentrate on prayer. Separation also ensures that the service remains a men's service, that women do not usurp it. Judaism has always depended on its males to maintain the congregation. That is their prime responsibility. Because women do not share this responsibility, we are told again and again that Judaism regards women as inferior creatures. Every Jewish male, on arising, recites these benedictions:

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast not made me a heathen.

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast not made me a slave.

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast not made me a woman.

Christians who like to argue the relative merits of religions often adduce Paul's annulment of these discriminatory distinctions as evidence of Christianity's greater tolerance for women: "There is neither Greek nor Jew, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28). To propagandize his new religion, Paul promised equality both here and in the hereafter to heathens, slaves, and women. But on those women who were already committed to Christianity, he imposed total subservience. "*Mulieres in ecclesiis taceant*," he wrote: "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law" (I Cor. 14: 34). And he commanded them also to dress and act modestly, pray in silence and subjection. For their sins, and Eve's original sin, they could be saved only by childbearing and "faith and charity and holiness with sobriety" (I Tim. 2:9-15). What an easy argument for a Jewish polemicist to rebut: Compare the honor accorded the woman of valor in the book of Proverbs.

Judaism is a man's religion not only in substance and in practice, but also in its symbolic theology. God is male. Israel in relation to God is female: the Bridegroom God and the Virgin Israel. The Shekhinah, the Divine Presence, represents the feminine potency within God. The Torah is female, Sabbath is female. In relation to them, Israel is male. In the books of the Prophets and, of course, in the Song of Songs, marriage and sexual relations symbolize the ties between God and Israel, Israel and the Sabbath, Israel and Torah. The Torah, according to the Talmud, is betrothed to Israel, and, therefore, forbidden to every other nation. When a Jewish boy comes of age, his assumption of the responsibilities of manhood is solemnized by his being called up to the Torah.

Professor Gershom Scholem has illuminated and explicated the mystic-mythic conceptions of masculine and feminine—begetting and receiving—which the Kabbalists derived and amplified from the traditional sources and in which the symbolism of the sacred marriage between God and Israel occupies a central place.* The ritual of the Sabbath in particular, Scholem tells us, became associated with the myth of the sacred marriage. On the basis of Talmudic passages about a rabbi who, on the eve of the Sabbath, used to put on his best clothes and say, "Come, let us go and meet the Queen Sabbath," and another who cried out, "Come, O bride, come, O bride," the Kabbalists personified the Sabbath as a celestial bride with whom Israel entered into a mystical union.

On the festival of Simhat Torah (Rejoicing in the Law), the marriage symbolism is patent and exposed, even in the most exoteric, austere, rationalistic style of worship. At the morning service the men called up to the reading of the last and first portions of the Pentateuch are designated, respectively, as *Hatan Torah* and *Hatan Bereshith*—Bridegroom of the Law and Bridegroom of Genesis. Throughout the service they hold the sacred scrolls in their arms. The ceremony is obviously a representation of the symbolic marriage between Israel and the Torah. The festival begins on the previous evening when the Torah scrolls, dressed in their richly embroidered silk and velvet coverings and adorned with elaborately chased silver crowns and shields, are removed from the Ark and paraded in processions (*hakafot*) seven times around the reading desk. (At an Orthodox wedding, the bride is led seven times around the groom.) In my shul the *hakafot* summon forth the congregants' normally inhibited hasidic heritage. Dancing and singing, shouting and stamping their feet, downy-cheeked yeshiva students and gaunt patriarchs embrace the Torah scrolls. After each *hakafa* their dancing becomes more frenzied, their faces flushed, their voices more rapturous as they sing "Ve-nosan lonu Toras emes" ("And He has given us the Torah of truth").† Little boys ride upon their fathers' shoulders, merrily waving Torah flags; the old men raise the Torah scrolls high above their heads, in exaltation. The women stand behind the latticed partition, watching, beating out the rhythm, clapping and stamping, singing too—but still only spectators. They are envious—more likely, jealous. The Torah has seduced the men and earthly women are forgotten. The men are dramatizing Israel's marriage to the Torah.

* See his *On the Kabbalah and Its Symbolism* (Schocken).

† My shul, like most Orthodox synagogues, retains the Ashkenazic pronunciation in the liturgy.

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ON SIMHAT TORAH morning recently, I attended services at a Reconstructionist synagogue, where I had been urged to come because the Torah reading was said to be beautiful. It was indeed, but Reconstructionists are much too rationalistic to observe Simhat Torah as it ought to be observed, and Simhat Torah is too transcendental, too supernatural for the Reconstructionists to assimilate. (Norman Podhoretz once observed that Reconstructionism is the East European equivalent of Reform Judaism.) But I did not mind the dry-as-dust service so much as I did the feminist spirit which informed it. Women have equal rights in this synagogue all year 'round and Simhat Torah was no exception. Not only were women called up to the Torah for *aliyot* (that is an ordinary Sabbath routine here), but they were also given the privilege of *Hatan Torah*, which, Reconstructionists being strict rationalists, was renamed *Kallat Torah*. Watching these women embrace the Torah, I found myself seized by wicked and perverse thoughts. Wicked: How insensible was this movement to the festival's symbolism, to its music and poetry. Perverse: Only here could transvestitism appear as innocent farce.

If ever men abdicate their synagogual responsibilities to women, the synagogue will, I fear, succumb either to Italianization or to Hadassah-ization. Women, when passive, can turn the synagogue into something like a provincial Italian Catholic church. The rabbi assumes all sacerdotal functions: the women become his dutiful parishioners, whose religion is part devotion, part ignorance, and part superstition. Religion, then, becomes a womanish thing. Men stay away out of contempt. I have seen signs of this in several small Reform congregations in New York. But even more forbidding—to me at least—is the threat of female power, female supremacy in the synagogue. Women are efficient: they can organize, raise funds, bring order out of chaos. They can turn the shul into a Hadassah chapter. Not that I disapprove of Hadassah, its activities, or its ladies. But I do not like the idea of their taking over the synagogue. (I have seen signs of this, too, in some of the larger Conservative congregations.) I prefer my secular world to be a man's world. As a matter of fact, so, for generations, have most Jewish women, notwithstanding the caricatures of man- and manchild-eating Jewish women depicted in the fiction now much in vogue.

IN JUDAISM, women are assigned primacy at home, not in shul, and, despite the reformers, this traditional religious role of women seems appropriate also biologically and sociologically. The Talmud exempted women from the performance of "positive commandments which depend on stated times," and the rabbis said women acquire merit "by sending their children to learn [Torah] in the synagogue, and their husbands to study in the schools of the rabbis, and by waiting for their husbands until they return from the schools of the rabbis."

But women were not exempt from praying: they were expected to recite the Shemoneh Esreh, affix the mezuzah, and say the benediction after meals. (The Vilna Gaon, maximalist that he was, ruled that women were also obligated to recite the *Shema*.) Nor were women discouraged from attending services in the synagogue. But women's obligations at home seldom permitted them the leisure to go to shul for daily morning prayers. (Dr. Isaac Rivkind recounts an anecdote of a pious East European woman who used to come to shul early each morning and recite a prayer of her own: "Good morning, God! I haven't got much time to spend here; I must go home and feed Abraham my son, so he will have strength to study your holy Torah. Good day, God!") For the most part, women have gone to shul on Sabbaths and festivals.

Women know less of the liturgy and the Torah than men do, or, if they are modern women, than they ought to. Traditionally, though it was considered improper to teach women the Oral Law, there was no prohibition against learning to read the Torah. Still, most Jewish women used to be what we would today describe as functional illiterates.

One solution to female liturgical illiteracy was a female prayer-leader, known in Yiddish variously as a *zogerin, forzogerin, zogerke* (all meaning "reciter") or *voylkenevdike* (a learned woman). Proficient in Hebrew, with mastery of the liturgy, the *zogerke* would recite and translate the set prayers for the women in the gallery, simplifying, paraphrasing, enlarging, embellishing, and interpreting in a fashion appropriate for her listeners. They, if they could, repeated the Hebrew after her.

In time, the oral tradition of the *zogerke* became formalized in print. The *Korban Minhah* prayerbook, containing a Yiddish translation and commentary on the whole liturgy, first published in 1725, became the standard *siddur* for women and the most widespread in Eastern Europe even until 1939. In my shul several older women still pray from it. Private prayers—*tehinnot*—or prayers for private occasions also became standardized in print. Composed chiefly by women, these *tehinnot* provided for all sorts of personal and ritualistic contingencies which Jewish women might confront. The most famous of the *tehinnot* composers was Sarah, known by her own appellation as *Sore bas tovim*—Sarah, daughter of pious parents—who lived early in the 18th century. Her *tehinnot* were so popular that some hundred and fifty years after her death, her name continued to appear on devotional compositions which indigent and somewhat cynical rabbinical students wrote on demand for publishers, imitating her touching and sentimental style. The granddaughter of a rabbi, Sarah was probably a *zogerke*, traveling from town to town, from one women's gallery to another. Her self-imposed condition of homelessness, she explained in one of her collections of *tehinnot*, was by way of expiation for the sins of her youth: "I talked in the synagogue while the dear Holy Torah was being read." She cautioned her readers to benefit from her sad experience: "I do recall those times when I used to come to the dear synagogue in costly jewels, sneering

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and scoffing . . . but God remembers and does not forgive. Therefore, you should come with reverence, knowing before Whom you have come and to Whom you pray."

THE HOUR at which the reading from the Torah scrolls takes place is generally conceded to be the best time for conversation in shul; at least that has been the practice from the days of Sarah *bas tovim* (and surely before) until today. But in the good old days, on the very first occasion the Torah was read before a congregation, there was no talking at all. According to the Bible, when Ezra brought the Law before the congregation, both men and women, "the ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the Law" (Neh. 8:3). But thereafter, though the Shulhan Arukh proscribed conversation during Torah reading, even about Torah, the ruling was honored, as they say, more in the breach.

That there is too much talking in shul is a criticism Jewish universalists are prone to make of Jewish particularists, as if idle conversation during services were unique to Jews or to Jewish women. But the complaint is more universal than the universalists may care to concede, because they are so particularist in their criticism of particularism. Bertold of Regensburg, the 13th-century Franciscan preacher, used to grumble at churchgoers who, "while God is being served with singing or reading . . . laugh and chatter as if they were at a fair. . . . And ye women, ye never give your tongues rest from useless talk! One tells the other how glad the maidservant is to sleep and how loth to work; another tells of her husband; a third complains that her children are troublesome and sickly!"

One reason why women gossip in shul is, of course, that they have an innate feminine proclivity for it: "Of ten measures of talk that came down to the world, women took nine." Another reason is that they simply do not understand what is going on. I have discovered that many women in my shul who can recite the prayers more fluently than I seldom know their meaning, though they can locate them immediately in the *siddur*. Least of all do they understand the Torah reading. This, too, was not always the case. When Ezra first read the Torah everyone knew what was going on: "And they read in the book, in the Law of God, distinctly; and they gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading" (Neh. 8:8).

THE HASIDIM of medieval Germany believed that understanding the liturgy was the key to *kavvanah*, the mystical meditation on the meaning and words of the prayers, inducing communion with God. The *Sefer Hasidim* ("Book of the Devout") counseled God-fearing men who knew no Hebrew and women, "who certainly do not understand Hebrew," but who wanted to pray with *kavvanah*, to pray in the language they understood: "For prayer is the heart's pleading. If the heart understands not what the lips utter, what good is such prayer?" Presumably, the Reform movement has solved this problem with the Union Prayer Book. Reform women can understand the prayers; but if they don't gossip, or gossip less, in Reform Temple, it may be because the service is too short for social intercourse. The Shema and the Shemoneh Esreh have been so truncated that there is little left of the original liturgy either to understand or to misunderstand. And since hardly any Torah is read, that problem, too, has been solved by being done away with. I, for one, prefer ignorant piety to literate brevity. Besides, I find decorum more unnerving than talk.

Nevertheless, in my shul the hubbub of conversation during Torah reading often annoys me. But then, too, I can afford to be self-righteous because I have no one to talk to. Though I pay my way, I am an anonymous creature there. Sometimes when I get lonesome I daydream about my ideal *ezrat nashim*, about shul-going women I would like to talk to. When I come back to reality, I find I like things pretty much as they are. Still, it would be nice to have a friend with me once in a while so that I, too, could talk and be like other women in shul.

James Bond Unmasked

Mordecai Richler

IN OUR TIME, no books, no films, have enjoyed such a dazzling international success as the James Bond stories. But the impact was not instantaneous. When *Casino Royale* appeared in 1953 the reviews were good, but three American publishers rejected the book and sales were mediocre, which was a sore disappointment to Bond's unabashedly self-promoting author, Ian Fleming, then forty-three years old.

By the spring of 1966 the thirteen Bond novels had been translated into twenty-six different languages and had sold more than forty-five million copies. The movie versions of *Doctor No; From Russia With Love; Goldfinger;* and *Thunderball* had been seen by some one hundred million people and were in fact among the most profitable ever produced. Bond has spawned a flock of imitators, including Matt Helm, Quiller, and Boysie Oakes. More than two hundred commercial products, ranging from men's toiletries to bubble gum, have been authorized to carry the official Bond trademark. Only recently, after a fantastic run, has the boom in Bond begun to slump. Or has it? Kingsley Amis, an honest devotee, has been commissioned to continue the adventures of Fleming's hero. A new Bond, *Colonel Sun*, has been published recently, and is already a best-seller in England.

The success of Bond is all the more intriguing because Ian Fleming was such an appalling writer. He had no sense of place that scratched deeper than Sunday-supplement travel articles or route maps, a much-favored device. His celebrated use of insider's facts and O.K. brand names, especially about gunmanship and the international high life, has been faulted again and again. Eric Ambler and Graham Greene (in his entertainments) have written vastly superior spy stories, and when

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Fleming ventured into the American underworld, he begged comparison with Mickey Spillane, not with such original stylists as Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. He had a resoundingly tin ear, as witness a Harlem Negro talking, vintage 1954 (*Live and Let Die*):

> Yuh done look okay yoself, honeychile . . . an' dat's da troof. But Ah mus' spressify dat yuh stays close up tuh me an keeps yo eyes offn dat low-down trash'n his hot pants. 'N Ah may say . . . dat ef Ah ketches yuh makin' up tah dat dope Ah'll jist nacherlly whup do hide off'n yo sweet ass.

Or, as an example of the recurring American gangster, Sol "Horror" Horowitz (*The Spy Who Loved Me*):

> The lady's right. You didn't ought to of spilled that java, Sluggsy. But ya see, lady, that's why they call him Sluggsy, on account he's smart with the hardware.

As Fleming was almost totally without the ability to create character through distinctive action or dialogue, he generally fell back on villains who are physically grotesque. So Mr. Big has "a great football of a head, twice the normal size and very nearly round," hairless, with no eyebrows and no eyelashes, the eyes bulging slightly and the irises golden round black pupils. Doctor No's head "was elongated and tapered from a round, completely bald skull down to a sharp chin so that the impression was of a reversed rain drop—or rather oildrop, for the skin was of a deep almost translucent yellow."

Each Bond novel, except for *The Spy Who Loved Me*, follows an unswerving formula, though the sequence of steps is sometimes shuffled through the introduction of flashbacks:

1) Bond, bored by inactivity, is summoned by M for a mission.

2) Bond and villain confront each other tentatively.

3) A sexy woman is introduced and seduced by Bond. If she is in cahoots with villain, she will find Bond irresistible and come over to his side.

4) Villain captures Bond and punishes him (torture, usually), then reveals his diabolical scheme. "As you will never get out of this alive . . ." or, "It is rare that I have the opportunity to talk to a man of your intelligence. . . ."

5) Bond escapes, triumphs over villain, destroying his vile plot.

6) Bond and sexy woman are now allowed their long-delayed tryst.

This basic formula is usually tarted-up by two devices:

1) We, the unwashed, are granted a seemingly knowledgeable, insider's peek at a glamorous industry or institution—say, diamond or gold smuggling; the Royal College of Arms; Blades, and other elegant clubs. This makes for long chapters of all but unbroken exposition, rather like fawning magazine articles.

2) We are taken on a Fleming guided tour of an exotic locale: Las Vegas, Japan, the West Indies. This also makes for lengthy, insufferably knowing expository exchanges, rather thinly disguised travel notes, as, for example, when Tiger Tanaka educates Bond to Japanese mores (*You Only Live Twice*).

NOT SURPRISINGLY, considering Fleming's boyish frame of mind, competitive games figure prominently in the Bond mythology, as do chases in snob cars or along model railways. The deadly card game, Bond against the villain, is another repeated set piece (*Casino Royale, Moonraker, Goldfinger*).

A recurring character in the Bond adventures is the American Felix Leiter, once with the CIA, later with Pinkerton's. Leiter, an impossibly stupid and hearty fellow, is cut from the same cloth as the cold-war comic strip heroes Buzz Sawyer and Steve Canyon. A born gee-whiz, gung-ho type.

If Fleming's sense of character is feeble and his powers of invention limited, the sadism and heated sex I was led to expect turned out to be tepid. A roll-call of Bond's girls yields Vesper Lynd, Solitaire, Gala Brand, Tiffany Case, Honeychile Rider, Pussy Galore, Domino Vitali, Kissy Suzuki, Mary Goodnight. As the perfume-brand labels indicate, the girls are clockwork objects rather than people. The composite Bond girl, as Kingsley Amis has already noted, can be distinguished by her beautiful firm breasts, each, I might add, with its pointed stigma of desire. The Bond girls are healthy, outdoor types, but they are not all perfectly made. Take Honeychile Rider, for instance: *café au lait* skin, ash blonde hair, naked on first meeting except for a wide leather belt round her waist with a hunting knife in a leather sheath, she suffers from a badly broken nose, smashed crooked like a boxer's. Then there's the question of Honeychile's behind, which was "almost as firm and rounded as a boy's"—a description which brought Fleming a letter from Noel Coward. "I was slightly shocked," Coward wrote, "by the lascivious announcement that Honeychile's bottom was like a boy's. I know that we are all becoming progressively more broad-minded nowadays but really, old chap, what *could* you have been thinking of?"

Descriptions of clad Bond girls tend to focus on undergarments. Jill Masterson, on first encounter in *Goldfinger*, is naked except for a black bra and briefs. Tatiana, in *From Russia, With Love*, is discovered "wearing nothing but the black ribbon round her neck and black silk stockings rolled above her knees." Not that I object to a word of it. After all, sexy, unfailingly available girls are a legitimate and most enjoyable convention of thrillers and spy stories. If I find Fleming's politics distasteful (more about this, later), his occasional flirtation with ideas embarrassing, I am happy to say that I am in accord with him in admiring firm, thrusting, beautiful breasts.

Unlike Harold Robbins, Ian Fleming does not actually linger overlong on sexual description. Or perversion. He is seldom as brutalized as Mickey Spillane is page after page. If anything, he's something of a prude. The closest he comes to obscenity is "---- you" in *Dr. No*. Mind you, this fastidiousness is followed hard by a detailed description of a Negro punishing a girl by squeezing her Mound of Venus between his thumb and forefinger, until his knuckles go white with the pressure. "She's

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Love Moun' be sore long after ma face done get healed." Other, more exquisite tortures of women follow in further adventures, usually enforced when the girls are deliciously nude, but James Bond's language never degenerates beyond an uncharacteristic imprecation in *You Only Live Twice*. "Freddie Uncle Charlie Katie," he says, meaning fuck, I take it.

The Bond novels are not so much sexy as they are boyishly smutty. James Bond's aunt, for instance, lives "in the quaintly named hamlet of Pett Bottom." There's a girl called Kissy and another named Pussy. Not one of the Bond girls, however, lubricates as sexily as does Tracy's Lancia Flaminia Zagato Spyder, "a low white two-seater . . . [with] . . . a sexy boom from its twin exhausts."

Ian Fleming was frightened of women. "Some," he wrote, "respond to the whip, some to the kiss. . . ." A woman, he felt, should be an illusion; and he was deeply upset by their bodily functions. Once, in Capri, according to his biographer, John Pearson, Fleming disowned a girl he had liked the looks of after she retired for a few moments behind a rock. "He had," a former girl friend told Pearson, "a remarkable phobia about bodily things. . . . I'm certain he would never have tied a cut finger for me. I feel he would also have preferred me not to eat and drink as well." Fleming once told Barbara Grigg of the London *Evening Standard* that "women simply are not clean—absolutely filthy, the whole lot of them. Englishwomen simply do not wash and scrub enough." So, added to the image of James Bond, never traveling without an armory of electronic devices, the latest in computerized death-dealing gadgetry, one now suspects that his fastidious creator also lugged an old-fashioned douche bag with him everywhere.

JAMES BOND is well worth looking at in juxtaposition to his inventor, Ian Fleming.

In *Casino Royale*, Bond, staked by British Intelligence, plays a deadly game of baccarat at Royale-les-Eaux with Le Chiffre of SMERSH, and wins a phenomenal sum, thereby depriving the USSR of its budget for subversion in France. This adventure, Fleming was fond of saying, was based on a wartime trip to Lisbon with Admiral Godfrey of Naval Intelligence. At the casino, Fleming said, he engaged in a baccarat battle with a group of Nazis, hoping to strike a blow at the German economy. Alas, he lost.

Actually, John Pearson writes, "It was a decidedly dismal evening at the casino—only a handful of Portuguese were present, the stakes were low, the croupiers were bored." Fleming whispered to the unimpressed Admiral, "Just suppose those fellows were German agents—what a coup it would be if we cleaned them out entirely."

Fleming had other imaginative notions while serving the British Naval Intelligence during the war, among them the idea of sinking a great block of concrete with men inside it in the English Channel, just before the Dieppe raid, to keep watch on the harbor with periscopes. Or of freezing clouds, mooring them along the coast of southern England, and using them as platforms for anti-aircraft guns.

Fleming's trip with Admiral Godfrey did not terminate in Lisbon, but carried on to New York. Armed for the occasion with a small commando fighting knife and a fountain pen with a cyanide cartridge, as well as his Old Etonian tie, Fleming (with the Admiral) was supposed to slip into New York anonymously. "But as they went ashore from the flying boat," Pearson writes, "press photographers began to crowd around them. Although they soon realized that it was the elegant, sweet-smelling figure of Madame Schiaparelli which was attracting the cameras, the damage was done. That evening the chief of British Naval Intelligence was to be seen in the background of all the press photographs of the famous French couturiere arriving in New York."

Fleming said he wrote his first novel, *Casino Royale*, at Goldeneye, his Jamaica home, in 1952, to "take his mind off the shock of getting married at the age of forty-three." It seems possible that the inspiration for his villain, Le Chiffre, was The Great Beast 666, necromancer Aleister Crowley, who, like Mussolini, had the whites of his eyes completely visible around the iris. Crowley, incidentally, was also the model for the first novel by Fleming's literary hero, Somerset Maugham.

M, also initially introduced in *Casino Royale*, was arguably a composite figure based on Admiral Godfrey and Sir Robert Menzies, Eton and the Life Guards. M remains an obstinately unsympathetic figure even to Bond admirers. ". . . It may be obvious," Kingsley Amis has written, "why M's frosty, damnably clear eyes are damnably clear. No thought is taking place behind them." John Pearson writes of Bond's relationship with M, "never has such cool ingratitude produced such utter loyalty." If Bond's father-figure of a villain, Le Chiffre, threatens him with castration in his first adventure, then Bond, last time out (*The Man With The Golden Gun*) is discovered brainwashed in the opening pages and attempts to assassinate M, the unpermissive M. "In particular," Amis writes, "M disapproves of Bond's 'womanizing,' though he never says so directly, and would evidently prefer him not to form a permanent attachment either. He barely conceals his glee at the news that Bond is after all not going to marry Tiffany Case. This is perhaps more the attitude of a doting mother than a father."

A really perceptive observation, for Fleming, as a boy, was frightened of his stern and demanding mother and did in fact call her M.

PEARSON WRITES in *The Life of Ian Fleming*:

> Apart from Le Chiffre, M, and Vesper Lynd, the minor characters in *Casino Royale* are the merest shadows with names attached. The only other character who matters is Ian Fleming himself. For James Bond is not really a character in this book. He is a mouthpiece for the man who inhabits him, a dummy for him to hang his clothes on, a zombie to perform the dreams of violence and daring which fascinate his creator. It is only because Fleming holds so little of himself back, because he talks and dreams so freely through the device of James Bond, that the book has such

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readability. *Casino Royale* is really an experiment in the autobiography of dreams.

Without a doubt Fleming's dream conception of himself was James Bond, gay adventurer, two-fisted soldier of fortune, and ever the complete gentleman.

Bond renounces his occasionally vast gambling gains, donating his winnings to a service widows' fund; he is self-mocking about his heroics, avoids publicity, and once offered a knighthood, in *The Man With The Golden Gun,* he turns it down bashfully because, "He has never been a public figure and did not wish to become one . . . there was one thing above all he treasured. His privacy. His anonymity." In this Bond parts company sharply with his creator. Ian Fleming was a chap with his eye always resolutely on the main chance.

"Most authors, particularly when they begin," Pearson writes dryly, "leave details of publication to their agents or to the goodwill of the publisher." Not so Fleming, who instantly submitted a plan for "Advertising and Promotion" to his publisher, Jonathan Cape. Copies of *Casino Royale* were ready by March 1953. Without delay, Fleming wrote a letter to the editors of all Lord Kemsley's provincial newspapers, sending it off with an autographed copy of his book. "Dr. Jekyll has written this blatant thriller in his spare time, and it may amuse you. If you don't think it too puerile for Sheffield or Stockport, Macclesfield, Middlesborough, Blackburn, etc., it would be wonderful if you would hand a copy with a pair of tongs to your reviewer."

This jokey little note, properly read, was an order from the bridge to the chaps on the lower-deck, for Fleming was a known intimate of Lord Kemsley as well as foreign news manager of the *Sunday Times,* then the Kemsley flagship, so to speak.

Fleming also astutely sent a copy of his novel to Somerset Maugham, who replied, "It goes with a swing from the first page to the last and is really thrilling all through. . . . You really managed to get the tension to the highest possible pitch." If James Bond would have cherished such a private tribute from an old man, Ian Fleming immediately grasped its commercial potential, and wrote back, "Dear Willie, I have just got your letter. When I am seventy-nine shall I waste my time reading such a book and taking the trouble to write to the author in my own hand? I pray so, but I doubt it. I am even more flattered and impressed after catching a glimpse of the empestered life you lead at Cap Ferrat, deluged with fan mail, besieged by the press, inundated with bumpf of one sort or another. . . . Is it bad literary manners to ask if my publishers may quote from your letter? Please advise me—as a 'parain,' not as a favor to me and my publishers."

Maugham replied, "Please don't use what I said about your book to advertise it."

As the sales of *Casino Royale* were disappointing, Fleming turned to writing the influential Atticus gossip column in the *Sunday Times,* which provided him with a convenient platform to flatter those whose favors he sought. After Lord Kemsley refused to run a *Sunday Times* Portrait Gallery puff of Lord Beaverbrook on his seventy-sixth birthday, he did allow Fleming, following some special pleading, to celebrate Beaverbrook in his column. "History will have to decide whether he or Northcliffe was the greatest newspaperman of this half century. In the sense that he combines rare journalistic flair, the rare quality of wonder . . . with courage and vitality . . . the verdict may quite possibly go to Lord Beaverbrook. . . ."

Beaverbrook, who had an insatiable appetite for flattery, bought the serial rights to the next Bond novel and later ran a Bond comic strip in the *Daily Express,* with the upshot that James Bond, once only a *Times* reader, began to take the *Express* as well.

Once Macmillan undertook to publish *Casino Royale* in America, Fleming's self-advertisement campaign accelerated. He wrote to a friend asking him to influence Walter Winchell into plugging the book. He wrote to Iva Patcevitch, saying, "If you can possibly give it a shove in *Vogue* or elsewhere, Anna and I will allow you to play canasta against us, which should be ample reward." He also wrote to Fleur Cowles and Margaret Case. "You will soon be fed up with this book as I have sent copies around to all our friends asking them to give it a hand in America, which is a very barefaced way to go on. . . . I know Harry Luce won't be bothered with it, or Clare, but if you could somehow prevail upon *Time* to give it a review you would be an angel."

In 1955, the sales of his books still dragging, Fleming met Raymond Chandler at a dinner party. At the time, Chandler was an old and broken man, incoherent with drink. "He was very nice to me," Fleming wrote, "and said he liked my first book, *Casino Royale,* but he didn't really want to talk about anything except the loss of his wife, about which he expressed himself with a nakedness that embarrassed me while endearing him to me."

If the battered old writer, whom Fleming professed to admire, was tragically self-absorbed, he was, all the same, instantly sent a copy of Fleming's forthcoming *Live and Let Die.* "A few days later," Pearson writes, "Chandler telephoned Fleming to say how much he had enjoyed it, and went on to ask the author—vaguely, perhaps—if he would care for him to endorse the book for the benefit of his publishers—the kind of thing he was always refusing to do in the United States and a subject on which, in his published letters, he displays such ferocious cynicism. 'Rather unattractively,' Fleming wrote later, 'I took him up on his suggestion.' "

Chandler was as good as his word, Pearson goes on to say, "although it sounds as if it was rather a struggle. On May 25 he wrote pathetically to Fleming apologizing for taking so long—'in fact, lately I have had a very difficult time reading at all.' " But a week later he came through for Fleming, his blurb beginning, "Ian Fleming is probably the most *forceful* and *driving* writer of what I suppose still must be called thrillers in England . . . ." (Emphasis mine.) Chandler's letter of praise ended, somewhat ambiguously, "If this is

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any good to you, would you like me to have it engraved on a slab of gold?"

Fleming was also able to find uses for a burnt-out prime minister. In November 1956, twelve days after the Suez cease-fire, it was announced that Prime Minister Anthony Eden was ill from the effects of severe overstrain. It became necessary to find a secluded spot where Eden could recuperate, and so Alan Lennox-Boyd, then Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs and a friend of the Flemings, approached Ian Fleming about Goldeneye, his home in Jamaica. Fleming, flattered by the choice, neglected to say there were only iron bedsteads at Goldeneye, there was no hot water in the shower, and there was no bathroom, but there were bush rats in the roof. He did not advise Lennox-Boyd that Noel Coward's home nearby, or Sir William Stephenson's, would have been far more commodious for an ailing man. He did not even say that the Prime Minister would be without a telephone at Goldeneye. "The myth of Goldeneye was about to enter history," John Pearson writes, "it was too much to expect its creator to upset it."

Sir Anthony and Lady Eden set off for Goldeneye and Fleming sat back in Kent to write to Macmillan. "I hope that the Eden's visit to Goldeneye has done something to my American sales. Here there have been full-page spreads of the property, including Violet emptying ashtrays and heaven knows what-all. It has really been a splendid week and greatly increased the value of the property until Anne started talking to reporters about barracuda, the hardness of the beds, and curried goat. Now some papers treat the place as if it was a hovel and others as if it was the millionaire home of some particularly disgusting millionaire tax dodger . . . ." Two weeks later the bush rats caught up with Fleming. The London *Evening Standard* reported that Sir Anthony, troubled by rats during the night, had organized a hunt. Fleming, distressed, wrote to a friend, "The greatly increased rental value was brought down sharply by a completely dreamed-up report to the effect that Goldeneye was overrun by rats and that the Edens and the detectives had spent the whole night chasing them . . . ."

The Prime Minister's stay at Goldeneye brought Fleming to the attention of a public far wider than his books had so far managed for him. It was now, Pearson writes, that Fleming's public began to change. "Up to then he had been 'the Peter Cheyney of the carriage trade'. . . . After Eden's visit . . . many people were interested . . . (and) . . . began to read him. After five long years the 'best-seller stakes' had begun in earnest . . . if Fleming with his flair for self-promotion had planned the whole thing himself it could hardly have been better done."

II

COMMANDER JAMES BOND, CMG, RNVR, springs from a long line of secret service agents and club-land heroes, including William Le Queux's incomparable Duckworth Drew:

> Before I could utter aught save a muffled curse, I was flung head first into an empty piano case, the heavy lid of which was instantly closed on me . . . I had been tricked!

Sapper's Bulldog Drummond; and John Buchan's Richard Hannay:

> He began to snort now and his breath came heavily. "You infernal cad," I said in good round English. "I'm going to knock the stuffing out of you," but he didn't understand what I was saying.

Bond, whose double-O prefix in the Secret Service gives him a license to kill, sees himself as a "gay soldier of fortune," without personal animosity against England's enemies:

> This was merely his job—as it was the job of a pest control officer to kill rats. He was the public executioner appointed by M to represent the community. . . .

But he is distressed by an England where carrots have become all the fashion, and the government, at home and abroad, "doesn't show teeth any more—only gums." The trouble is that while he risks his neck abroad, ungrateful England continues to deteriorate. Typical is a "foxy, pimpled" young taxi driver whom Bond encounters on a visit home. The young man slowly runs a comb through both sides of his duck-tail haircut before starting his car:

> The play with the comb, Bond guessed, was to assert to Bond that the driver was really only taking him and his money as a favor. It was typical of the cheap self-assertiveness of young labor since the war. This youth, thought Bond, makes about twenty pounds a week, despises his parents and would like to be Tommy Steele. It's not his fault. He was born into the buyers' market of the Welfare State. . . .

Duckworth Drew, Drummond, Hannay, carried with them on their adventures abroad an innate conviction of the British gentleman's superiority in all matters, a mystique acknowledged by wogs everywhere. Not so James Bond, who in his penultimate adventure, *You Only Live Twice,* must sit through the humiliating criticism of Tiger Tanaka, Head of the Japanese secret service, who tells Bond that the British have not only lost a great empire, they have seemed almost anxious to throw it away, stage-managing, at Suez, one of the most pitiful bungles in the history of the world:

> . . . Furthermore, your governments have shown themselves successively incapable of ruling and have handed over effective control of the country to the trade unions, who appear dedicated to the principle of doing less and less work for more money . . . sapping at ever-increasing speed the moral fiber of the British, a quality the world once so much admired. In its place we now see a vacuous, aimless horde of seekers-after-pleasure, gambling at the pools and bingo, whining at the weather and the declining fortunes of the country . . . .

Richard Hannay, to be sure, would have knocked the stuffing out of just such a jabbering Jap. Hannay, in his thumping, roseate time, could boast that in peace and war, by God, there was nothing to beat the British Secret Service, but poor James Bond could not make the same claim without appearing ludicrous even to himself.

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If once British commanders sallied forth jauntily to plant the flag here, there, and everywhere, or to put down infernally caddish natives, today they come with order books for Schweppes. Duckworth Drew, Drummond, and Hannay, were all Great Britons: Bond's a Little Englander.

ENGLAND, ENGLAND.

James Bond is a meaningless fantasy cutout unless he is tacked to the canvas of diminishing England. After the war, Sir Harold Nicolson wrote in his diary, he feared his way of life was coming to an end; he and his wife, Victoria Sackville-West, would have to walk and live a "Woolworth life." Already, in 1941, it was difficult to find a sufficient number of gardeners to tend to Sissinghurst, and the Travellers' Club had become a battered caravanserai inhabited only by "the scum of the lower London clubs."

In 1945, Labor swept into office with the cry, "We are the masters now." Ten years later, in Fleming/Bond's time, the last and possibly the most docile of the British colonies, the indigenous lower-middle and working-class, rebelled again, this time demanding not free medical care and pension schemes, already torn from the state by their elders, but a commanding voice in the arts and letters. Briefly, a new style in architecture. So we had Osborne, Amis, Braine, Sillitoe, and Wesker, among others.

The gentlemen's England, where everyone knew his place in the natural order, the England which Sir Harold Nicolson, Bobbety [the 5th Marquess of Salisbury], Chips [Sir Henry Channon], and Boofy [the Earl of Arran], had been educated to govern, was indeed a war victim. Come Ian Fleming we are no longer dealing with gentlemen, but with a parody-gentleman. Look at it this way: Sir Harold Nicolson collected books because he cherished them; Ian Fleming amassed first editions because, with Britain's place unsure and the pound declining, he grasped their market value. Similarly, if the cry of God, King, and Empire, was now laughable, it was also, providing the packaging was sufficiently shrewd, very, very salable.

Little England's increasingly humiliating status has spawned a blinkered romanticism on the Left and on the Right. On the Left, it has given us CND (the touching assumption that it matters morally to the world whether or not England gives up the Bomb unilaterally) and anti-Americanism. On the Right, there is the decidedly more expensive fantasy that this offshore island can still confront the world as Great Britain. If the brutal facts, the familiar facts, are that England has been unable to adjust to its shriveled island status, largely because of antiquated industry, economic mismanagement, a fusty civil service, and reactionary trade unions, then the comforting right-wing pot-dream is that virtuous Albion is beset by disruptive Communists within and foreign devils and conspirators without.

Largely, this is what James Bond is about.

Bond's most pernicious enemies head, or work for, hidden international conspiracies, usually SMERSH or SPECTRE. SMERSH, first described in *Casino Royale,* is the conjunction of two Russian words: "*Smyert Shpionam,*" meaning roughly: "Death to Spies." It was, in 1953, under the personal direction of Beria, with headquarters in Leningrad and a sub-station in Moscow, and ranked above MVD (formerly NKVD).

SPECTRE is The Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, and Extortion, a private enterprise for private profit, and its founder and chairman is Ernst Stavro Blofeld. SPECTRE's headquarters are in Paris, on the Boulevard Haussmann. Not the Avenue d'Iena, the richest street in Paris, Fleming writes, because "too many of the landlords and tenants in the Avenue d'Iena have names ending in 'esou,' 'ovitch,' 'ski,' and 'stein,' and these are sometimes not the ending of respectable names." If you stopped at SPECTRE's headquarters, at 136 *bis* Boulevard Haussmann, you would find a discreetly glittering brass plate, that says FIRCO and, underneath, *Fraternité Internationale de la Résistance Contre l'Oppression.* FIRCO's stated aim is to keep alive the ideals that flourished during the last war among members of all resistance groups. It was most active during International Refugee Year.

SMERSH and SPECTRE are both inclined to secret congresses, usually called to plot the political or financial ruin or even the physical destruction of the freedom-loving West. As secret organizations go, SMERSH is growth stuff. As described in *Casino Royale,* in 1953, it was "believed to consist of only a few hundred operatives of very high quality," but only two years later, as set out in *From Russia, With Love,* SMERSH employed a total of forty thousand men and women. Its headquarters had also moved from Leningrad to a rather posh setup in Moscow, which I take to be a sign of favor. In *Goldfinger,* there is a SMERSH-inspired secret congress of America's leading mobsters brought together with the object of sacking Fort Knox. The initial covert meeting of SPECTRE, elaborately described in *Thunderball,* reveals a conspiracy to steal two atomic weapons from a NATO airplane and then threaten the British Prime Minister with the nuclear destruction of a major city unless a ransom of 100 million pounds sterling is forthcoming. SPECTRE next conspires against England in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service.* Blofeld, the organization's evil genius, has retired to a Swiss plateau and hypnotized some lovely British girls, infecting them with deadly crop and livestock diseases which they are to carry back to England, spreading pestilence.

Foreign conspiracy. In an earlier time, John Buchan, 1st Lord Tweedsmuir of Elsfield, Governor-General of Canada, and author of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and four other Richard Hannay novels, was also obsessed with vile plots against Albion, but felt no need to equivocate. We are barely into the *Thirty-Nine Steps,* when we are introduced to Scudder, the brave and good spy, whom Hannay takes to be "a sharp, restless fellow, who always wanted to get down to the roots of things." Scudder tells Hannay that behind all the governments and the armies there was a big subterranean movement going on, engineered by a very dangerous people. Most of them were the sort of educated an-

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archists that make revolutions, but beside them there were financiers who were playing for money. It suited the books of both classes of conspirators to set Europe by the ears:

> When I asked Why, he said that the anarchist lot thought it would give them their chance . . . they looked to see a new world emerge. The capitalists would . . . make fortunes by buying up the wreckage. Capital, he said, had no conscience and no fatherland. Besides, the Jew was behind it, and the Jew hated Russia worse than hell.
>
> "Do you wonder?" he cried. "For three hundred years they have been persecuted, and this is the return match for the *pogroms*. The Jew is everywhere, but you have to go far down the back-stairs to find him. Take any big Teutonic business concern. If you have dealings with it the first man you meet is Prince *von und zu* Something, an elegant young man who talks Eton-and-Harrow English. But he cuts no ice. If your business is big, you get behind him and find a prognathous Westphalian with a retreating brow and the manners of a hog. . . . But if you're on the biggest kind of job and are bound to get to the real boss, ten to one you are brought up against a little white-faced Jew in a bathchair with an eye like a rattlesnake. Yes, sir, he is the man who is ruling the world just now, and he has his knife in the Empire of the Tzar, because his aunt was outraged and his father flogged in some one-horse location on the Volga."

The clear progenitor of these conspiracies against England is the notorious anti-Semitic forgery, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, which first appeared in Western Europe in 1920 and had, by 1930, been circulated through the world in millions of copies. The *Protocols* had been used to incite massacres of Jews during the Russian civil war, being especially helpful in fomenting the pogrom at Kishinev in Bessarabia in 1903. From Russia, the *Protocols* traveled to Nazi Germany. Recently, they were serialized in a Cairo newspaper.

The history of the *Protocols*, and just how they were tortuously evolved from another forgery, *Dialogue aux Enfers entre Montesquieu et Machival*, by a French lawyer called Maurice Joly, in 1864, has already been definitively traced by Norman Cohn in his *Warrant For Genocide*; and so I will limit myself to brief comments here.

Editions of the *Protocols* are often preceded by an earlier invention, *The Rabbi's Speech*, that could easily serve as a model for later dissertations on the glories of power and evil as revealed to James Bond by Auric Goldfinger, Sir Hugo Drax (*Moonraker*), and Blofeld. Like Auric Goldfinger, the Rabbi believes gold is the strength, the recompense, the sum of everything man fears and craves. "The day," he says, "when we shall have made ourselves the sole possessors of all the gold in the world, the real power will be in our hands." Like Sir Hugo Drax, the Rabbi understands the need for market manipulation. "The surest means of attaining [power] is to have supreme control over all industrial, financial, and commercial operations. . . ." SMERSH would envy the Rabbi's political acumen. "So far as possible we must talk to the proletariat. . . . We will drive them to upheavals, to revolutions; and each of these catastrophes marks a big step forward for our . . . sole aim—world domination."

The twenty-four protocols purport to be made up of lectures delivered to the Jewish secret government, the Elders of Zion, on how to achieve world-domination. Tangled and contradictory, the main idea is that the Jews, spreading confusion and terror, will eventually take over the globe. Like SPECTRE, they will use liberalism as a front. Like Mr. Big (*Live and Let Die*), they will foster discontent and unrest. The common people will be directed to overthrow their rulers and then a despot will be put in power. As there are more evil than good men in the world, force—the Elders have concluded—is the only sure means of government. Underground railways—a big feature in all versions of the *Protocols*—will be constructed in major cities, so that the Elders could counter any organized rebellion by blowing capital cities to smithereens—a recurring threat in the Bond novels.

In fact the more one scrutinizes the serpentine plots in Ian Fleming's novels, the more it would seem that the Elders *are* in conspiracy against England. Not only are they threatening to blow up London, but they would seize the largest store of the world's gold, back disruptive labor disputes, run dope into the country, and infect British crops and livestock with deadly pests.

Which brings me to two final points. It is possible to explain the initial success of the Bond novels in that if they came at a time when vicious anti-Semitism and neo-Fascist xenophobia were no longer acceptable in England, then a real need as well as a large audience for such reading matter still existed. It was Fleming's most brilliant stroke to present himself not as an old-fashioned, frothing wog-

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hater, but as an ostensibly civilized voice who offered sanitized racialism instead. The Bond novels not only satisfy Little Englanders who believe they have been undone by dastardly foreign plotters, but pander to their continuing notion of self-importance. So when the Head of SMERSH, Colonel General Grubozaboyshikov, known as "G," summons a high level conference to announce that it has become necessary to inflict an act of terrorism aimed at the heart of the Intelligence apparat of the West, it is (on the advice of General Vozdvishensky) the British Secret Service that he chooses:

> ". . . I think we all have respect for [England's] Intelligence Service," General Vozdvishensky looked around the table. There were grudging nods from everyone present, including General G. ". . . Their Secret Service . . . agents are good. They pay them little money. . . . They are rarely awarded a decoration until they retire. And yet these men and women continue to do this dangerous work. It is curious. It is perhaps the Public School and University tradition. The love of adventure. But it is odd they play this game so well, for they are not natural conspirators."

Kingsley Amis writes that "To use foreigners as villains is a convention older than our literature. It's not in itself a symptom of intolerance about foreigners. . . ."

Amis's approach is so good-natured, so ostensibly reasonable, that to protest no, no, is to seem an entirely humorless left-wing nag, a Hampstead harpie. I am not, God help me, suing for that boring office. I do not object to the use of foreigners *per se* as villains. I am even willing to waive moral objections to a writer in whose fictions no Englishman ever does wrong and only Jewy or black or yellow men fill the villain's role. However, even in novels whose primary purpose is to entertain, I am entitled to ask for a modicum of plausibility. And so, while I would grudgingly agree with Amis that there is nothing wrong in choosing foreigners for villains, I must add that it is—in the context of contemporary England—an inaccuracy. A most outrageous inaccuracy. After all, even on the narrow squalid level of Intelligence, the most sensational betrayals have come from men who, to quote General G of SMERSH, were so admirably suited to their work by dint of their Public School and University traditions: Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, and Kim Philby. It should be added, hastily added, that none of these three men, contrary to the Fleming style, was an ogre or sold out for gold. Rightly or wrongly, they acted on political principle. And their real value to the KBG (a final insult) was not their British information, but the American secrets they were a party to.

Kingsley Amis and I, the people he drinks with, the people I drink with, are neither anti-Semitic nor color prejudiced, however divergent their politics. We circulate in a sheltered society. Not so my children, which brings me to my primary motive for writing this essay.

The minority man, as Norman Mailer has astutely pointed out, grows up with a double-image of himself, his own and society's. My boys are crazy about the James Bond movies, they identify with 007, as yet unaware that they have been cast as the villains of the dramas. As a boy I was brought up to revere John Buchan, then Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada. Before he came to speak at Junior Red Cross Prize Day, we were told that he stood for the ultimate British virtues. Fair play, clean living, gentlemanly conduct. We were not forewarned that he was also an ignorant, nasty-minded anti-Semite. I discovered this for myself, reading *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. As badly as I wanted to identify with Richard Hannay, two-fisted soldier of fortune, I couldn't without betraying myself. My grandfather, *pace* Buchan, went in fear of being flogged in some one-horse location on the Volga, which was why we were in Canada. However, I owe to Buchan the image of my grandfather as a little white-faced Jew with an eye like a rattlesnake. It is an image I briefly responded to, alas, if only because Hannay, so obviously on the side of the good, accepted it without question. This, possibly, is why I've grown up to loathe Buchan, Fleming, and their sort.

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A Tradition of Scrutiny

ANNA KARENINA AND OTHER ESSAYS. By F. R. LEAVIS. *Pantheon. 248 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by FRANK KERMODE

THE 1963 reprint of *Scrutiny* was equipped with an analytical index, which includes six columns of references to D.H.Lawrence, seven to Henry James, and seven to T.S. Eliot ("his academic reputation increases," "M.C. Bradbrook's estimate of his value as a critic shown to be false by Dr. Leavis," "puritanism detected in his work," "*Four Quartets* the result of disequilibrium in Eliot's feelings," "lack of sustained thought"). There is no entry for Tolstoy. For two decades the leading English critical review, reformer of English sensibility, *Scrutiny* apparently managed without mentioning Tolstoy, not to speak of Dostoevsky. Flaubert ("diffuseness," "dullness," "paucity of his contact with life," "monotony," "limitations," "psychological barrenness") is there, for obvious reasons. But a journal which always endorsed Lawrence's most uncompromising claims for the novel—"the highest form of human expression so far attained," he called it, and "the one bright book of life"—saw no necessity to "place" Tolstoy, or to allow him any effect on the placing of others. Furthermore, the McKenzie-Allum *Checklist* of Dr. Leavis's writings from 1924 to 1964 suggests that the principal editor of *Scrutiny* had never devoted an essay to any writer who used a language other than English.

These facts are offered in partial explanation of something that American readers might otherwise miss. There would be no public astonishment if a comparably distinguished American critic announced an essay on *Anna Karenina*; but when *The Cambridge Quarterly* proclaimed that its first issue would contain Leavis on that work there was a buzz of excitement. And this testified not only to Leavis's great reputation, but to the truth that he is not an author of whom radical new departures are expected. For all his critical respect for Arnold, he is not himself exactly *ondoyant et divers*. He maintained over the years that as he saw the business of criticism it was best undertaken as an act of concentrated attention on the literature of one's own language, an opinion which his disciples on the whole have endorsed. But now, on the assurance of "those familiar with Tolstoy's use of the language," he declares himself satisfied that Aylmer Maude's translation is safe, and proceeds to make, in the title essay, very positive judgments and evaluations of a foreign author.

Anna Karenina, he says, evinces "the highest kind of creativity—higher than James's." The proof of this is conducted, characteristically, in terms of a refutation of certain remarks on Tolstoy made by earlier critics; the novelty lies in the fact that these critics are not academic straw-men, but Arnold, James, and Lawrence. In castigating the imperceptiveness of Lawrence on *Anna Karenina*, Leavis associates it with the nomadic, improvised life imposed on him by his marriage to Frieda; the disoriented didacticism of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* springs from the same root. More positively, there are just and intelligent discriminations, insights which perhaps earn the critic the right to call Tolstoy's book "the great novel of modern—of our —civilization." And the work of relating it to the Leavis world of moral criticism is impressively done; the familiar, strongly idiomatic language and structure of the essay help to domesticate the exotic Tolstoy. But anyone looking at this simply as a critical essay, and not allowing for peculiar additional interests, might well be excused for wondering what the fuss was all about.

Well, Dr. Leavis, as the dust jacket says, is "England's most distinguished literary critic." Although he has some American admirers and adherents, I have the impression that there are distinguished American literary critics who feel a little uncertain as to why this should be so. One reason, as I have hinted, is that one may have to supply a good deal by way of background to understand the values of any particular piece, to see what the critic is doing. Leavis has always been reluctant to talk explicitly about the philosophy, or even, in any abstract way, the method of his criticism. I remember W.K. Wimsatt saying, with some exasperation, about the D. H. Lawrence book, that for much of the time Leavis seemed simply to be copying out passages and pointing at them. And it was another Yale critic, René Wellek, who provoked Leavis into the fullest discussion of method and philosophy he has ever undertaken—negative and politely dismissive though it is—in the essay, "Literary Criticism and Philosophy" (*The Common Pursuit*).

THIS IS no doubt in part a general difference between the English and the American practitioner. American critics are, simply, much more deeply concerned with questions of *what* and *how* than English; though the gap is narrowing, though we know and respect one another better, the difference still declares itself. I myself am occasionally called an amateur by American colleagues, who do not mean to be offensive and find nothing curious in the application of such a word to someone whose professional life is devoted to criticism.

FRANK KERMODE *is the distinguished English critic. Mr. Kermode's most recent book,* The Sense of an Ending, *was published last year by Oxford University Press.*

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On the other hand, there are American books which are obviously in some senses highly professional, but which are so obsessed with problems of self-justification and procedure that what I regard as the true professional task is quite overlooked. Thus, I think, the description "amateur" becomes an honorable badge to wear, since at least it implies love, and the series of acts of the mind and personality by which one first submits to, then possesses, and finally expounds, a work of art, is—whatever else you say about it—a kind of loving. Of course love has its sexology and mystery its theology, beautiful disciplines both, in their places. But if it is English to do so, Leavis is English in treating them as of secondary importance. His purpose is to enter "into possession of the given poem . . . in its concrete fulness." That, at any rate, is the first step. What follows certainly has philosophical implications; but the social and educational implications happen to interest Leavis more. I suppose that there is implied a confidence, which I happen to share, that in the very long run a man can understand his own relation to the humanity and civility of the culture in which he is placed by intelligently eliciting his attitudes to the received masterpieces of its tradition. If he finds it necessary to disagree with conventional valuations it will follow that in some measure he also rejects the culture which upholds them. This is certainly true of Leavis.

That is why Leavis, no more than Arnold or Johnson, is to be thought of as exclusively a literary critic, though that is all he claims for himself. Literature has a central place in his moral universe, and so literary criticism is the central humanistic discipline. More even than criticism which treats literature as fodder for research, he detests the kind which makes it a matter of taste and fashion—"as if," said Wordsworth, "it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for ropedancing, or Frontiniac, or Sherry." One finds him brooding over some scholarly book that has taught him something but which seems to him to miss the essential points—like William York Tindall's book on Bunyan—disposing of the new information and at the same time lamenting the seventeen-and-sixpence he paid for it. Or one listens to the constantly renewed attacks on the London literary establishment. This is by no means the hazy abstraction to Leavis that it is to me, but an organization which confronts him with unrelenting enmity, "immensely resourceful and quite unscrupulous . . . a comprehensive system . . . one that commands . . . all the organs and channels of suggestion, inculcation, and influence." This powerful organization would have killed *Scrutiny* if it could; failing that, it silently stole *Scrutiny*'s ideas, and lives in a condition of unacknowledged "parasitic indebtedness."

If one adds to these two themes —hatred for mindless scholarship and for London—one other, the assertion of Lawrence's centrality, one has a rough idea of what most people first think of when they think of Leavis. Their second thoughts may include reflections on the "dislodgment" of Milton, the war against Eliot and his friends, the campaign against C. P. Snow. And, trying to bind all these disparate activities together, they may then remember that Leavis is an educationalist, that he has spent his life as a teacher in Cambridge, and that *Scrutiny* was his projection of what the English School there ought to have been and never was.

So WE ARE a little closer to understanding why Leavis can never be given his true value from the printed page alone. Much, it is true, may be learned from his *Education and the University* (1943) and from the articles in *Scrutiny*, by him and by his wife Q. D. Leavis, on the academic history and ethos of Cambridge. More may be inferred from the careers of his disciples, from his choice of enemies, and from his more intelligent commentators (for example, Ian Gregor, *The Dublin Review*, 1952). But the heat of loyalty, the dust of controversy, the deformities of the public imagination, all prevent our seeing clearly the critic who worked, reserved and austere, in Cambridge. Even in academic-journalistic close-up he looks somehow unreal, witness the admiring portrait of George Steiner:

> No ceremony. Only a don, spare of voice and stature, but flame-like in his pale intensity, leaving a lectern in a grey Cambridge hall and brushing out of the door with a step characteristically sinuous, lithe, and unheeding.
>
> Yet when Dr. Leavis quits Mill Lane for the last time, an era will have ended in the history of English sensibility. No less, perhaps, than that of Wittgenstein or R. H. Tawney, who like himself have sharply altered the inward cadence of intelligence, Leavis's retirement, the cessation of his teaching, marks an intricate, controversial chapter in the record of consciousness.

Of this, one might say that the affected grandeur of the tone devalues the sense; but Mr. Steiner's excuse for such rhetoric is precisely the difficulty of conveying Leavis's authority to a *reader*. If his prose seems angular, graceless, remember that his step is sinuous. The comparison with Wittgenstein works better in terms of devotedness, their own to their work, and their disciples to them, than to sensibility. The *cadence* is, obscurely, an *inward* cadence. Leavis's influence is entirely unlike Tawney's, which was more closely related to matters of immediate public importance. Steiner tries to show us the mysterious teacher, and fails.

How, we ask, did Leavis cultivate, and teach to his pupils as indispensable to their central discipline, so many idiosyncracies and apparent contradictions? There is the hieratical terminology and style—a manner of discussion, intense and emphasizing the concrete, yet dependent on a bundle of vague and arbitrary critical terms; the tone, despising elegance, yet in its contorted wheelings round the key words, mysteriously Jamesian. There is the admirable concern for personality and its fulfillment, a delicacy toward other personalities; but there is also a terrible acrimony in controversy, and unwillingness to believe that an opponent can be in good faith. There is the book *New Bearings in English Poetry* (1932) which did so much to clear the path for modern poetry in England; but there is the almost complete lack of sympathy for, or interest in, any poetry written since then. All these mysteries and con-

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tradictions are explained and resolved in the teaching. It must be so.

SCRUPULOSITY of conscience; mistrust of outsiders; severity of doctrine; acrimony in polemic; dependence on a leader's charisma: these are marks of a religious sect. To say this is not to call Leavis "puritan," an expression which in any case he would hardly repudiate, arguing for himself as for Bunyan and Lawrence a true life-accepting ethical puritanism. Nor is it to call him authoritarian. One must believe that teaching, for him, is a process involving two or more responsible persons; that all critical inquiry is free, not aimed at a conclusion acceptable to predetermined doctrine. Yet it has usually ended in the total acceptance, by disciples, of doctrines such as The Line of Wit, The Great Tradition, Lawrence as the central modern genius, etc. There is a sense in which this rigid institutionalization of the teaching must reflect the narrow force of the obstruction. It might be objected that, as Leavis says, Bunyan could belong to something as narrow as the Particular Open Communion of Baptists without forfeiting his place as a great writer in an authentic culture; so Leavis himself is to be judged not by his doctrine but by a much larger and vaguer criterion, intelligence, life-acceptance. But the disciples are doctrinaire. There are some key topics upon which Leavisites speak with one voice, and there are others upon which they do not speak at all until licensed to do so. In fact, the best of the disciples have either apostasized, been excommunicated, or fallen silent. As a compensation there is a limited ecumenical arrangement with some good Catholic critics, who profess a limited and critical adherence. And there are one or two young men who do accept the program, in the sense that they develop the original implications as to the sociological and historical frontiers of English, the radical inferences as to cultural history, and to the idea of a university. Meanwhile, the *Scrutiny* tradition remains strong in some high schools.

But evidently something went wrong. Dr. Leavis would say that in so far as it did, he can thank his London enemies. But that is not altogether true, I think. When the reissue appeared in 1963 I wrote an article in the *New Statesman,* speaking of my own gratitude to *Scrutiny* but adding that the myth of relentless and cunning opposition had corrupted the original health and vigor of the genuine minority position from which *Scrutiny* began, so that energy was converted into rancor and criticism into shrill complaint; with more of the same. Two senior ex-associates of Dr. Leavis, communicating with me privately, endorsed this view. I was also congratulated upon my daring. I had not imagined that I was being brave, but this reaction does testify to the awe in which Dr. Leavis and his journal are held. Anyway, I think I was right. It is true enough that in the early days the London literary world, and much of the academic world, resisted *Scrutiny*. But the bitterness of the complaints, the immodest tone of the conventicle, as I called it, have surely done much to frustrate its promise and limit its achievement. The good Puritan things—fearless radicalism in ideas, a fruitful connection of the life and the work, concern for social justice and intelligence—were dimmed by the bad Puritan things—doctrinal intransigence, contemptuous dismissal of the profane, immoderate polemic. Which is why the general reader associates Leavisites more with angry provincial certainties than with the sinuous steps of diverse, undulating intelligence.

THAT IS why one argues that the narrowness as well as the power of the school stems from the classroom. Great teachers must take some of the blame for what pupils make of their *logia*. Mr. Steiner offers a well-selected list of Dr. Leavis's critical terms: "discrimination, centrality, poise, responsibility, tactics, enforcement, realization, presentment, vitalizing, performance, assent, robustness." We must imagine these bones taking on flesh in tutorials. They derive their force from repeated use, not from any merit of their own as critical terms. That is why Wellek asked Leavis what he was doing. Leavis

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replied that he knew he was "making assumptions," but that the examination of such assumptions in terms acceptable to Wellek was not his business as a literary critic. However, he offers "some elementary observations" on his procedure. It involves, he said, not abstraction, which is a philosopher's work, but the realization of "a complex experience." This implies an act of evaluation, which in turn implies comparisons; the work must be "placed" in relation to others, in "an organization of similarly 'placed' things." Thus the criteria for "placing"—the realizing of a work in terms of its *life*—are directly related to one's view of the whole map of literature, how one thing lies in regard to another, and so to one's realization of the whole culture. It is in this way, evidently, that untrammeled judgments, arrived at in free discussion, eventually lead to dogma. Of course, what the outside world mostly sees is the formulated doctrine, not the pedagogical process which makes it possible; just as it hears not the patient tone of disinterested critical inquiry, but the angry assurance of polemical and doctrinal assertion.

IT WILL NOW be clear that the general interest in the Tolstoy essay has less to do with criticism than with doctrine: the party line, people say, has changed. A truth about human life has been certificated, as having found a "compelling constatation," in a book which Lawrence, the master of compelling constatations, misunderstood. The remainder of this collection serves primarily to exhibit the Russian novel in its new milieu. There is one piece of historic importance, the essay "Towards Standards of Criticism," which was written in 1933 as an introduction to a selection from the files of the defunct review, *The Calendar of Modern Letters*. This journal, which has strong claims to be thought the best of its kind in this century, was simply too intelligent and uncompromising to survive; and *Scrutiny* was an attempt to continue its tradition, with the political commitment to the Left which its editors explicitly proclaimed in the final number. The introduction Leavis wrote is not only a very fine thing in its own right, but a sort of manifesto for *Scrutiny*:

> Where there is a "living literature of the time" [he is quoting the valedictory editorial] there is also a "contemporary sensibility," and it is always the business of criticism (whatever it may appear to be doing immediately) to define—that is, help to form—and organize this, and to make conscious the standards implicit in it. (This "contemporary," of course . . . includes the past or as much of it as there is any access to.)

This is the program of *Scrutiny*; and the manner of its chief editor and contributor is, at its toughest, described by the epithet he chooses to describe "the characteristic fault" of the *Calendar*: "corrugation—excessive difficulty." But it is an excellent thing to have this essay available.

So too the essay on "Johnson as Critic," first published in 1944; it is one of the pieces one would need to discuss in detail if one needed to show a skeptic that Leavis's reputation is well-founded. Its praise of Johnson—"the vigor that comes from a powerful mind and a profoundly serious nature, and the weight that seems to be a matter of bringing to bear at every point the ordered experience of a lifetime"—uses the language we should borrow to praise Leavis. The intelligent charity which considers Johnson's limitations as the defects of his qualities we might also imitate. Unhappily, when Leavis is set against a writer (when the values of the sect are threatened) there is no charity toward limitations. This book contains yet another violent attack on Eliot, in a review of *On Poets and Poetry* first published ten years ago in this journal.* Again the decisiveness of Eliot's creative and critical achievement is acknowledged, but the effect of this is diminished by an insistence on his "specious cogency," and by an attack on the doctine of impersonality which, one cannot help thinking, is motivated largely by Eliot's failure to commend Lawrence. Here there is minute analysis vitiated by misunderstanding; can Dr. Leavis really have thought that Eliot's "impersonality" was intended to absolve the artist "from the need to have lived"? The piece turns into another attack on the "dominant literary-social milieu" of London, which of course distorted Eliot's judgment.

A BRIEF WORD on the other essays. There is an introduction to *The Pilgrim's Progress* which expands the discriminatory observations on Puritanism already adumbrated in an essay printed in *The Common Pursuit*. Earlier notice of *Adam Bede* is similarly expanded in a similar introduction. There are essays on James, one, on *What Maisie Knew*, celebrated for a disputed low valuation of *The Turn of the Screw*. There are two recent Conrad essays to augment *The Great Tradition*, on *The Secret Sharer* and *The Shadow Line*. The latter affords a curious instance of the teaching process as it goes on in Dr. Leavis himself. He is refuting some remarks on the book, made by Tom Hopkinson:

> [*The Shadow Line*] is central to [Conrad's] genius, and it might have been written to facilitate the refutation of such an account. Having made this last suggestion I withdraw it—or withdraw that way of making the point.

But on the next page the withdrawn suggestion is advanced once more and not withdrawn again. All this—the advancement of the argument by means of reproving Mr. Hopkinson, the tentative yet bold proposition, withdrawn and not withdrawn—is perhaps a mimesis of the famous tutorial process; it also helps to explain why Leavis's criticism is so tortuous in exposition. There is always anger, sarcasm, quarreling.

The Conrad pieces were lectures, and, as Yeats remarked, out of the quarrel with others we make rhetoric. Leavis seems to me to be more often just and trenchant in reviews. One rejoices to concur with his strictures on the recent edition of Lawrence's letters, and with his contempt for the testimony at the *Lady Chatterley* trial. In short, this collection, though very

* "T.S. Eliot's Stature as Critic," November 1958.

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far from his best, contains the kind of evidence print can give of the cogency and integrity of Leavis. It also annotates his sense of the venality of his opponents, his sense of injured merit. A new reader may conjecture, behind these essays, a remarkable man. Perhaps he may see why a not very extraordinary essay on *Anna Karenina* caused such a stir; he may even be able to guess what George Steiner meant when he talked about a change in the inward cadence of consciousness. If so he might well propose, as a rather urgent desideratum, an intelligent, nonpartisan critical study of Dr. Leavis himself.

The Promising Land

ISRAEL: POLITICS AND PEOPLE. By LEONARD J. FEIN. *Little, Brown. 338 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by ERNEST STOCK

ISRAEL'S BRIEF HISTORY as a state has been attended by the successive exposition and demolishment of an astonishing number of myths concerning its nature and purpose. Each of these myths arose out of a partial view of reality, and was unmade as the prism shifted to reveal another side of the truth. No sooner had the heroic figure of Ari Ben-Canaan stalked from the pages of *Exodus* than the task of deglorifying and humanizing the new Hebrew man had to be undertaken. Just at the moment that the kibbutz had earned its place as that *rara avis*, a successful experiment in utopia, its admirers found that its position had become marginal; instead of a return to the soil, industry was now seen to hold the key to the future. In the economy generally, rapid growth projected a near-kaleidoscopic image. Only a few years separated a regime of austerity, relying on foreign aid, from a *Wirtschaftswunder* casting off a bright glow of prosperity. More recently, over-expansion was followed by a recession which later

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was dubbed *mitun*—voluntary restraint.

Small wonder, then, that most books on Israel, regardless of their intrinsic merit, have enjoyed but a brief vogue: the particular myth—or segment of reality—which they expound is too soon overtaken by events. Nor should we expect Professor Fein's study, the bulk of which was written before last year's crisis, to have escaped these limitations. Indeed, some basic features of the situation have changed so drastically that this book, which was intended to be an analysis-in-depth of the current scene, has become instead a survey of Israel's politics at a particular point in its development. Thus, Fein's frame of reference is the "political culture" which, at the time he explored it, was in a state of transition: with Eshkol's succession to the premiership, Israel seemed to have left behind the phase of military consolidation and could devote itself to strengthening its economy and achieving its foreign policy goals through diplomacy. The 1967 crisis abruptly changed all that, and it also precipitated a new mood in the political system as a whole. Where in the past a standard response of the system to outside pressure had been factionalism and fragmentation, the crisis of June 1967 brought forth, at least temporarily, the opposite, namely consensus and coalescence.

Yet in spite of these time-induced handicaps, Fein's account achieves a rare level of interest and readability; above all, by having something genuinely new to say, it brilliantly clears the hurdle of banality on which so many books on Israel have stumbled. For example: in order to describe the spectrum of opinion in Israel on the issue of Jewishness, Fein sets up a continuum of "identity-intensity" which ranges from "Judaists,"* for whom Israel is God's promise and the Bible its Law, through "normalizers" who would make Israel a nation like all the nations, to "pure Jews" for whom statehood is merely a legal status for the fact of Jewish peoplehood. As for the Judaists' theological stance, he cites the hope that the more moderate groups among the Orthodox will eventually come to resemble the Christian Democratic parties of Europe, while the extreme Judaists will become an Amish-like, exotic but impotent subculture.

AT THE same time, Fein acknowledges, the state has tended to blur the distinction between "Israeliness" and Jewishness, pre-empting and incorporating ties of peoplehood and transferring them to the nation. "Partly for this reason," he says, "it is no longer clear what being a Jew means that being an Israeli does not. . . .For the secular, Jewishness has less and less independent meaning."

As to the much discussed intergenerational conflict, Professor Fein concludes, with two surveys as a basis, that even before the war and the splendid showing by Israel's youth this conflict was far less virulent than had been believed. The sabra "expresso generation," in spite of its different cultural tastes, agreed to a remarkable extent with the older generation's values and political orientations. The worst charge of the older group against the sabra was *bitzuism*: "getting things done" without reference to an ideological framework.

Fein classifies the Israeli population into traditionals, transitionals, and moderns, but he also cites data showing a rising curve of secondary school attendance as well as a declining birth rate among the immigrant groups. These trends would indicate that his categories are subject to almost instantaneous change. He points out that "traditionals" are lagging in political socialization and place a low value on the institutions of democratic politics. But it would have been near-miraculous if the complex party structure bequeathed to the state by the Zionist movement had, in addition to its other functions, also proved itself to be an efficient instrument of political socialization. Contrary to the widely held notion, Israelis in general neither feel passionately about, nor are they actively involved in, party politics; the system is run by seasoned professionals. The elaborate ritual they practice resembles more often a minuet than a *hora*; yet whatever its rhythm, it is too intricate for most newcomers to follow, much less to participate in. But how many first-generation immigrants, for that matter, are politically socialized in any society?

In his thoughtful postscript on the Six-Day War and its aftermath, Professor Fein offers some evidence that the myth of the "Second Israel" (the immigrant population from Asia and Africa) may have spent itself; but even before the war experience had acted, in Mr. Eshkol's phrase, as a "furnace in which a united nation was tempered," it had not been convincingly demonstrated that the integration process was inordinately slow. True, the cultural gap between oldtimers and newcomers was being perpetuated by physical separateness. But this was due more to the deliberate policy of concentrating newcomers in "development towns," away from established centers of population, than to any organic hitch in the predictably gradual acculturation of a diversified non-European population to predominantly European patterns. The regional settlement areas which Fein mentions as an antidote to separateness have been the exception rather than the rule.

But there is a "Third Israel" which remains an intractable reality—Israel's Arab population. Fein first outlines the situation as he found it before the war: mounting concern with the Arabs' high rate of natural increase coupled with public inattention to the real problems of majority-minority relations. Then victory sharpened the issue: continued control of the occupied areas with their Arab population places the Jewish character of the state in question far more quickly and effectively than does the fact of a lagging Jewish birth rate.

IN WHAT was originally the final chapter of his book, Professor Fein laments the loss of the utopian vision in Israel and even evokes a sense of tragedy by comparing the generation which conceived that vision with the figure of Moses, who

* Fein's choice of the term is not a happy one. Israelis use it to refer disparagingly to adherents of the American Council for Judaism.

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never entered his promised land. It is perhaps natural that outsiders should still regret what most Israelis have long accepted as ineluctable: the phenomenon by which autonomous national existence gives rise to a dynamic of its own which is only marginally propelled by the ideology of the founders. This is hardly the stuff of tragedy, and Fein in effect acknowledges as much. But in his postscript he sees the Six-Day War as marking Israel's emergence from adolescence into maturity: "It had managed a psychological feat hardly less impressive than the victory itself; in the area where it had most at stake, and where it had traditionally been least able to affect its own destiny, it had taken complete charge. . . . Israel could, after all, stand on its own two feet, without dependency on others, and shape its own future. The adolescence was over." Indeed, it is when choices are made in maturity that there is room for tragedy. It would be tragic if, having performed its Jewish role with success and resourcefulness, Israel's efforts to find a place in its multi-national environment were to fail; or if the Jewish ethic were to impede full recognition of the poly-ethnic character of Israel's population, or of its potential for bridge-building to the area and to the Third World beyond. The brief but fearful vision of an Israel facing imminent destruction was shattered, happily, on June 6, 1967; it would be tragic if the myth of Israel as a juggernaut were to take its place into the indeterminate future.

HUAC

THE COMMITTEE. By WALTER GOODMAN. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 564 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by ROBERT LEKACHMAN

AS A CHRONICLE of the three-decade history of the House Un-American Activities Committee, this long book is unflaggingly interesting, frequently entertaining, and occasionally elegant. Walter Goodman is no admirer either of the Committee or of its various clownish or bigoted (or clownish and bigoted) Chairmen. The noble roster runs from Martin Dies through Edward J. Hart, John S. Wood, J. Parnell Thomas, Wood once again, Harold H. Velde, Francis E. Walter, and Edwin E. Willis. With the single exception of Francis Walter, none of these men amounted to much as a legislator. Their celebrity derived entirely from the publicity which they sought and won as hunters of witches, harriers of Communists, and defenders of the sort of Americanism that Joseph McCarthy, a titan among such dim figures as these, popularized. As Mr. Goodman truly says, "If the House Committee on Un-American Activities had not been invented, there would be no good reason for it to exist."

But exist it does, and the well-organized historian must find a tone appropriate to a sustained description of its activities. Five hundred and sixty four pages of moral indignation would have been rather more than even the strongest emotional constitution among writers or readers could have borne. Mr. Goodman's tone of wondering irony meets the requirements—it accords comfortably both with the temperament of a civilized man and the quality of many of the transactions which he records. This irony locates its major targets among the members of the Committee, but the witnesses who paraded before HUAC are not neglected. Not all the clowns, after all, were on the Committee—some were friendly helpers like Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger, who proudly informed the Committee's investigators that her principled daughter, a patriot to the core, had refused to utter the subversive line, "Share and share alike—that's democracy" before the cameras. And how right she was, for the film in question, *Tender Comrade*, had been written by none other than the notorious Dalton Trumbo. Indeed, a good number of fastidious observers might have been more willing to jail Hollywood's Communists for producing tripe than for generating pro-Russian propaganda of

ROBERT LEKACHMAN *is chairman of the economics department of the State University of New York at Stony Brook.*

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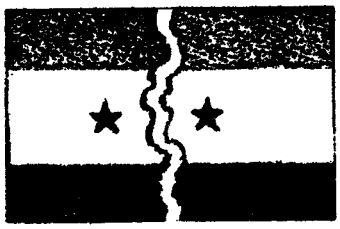

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which, as it turned out, the Committee's most determined probings found none. The difficulty did not prevent Representative Thomas from quoting with solemn approval Adolphe Menjou's verdict upon his town as "one of the main centers of Communist activity in America" —in which case, the prospects for revolution in our time would seem to have been exceedingly dim.

Blessed with material of such rich quality, Mr. Goodman is able to take and confer considerable pleasure. Nevertheless, his intellectual strategy has its limitations. The unfriendly witnesses who streamed before the Committee undoubtedly included a good many fools, an assortment of rogues, and even some genuine Communists. Although Mr. Goodman is certainly not guilty of the rough and ready plain man's judgment that bad men deserve bad treatment, he does succumb on occasion to the temptation, helpful certainly to the drama of the narrative flow, of sympathizing with the Committee on the occasions when its members have been confronted by particularly intransigent or particularly voluble hostile witnesses. There is a touch from time to time of an anti-anti-HUAC sentiment reminiscent of the anti-anti-McCarthyism which weakened the opposition of some good liberals to the Senator's activities.

A NECESSARY distinction between bad men and bad procedures is not always as clearly made as it should be. The moral disarray, intellectual muddle, and personal cowardice of many members of the American Left during the 30's and after unquestionably opened the door to congressional inquisition. Yet for the most part all that the personal failings of left-wing intellectuals proved was what everyone, aside from the intellectuals, knew all along—that intellectuals are no better than other people. Occupationally, however, they talk and write more, so that when a civilized community convicts its intellectuals of folly, it can appropriately deride and reject their present and future pronouncements, even while conceding the possibility that the once-foolish intellectual may have learned something from his folly. There is no legitimate occasion for public humiliation, still less for the subjecting of people to the choice between ratting on friends, past and present, and going to jail. Which is only to say that the weaknesses of the Left are often the occasion but never the justification for bullying from the Right.

Congressional bullying in that period certainly affected the atmosphere of ordinary life, yet it is only fair to concede that HUAC was always a lesser menace than the McCarthy of the great days. If it is difficult to recall how one felt during the McCarthy period, recent events on my own campus have jogged memory quite suddenly. Here are colleagues in 1968 testifying before a legislative committee and responding by invoking their constitutional rights. Once more local patriots are demanding their summary discharge. Owing to the vagaries of New York State law and the apparent definition of members of university faculties as public officials, it is quite possible that refusal to testify before a Grand Jury now sitting will result in the offenders' removal from the public payroll. Happily, 1968 is not yet the 1950's all over again; the New York legislature's Hughes Committee is not HUAC; and the climate of general and academic opinion is such that if jobs are actually lost on grounds like these, sympathy will generally be with the faculty members and better jobs may well come their way. All this is true, yet the faculty members in question have already been put to some legal expense; further expenditure is entirely possible; and their personal lives and those of their friends have been dominated by an accidental circumstance: they were called to testify largely because they were young, popular teachers suspected of knowing what their still younger students were up to. In short, the present situation is no fun at all for the young professors involved and no joking matter for their university either. Few academics will care to join a faculty whose members are defined as synonymous with the remainder of the state bureaucracy.

Things were, of course, much

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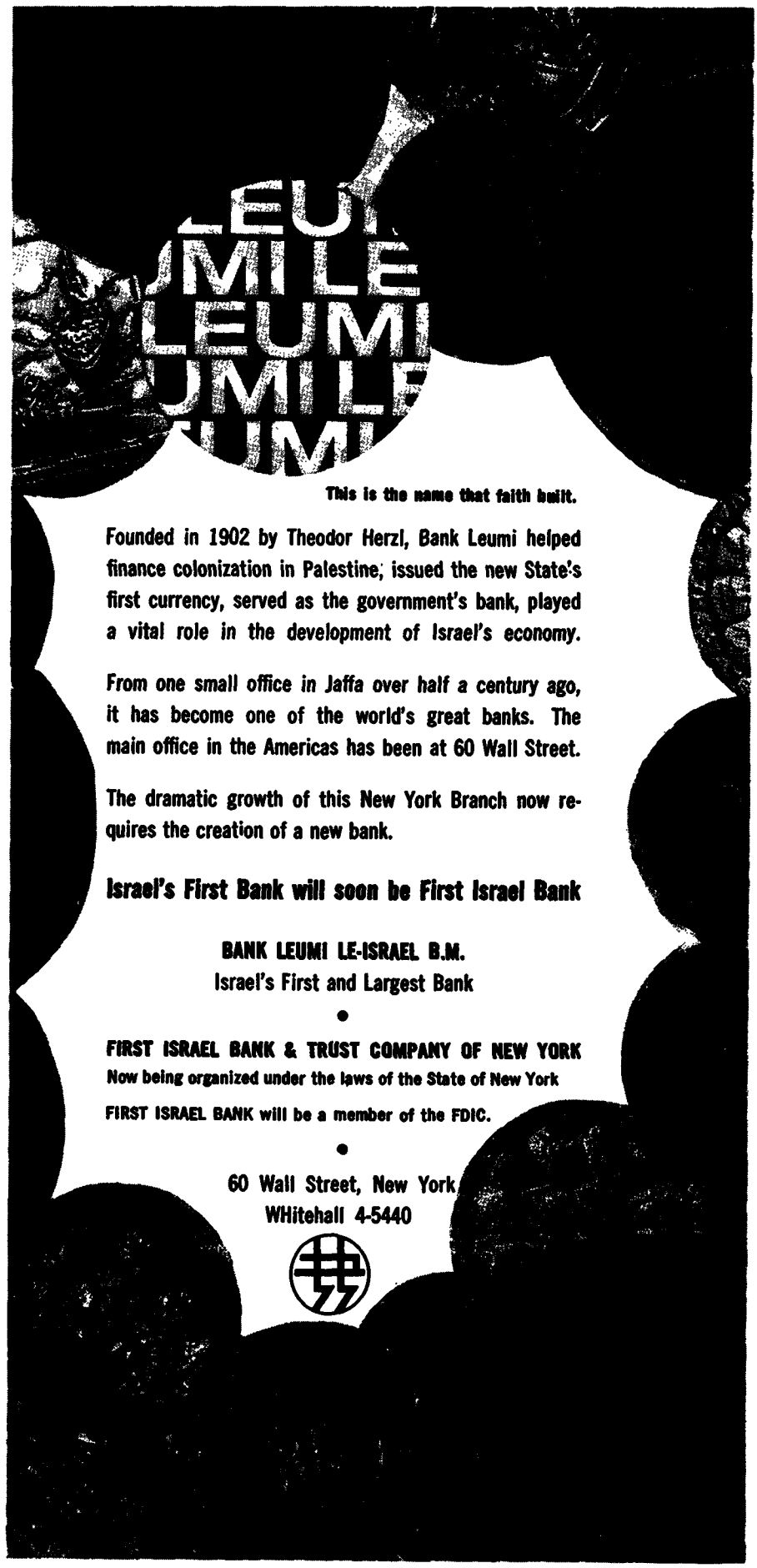
worse during much of the period traversed by Mr. Goodman. Although it is easily possible to exaggerate the disruptive impact of the legislative circuses of the 1950's, it is at least true that non-Communists as well as present or former Communists, liberals, radicals, and even an occasional libertarian conservative, were devoting time, energy, and thought to the preservation of basic civil liberties. This was so much psychic energy lost for more creative purposes. The intellectual languor of the 50's owed something to the intellectuals' preoccupations with legislative investigations.

POSSIBLY HUAC's largest negative contribution to American life was its share in the unleashing of that apparatus of security clearance, FBI investigation, and miscellaneous prying which is now a permanent feature of American life. One cannot so much as serve the Office of Education as a consultant in the selection of summer institutes for the edification of high-school teachers without surviving the solemn rites of investigation and clearance. HUAC may not be the only cause of the decline of privacy but it merits its share of the dishonor. One wonders whether the current passion of many social scientists to establish a central data bank in Washington would have won quite so much support had not Congress and the FBI habituated all of us, even the most rebellious, to the presence of this privileged snoopery.

I fear that Mr. Goodman's cool, rational, skeptical mood in the end minimizes the significance of HUAC's untidy life and actions. It did, after all, help poison American intellectual life in its hour, and it would take an optimist to exclude the possibility that it or one of its like-minded brethren is incapable of doing so again. It savaged many innocent and honorable souls. And even when it punished the morally corrupt and the intellectually "guilty," it did so in ways and with weapons that are not appropriate to the civilized behavior of enlightened governments. Finally, it helped the concepts of loyalty and security to become a cloak for the prying of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federal cops of all varieties. Are these such insubstantial accomplishments for a Committee populated with the cynics, dunces, opportunists, racists, and ignoramuses who have naturally found their home in HUAC? Even today the Committee is an incipient menace because it is allied, as Mr. Goodman notes, with the worst impulses and the least enlightened groups of the American people. Mr. Goodman allows us to see and believe all of this. I only wish he had stated his conclusions more strongly and more centrally in his generally impressive book.

Science & Sensibility

MY LIFE AND MY VIEWS. By MAX BORN. *Scribner's. 216 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by DANIEL LANG

THESE EIGHT essays, couched for the most part in untechnical language, at once command attention because they represent the social thinking of a man whose name is a truly eminent one in modern physics. Dr. Max Born, a founder of quantum mechanics, director of the Institute of Theoretical Physics at Göttingen when it flowered in pre-Hitler times, winner of a Nobel Prize, and teacher of numerous other laureates, probably merits inclusion among the dozen or so physicists whose single superior is Einstein (who was Born's close friend and musical duettist, and of whose general theory of relativity Born writes, "I was so impressed by the greatness of his conception that I decided never to work in this field"). Adding to the interest with which one approaches Born's ruminations on science and society is the knowledge that he is eighty-six. It is a time of life when one of the few remaining incentives for continuing is to tell the truth, and this the renowned physicist relentlessly seeks to do, his every page marked by a testamentary fervor and sincerity, even though the content of the page itself may arouse the reader's opposition. As one might expect when an octogenarian author discourses on his life and views, the book is overlaid with reminiscence, but it is reminiscence of a curiously immediate order, concerned as it is with the early days of what has developed into the onrushing scientific age that is currently engulfing us all. Thus, the message comes through with special force when a scientist of Born's standing writes, "In the operation of science [today] and in its ethics a change has taken place that makes it impossible to maintain the old idea of the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake which my generation believed in. We were convinced that this could never lead to any evil since the search for truth was good in itself." Nor does it sound like mere rambling reminiscence when Born recalls his blindness to the latent bomb-making proclivities of such Göttingen students as Oppenheimer, Teller, Fermi, and various Russian physicists. Satisfying though it may have been to have had "such clever and efficient pupils," he tells us, he wishes "they had shown less cleverness and more wisdom." One can almost hear Born sigh as he writes, "I feel that I am to blame if all they learned from me were methods of research and nothing else."

It is a long life he has led, and external events have often disturbed the stillness of his laboratory. A Jew, he learned from a Nazi newspaper, in 1933, that he had been dismissed from his post at Göttingen; five years earlier, we read, the burdens of that post had caused him a nervous breakdown, so taxing had Born found it as a man in his forties to keep intellectual pace with the prodigious youngsters his famous Institute attracted from all parts of the world. Making their way to Britain, he and his wife settled in Cambridge, where he was warmly welcomed at Cavendish Laboratory by the director, Lord Rutherford, the discoverer of the atomic nucleus. Born's enforced "replanting," the book makes clear, was more an indignity than a hardship. In fact, Born speaks of it as "a boon," attributing his good fortune to "international connections"—an advantage, alas, as he quickly acknowledges, that did not hold for many of his relatives and friends who died in concentration camps.

He and his wife put in much time assisting others to emigrate from Germany, carrying on this work in Cambridge and, later, in Scotland, where Born spent seventeen years of his exile as a professor of natural philosophy at Edinburgh University. He conducted unclassified research there with a variety of collaborators, one of them Klaus Fuchs. ("I think that he became a spy not from ulterior motives but from honest conviction.") Once the war was over, Born again saw Germany when Göttingen offered him "the freedom of the city," an honor he accepted after "some hesitation." Apparently, the sight of his native land affected him importantly, for a succession of visits followed until, finally, in 1953, on leaving academic life, he decided to spend his retirement in a small spa near his beloved Göttingen. He says it is a peaceful countryside, but he also says he lives there in the knowledge that Einstein and other friends opposed his decision to replant himself in German soil.

THE LIST OF political intrusions in Born's life goes on and on, but it would be glib to theorize that these entirely account for his social conscience. Unlike many colleagues, however, he does possess one, and in abundance. Repeatedly, he proclaims it the sustaining force of his later years, assuring us that "the ethical problems which have arisen from the enormous increase in power available to man are perhaps even closer to my heart than the scientific and political ones." Throughout the book, he appears a passionate, virtuous man attempting to redress the wrongs that scientists may have visited on the world. Even though he himself has never engaged in nuclear weapons research, he does not exploit this as an alibi, insisting that "however remote one's own work is from technical application, it is a link in the chain of actions and decisions which determine the fate of the human race. I realized this

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DANIEL LANG, *a new contributor, is a staff writer for the* New Yorker. *He is the author of* From Hiroshima to the Moon *and* An Inquiry into Enoughness.

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aspect of science in its full impact only after Hiroshima."

Highly cultivated though he is in music, philosophy, poetry, and history, Born's accents are unmistakably those of a scientist. Sometimes this is plain, as in the essay called "Symbol and Reality," in which he dwells on the uses of scale reading in experimental physics and on the theory of sets. Generally speaking, however, Born is not unduly abstruse for educated lay readers, his primary intent being to show that scientific reasoning *may* be of value in coping with social conflict. His emphasis, though, in contrast to that of some physicists, is on the "may." "Human and ethical values cannot be based on scientific thinking," he states, explaining that the physicist's rules of thought are not derived from experience but are purely cerebral inventions. However, he says, these inventions may exert philosophical influences that range far beyond the confines of the laboratory. It was the stubborn validity of physical and astronomical discoveries, Born maintains, that undermined the reign of medieval scholasticism, and in our era it is the epistemological lessons of the quantum theory that have dispelled the once accepted idea of an all-embracing, final truth—from which it follows, in Born's view, that the same idea is likewise also a mirage in the inexact realm of political ideology. One is grateful for the modest tone Born employs in making his claims for science, although it is disconcerting to come upon the calm, flat assertion that "scientists are less dogmatic and more open to argument than people trained in law or classics," particularly when, in another connection, Born describes his colleagues as "ordinary people" and says that "their ethics have nothing to do with their science."

The book has other faults, among them the vague use of such sweeping terms as "degree of civilization" and "progress." While Born, as noted earlier, extols quantum mechanics for disproving the idea of eternal verities, he himself speaks of it as though it were one, so reverential is his tone; it would suit both the theory and his praise of it if Born, somewhere along the line, allowed for an unknown day when quantum mechanics might conceivably be succeeded by another monumental insight, just as, Born reminds us, happened to Newtonian mechanics. Now and then, Born plays inadequately with provocative ideas, one of them being the possibility of controlling the social applications of basic research. It is tantalizing, too, that Born mentions only glancingly the new breed of "ambitious" scientists who have "tasted power and liked it." A descendant of science's noblest traditions, he might have spoken astringently concerning today's scientific eager beavers and their camp followers (or leaders) —industrialists, promoters, and wheeler-dealer publishers who are showered with honorary degrees and posh trusteeships.

But it is niggling to sound negative about this book. It is too rich in its rewards. One of them is to impart a sense of a physicist's *physical* outlook, which occurs in the chapter called "Europe and Science," when Born takes off on a monistic interpretation of history based on "energetics," tracing the rise of power in man from the days when he believed it lay stored in his muscle to the present period, when our long dependence on the sun's rays may end with a new reliance on "purely terrestrial energy." It is a relief to read a "Two Worlds" discussion in which the author—a *scientist*—fails to exhort the unwashed to memorize forthwith the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Concerned more with quality of effort than with Science Appreciation courses, he writes, "It seems to me that skillful, basic scientific thinking is a gift that cannot be taught and is restricted to a small minority." And again he strives to be objective about his objective vocation when he tells us, "Though I love science I have the feeling that it is so greatly opposed to history and tradition that it cannot be absorbed by our civilization. The political and military horrors and the complete breakdown of ethics which I have witnessed during my lifetime may not be a symptom of an ephemeral social weakness but a necessary

KOREA

The Politics of the Vortex

Gregory Henderson

A wholly new interpretation of the pattern of Korean politics up to 1967 and its origins in Korean society and culture, this book is a major contribution to our understanding of that country. The author describes what he calls the "vortex" pattern of social mobility and political life, and shows that, while Korea offers an extreme example of the phenomenon, it may be found in other societies in Asia. In his analysis, he provides an extensive treatment of the Japanese period, and one of the only accounts available of the U.S. Military Government in Korea after 1945. Mr. Henderson is a former Foreign Service Officer who served for over seven years in Seoul and Pusan. *Center for International Affairs.*
Illus. $11.95

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consequence of the rise of science—which in itself is among the highest intellectual achievements of man."

Born has no panacea for saving the planet, beyond urging the realization of world peace via world organization. He believes we must cling to an element of hope, but it is difficult to follow his advice when he suggests that even if the race is not destroyed by nuclear war, it stands a good chance of degenerating into "a species of stupid, dumb creatures under the tyranny of dictators who rule them with the help of machines and electronic computers." The best argument Professor Born makes for hope is in the book's title—his life and his views. It is heartening to know that the world has treated a man of his aspirations and attainments well enough for him to want it to go on.

Harry's Hour

THE LONELIEST CAMPAIGN: THE TRUMAN VICTORY OF 1948. By IRWIN ROSS. *New American Library. 304 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by MARCUS CUNLIFFE

THE LAST FEW months have inured the American public to surprises in Presidential politics. No recent astonishments, though, can surpass those of 1948. Before the election of that year, experts and laymen seemed unanimous in agreeing that President Truman had not a ghost of a chance against Governor Thomas E. Dewey—or practically anyone else the Republicans might have nominated. A good many Democrats did not even feel that "Back Porch Harry" merited a win. The average Democrat appeared apathetic; the more disaffected talked of voting quixotically for the Socialist candidate, Norman Thomas, or for Henry Wallace of the new Progressive party, or—if they were Southerners—for the rebellious Dixiecrats led by Strom Thurmond.

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Then came the shock of the actual election. Truman lost New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New Jersey, half of New England, a chunk of the South. Yet he won, against every reasoned and reasonable expectation. The reaction, while less predictable, was hardly less extreme. Pundits groveled, pollsters investigated themselves for a change. The Missouri ex-haberdasher began to emerge as a folk-hero instead of a twanging, clownish mediocrity. His triumph was epitomized in the photographs that showed him waving aloft the edition of the Chicago *Daily Tribune* whose banner headline proclaimed DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN. There was delight at the confusion of the soothsayers. There was delight at the victory of the little guy, the plucky underdog. It was as if William Jennings Bryan had beaten McKinley in 1896: the Western farmers, the plain people, versus the Eastern moneybags, the overwhelmingly Republican newspaper proprietors. Truman's subsequent "image" (to use a word not yet current) vastly improved. What had previously been regarded as clumsy indiscretions now tended to be admired as examples of sturdy independence—indeed leaderlike courage, as when he dismissed MacArthur. Truman could be viewed as an accidental but not unworthy heir to F.D.R., where hitherto his accession had been cited as an instance of the bizarre risks of picking nonentities to be Vice President. In those silly yet irresistible tables of Presidential fame he has edged up among the "superior" and even the "near great."

In writing about 1948, Irwin Ross, an experienced journalist, could have given us a nostalgic stroll down memory lane; the period is already remote enough to qualify for such treatment. Or he could have produced a detached, ironical account of yesterday's vulgarities, when people turned to Norman Vincent Peale for pop inspiration and Philip Wylie for pop jeremiads. Certainly time has not been kind to the oratory, the gestures, the appearance of the main quartet of Presidential contenders of 1948. Twenty years on, they have the exaggerated, tinny anthropomorphism of animals in an old Hollywood cartoon. Seen in unfriendly retrospect, Truman has the yoyo bounce of a wirehaired fox terrier (a breed already passé in 1948); Dewey resembles a well-kept but not-quite-pedigreed pussycat; Henry Wallace is an old teddy-bear whose stuffing has come loose; Strom Thurmond is a liverish polar bear, white all over, barging around in the confines of Dixieland.

But Mr. Ross is too intelligent to play with the past in these cheap ways. He is not exactly wild about Harry (one of the few survivors who declined to be interviewed); he notes the lack of candor in some portions of Truman's published memoirs. Perhaps he is too hard on the Wallaceites; Gar Alperowitz's *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam* (1965) shows that apportioning responsibility for the origins of the cold war is still a matter for argument. Still, this is an excellent, cool analysis of what happened, why it happened, and what were the long-term results.

To some extent Irwin Ross confirms that Truman's own brassy assurance may in truth have given him the edge over Dewey. Truman carried Ohio, California, and Illinois by slender margins. Fewer than thirty thousand votes, if they had gone to the Republican instead of the Democratic candidate in these three states, could have given Dewey the election. Dewey would almost certainly have secured Illinois, but for the fact that the name of Henry Wallace was excluded from the state's balloting forms. So it is plausible to assert that Truman's hectic whistle-stop campaigning tipped the balance. In some ways he performed better as a campaigner than as a President, while Dewey acted the part of next President better than that of contestant. There was a curious reversal of roles. The actual occupant of the White House bustled about with the manic energy of a long-odds challenger, giving 'em hell and pouring it on; Dewey by contrast conducted himself with statesmanlike demureness (and, it must be said, fairness: unlike Harold Stassen, a rival claimant for the Republican nomination, he re-

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fused to exploit the anti-Communist line).

YET THE important point was not the flimsiness of the electoral majority. Losers in American Presidential elections are often tempted to brood over what *might* have been, if a handful of voters here and there had acted otherwise. Bryan's supporters after the 1896 defeat protested that a redistribution of twenty-thousand votes in six marginal states would have made him President. What they failed to stress was that Bryan would still have got fewer popular votes than McKinley, and so would not have been the "legitimate" victor. In 1948, Truman's popular vote exceeded that of Dewey by over two million. He benefited, in other words, from the concealed effects of a basic shift in voter preferences dating back to 1932. Bryan had been fatally handicapped by a basic Republican popular majority that persisted up through 1928. Truman's success demonstrated that the Democrats (who also regained control of both houses of Congress) remained numerically dominant.

This feature of American political life had not been grasped. One reason was the not altogether unfounded belief that Democratic administrations had gone stale, corruptly stale, through too long in office. A second reason was the apparent collapse of the Democratic party. The Dixiecrat movement seemed to have canceled out the traditional allegiance of the Democratic Southern wing. Wallace's Progressive party was bound to make inroads into the Northern urban and liberal vote which formed the other principal Democratic base. The double defection was expected to strike a mortal blow. In the event, it probably had the opposite effect. The swarming of left-wing partisans around Wallace took "the Communist curse" off Truman, reassuring his potential Catholic supporters. And the Dixiecrat secession drew back to him the wavering loyalty of large numbers of Negro and white liberal voters. Ironically, Truman had sanctioned a feeble, compromised civil-

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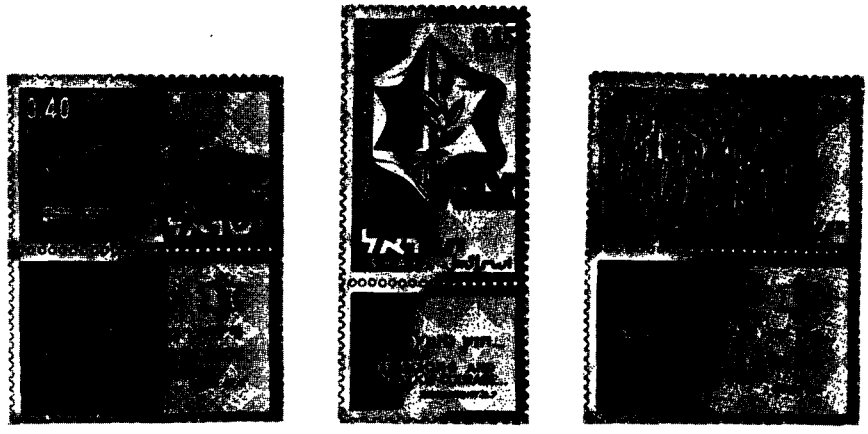

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rights plank at the Democratic nominating convention; a less cowardly one was forced upon the delegates only at the vehement insistence of liberal spokesmen, like Hubert Humphrey, of the ADA variety.

Here lay another concealed source of strength for Truman. Mr. Ross discloses that after a spell of infighting the President's liberal advisers prevailed over the conservatives in his entourage. Having gained his ear they pressed the advantage. Truman owed a great deal to the astuteness of his special counselor Clark Clifford (who has recently stepped into the full Washington limelight as McNamara's successor). In a remarkable memorandum of November 1947, Clifford showed how Truman could win. He was, after all, President; emulating F.D.R., he could exploit the prestige of office by staging "non-political" tours and in general appropriating the headlines. He could seize the initiative from the 80th (Republican) Congress by slanging it, by introducing handsome welfare legislation which it was sure to reject, and by then (a subsequent masterstroke) hauling it ignominiously back into special session. Stunts, but canny and effective ones, which Truman adopted.

Dewey proved to have far less room for maneuver. He was a colorless leader. But what did he have to be colorful about? There was no real party disagreement over foreign policy. The domestic record of Congress was too dismally negative for Dewey to enthuse over. He had no personal objection to New Deal-ish welfare programs. His blandness was to a large degree obligatory: he had no other tack to follow, except scurrility.

IN SHORT, hindsight reveals that Harry Truman was by no means the frail little guy of legend. Mr. Ross's fascinating final chapter takes us yet further away from nostalgic folklore. He suggests that Truman's victory, despite the joy it brought to faithful Democrats, was a misfortune for the liberal cause. This idea has been mooted before,* but never with such precision and force. The contention is that by 1948 Democratic administrations had used up their stock of good will, and that the G.O.P. had become dangerously soured. If Dewey had held office from 1949 to 1953, he might well have induced a more cooperative, responsible mood in Congress than Truman was able to do. If so, the Republicans would have reentered the field of constructive government. There would probably have been no Joe McCarthyism: that ugly American would have had no axe to grind or swing.† There would probably have been no recourse to Eisenhower in 1952. The Republicans would not have continued to nourish the delusion that laissez-faire conservatism was the party's proper message and best Presidential strategy. Hence, no recourse to Barry Goldwater either.

Having opened a few doors in these cunning corridors, Irwin Ross sensibly refrains from proceeding further into the speculative maze. If Truman had lost in 1948, might Adlai Stevenson have won in 1952 or 1956, or Nelson Rockefeller in 1964? Pure speculation, intriguing but profitless. History might have unwound more satisfactorily: for all 1948 could tell, it might have brought us worse things. Going back to 1948, it still seems that Harry Truman was right to do his damnedest; and that the Republicans deserved to lose.

* For instance, in an unsigned review-article (*Times Literary Supplement*, November 17, 1966) which bears the stamp of Denis Brogan's style: "It can be argued that Mr. Truman's astonishing victory was a disaster, for it embittered the Republicans even more than the long exclusion from office had done. . . ."

† A claim indirectly bolstered by Michael Rogin's impressive book, *The Intellectuals and McCarthy* (1967), which insists that McCarthyism was a conservative right-wing phenomenon, not a manifestation of distorted radicalism.

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